FEBRUARY

WIND *v.* STEAM: A Tale of an Ocean Race.
By Capt. F. H. SHAW.

THE CAPTAIN

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Vol. XIV. No. 83. FEBRUARY, 1906

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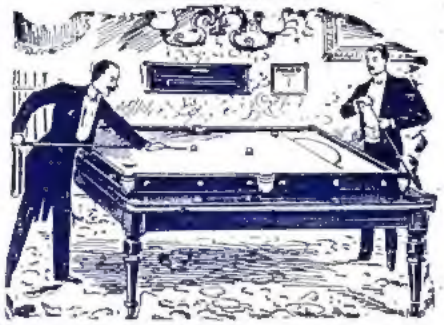

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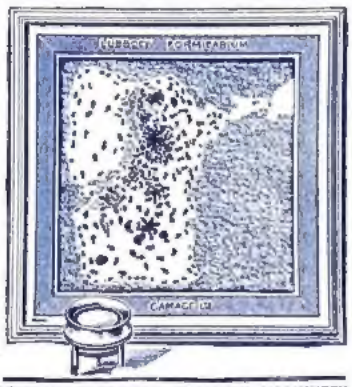

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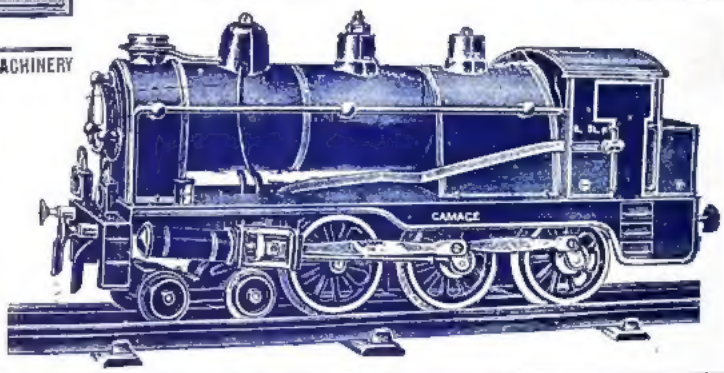

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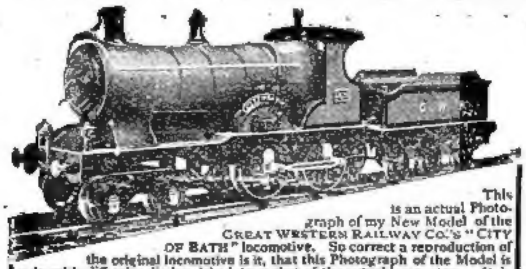

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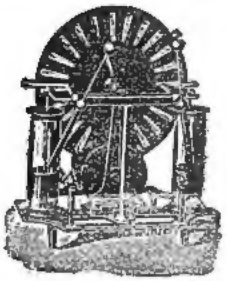

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19 Ecuador		6	50 Spain		9	14 Mauritius	1	0
70 Austria	1	4	10 Siam	1	0	17 Newfoundland	1	0
24 Chili	1	2	50 Cuba	1	6	19 Orange Colony	1	0
10 China	1	0	16 Philippines		8	9 Seychelles	1	6
30 Ecuador	1	3	20 Uruguay		7	23 Straits	1	6
24 Egypt	1	0	12 Jamaica		8	10 Transvaal		9
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COINS:—New coppers, &c., of Edw. VII., all in mint state: Canada cent, **3d.**; British Honduras ditto, **4d.**; Hong Kong ditto, **6d.**; Ceylon cent and ½ cent, **4d.** pair; Jamaica nickel, 1d., ½d., and ¼d., 1905, **9d.** set; Malta ¼ farthing, 1901, **3d.** Many other cheap coins, &c., are described in my latest 64 pp. catalogue of War Medals and Decorations, Volunteer Tokens, Gold, Silver, and Bronze Commemorative Medals, 18th and 19th Century Tokens, Roman Gold, Silver, and Bronze, English Gold and Silver, Greek Silver and Bronze, Numismatic Books, Coin Trays and Cases, &c. &c. Price 6d. (refunded to purchasers). I still have a few copies left of my 32 pp. catalogue of English gold and silver (Dec. 1904). Price **2d.** (refunded to purchasers.) The following little works I can recommend and supply at 1s. each or post paid 1/1: Jewitt's "English Coins and Tokens," Howarth's "Colonial Coins and Tokens," Higgin's "Copper Coins of Europe." **A Large Stock of Coins, Medals, and Tokens always on view**, separately priced in plain figures. Visitors to town are invited to call and inspect. Low prices.

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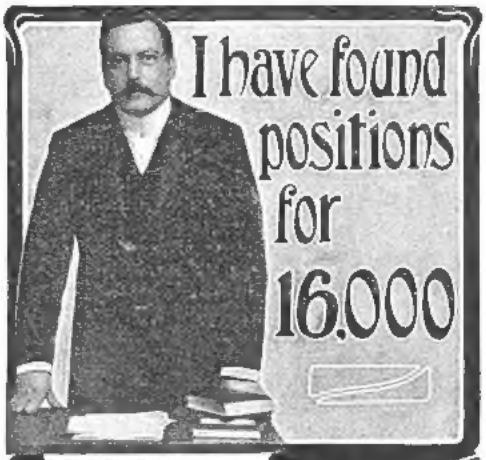

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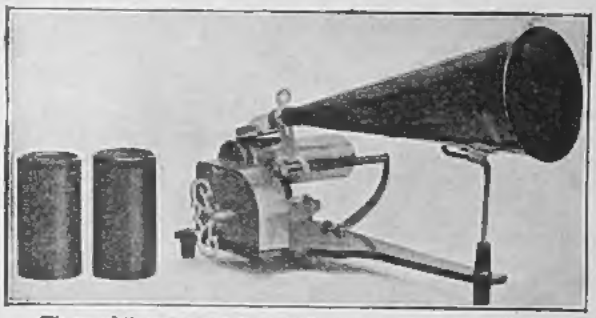

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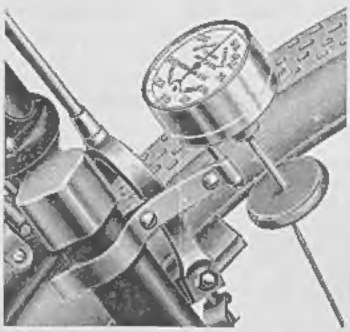

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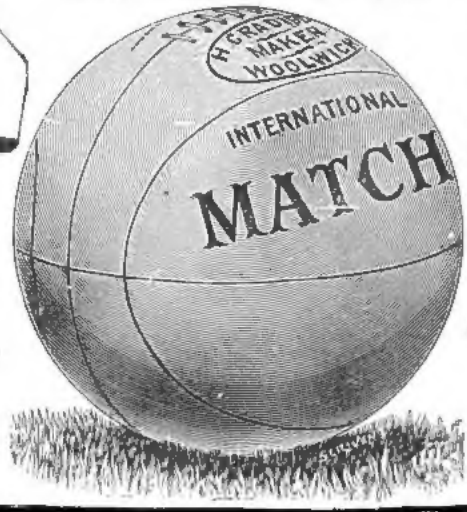

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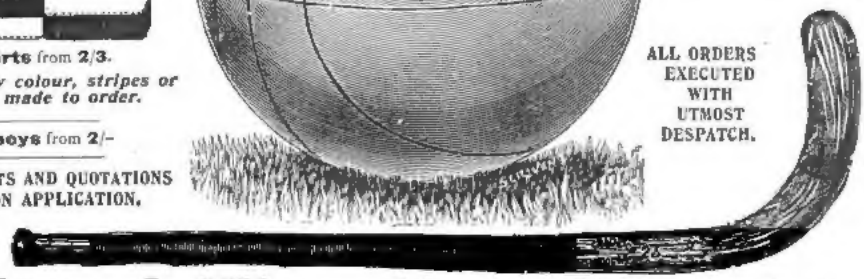

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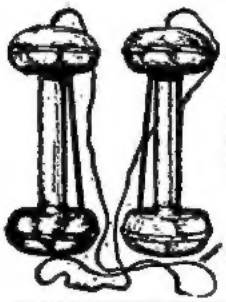

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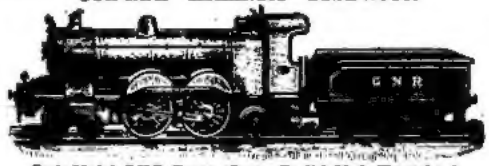

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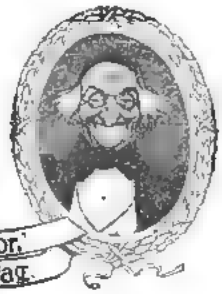

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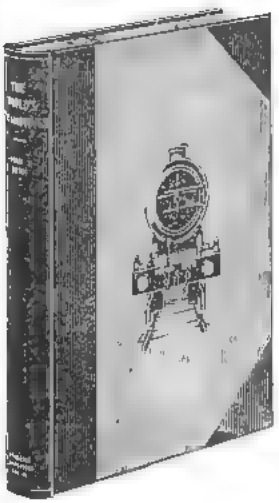

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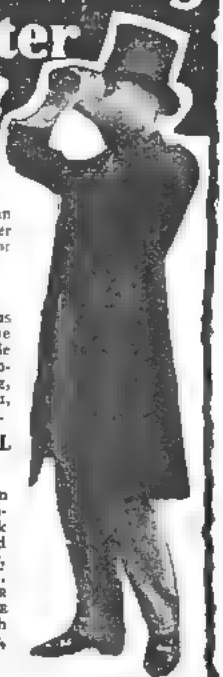

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1	1⅝	3 10	by	2 5	3 7 6	2 10 0
8	1⅝	4 4	by	2 4	3 15 0	2 17 6
16	2	4 10	by	2 7	4 5 0	3 0 0
24	2	5 4	by	2 10	5 0 0	3 15 0
32	2	6 4	by	3 4	6 0 0	4 12 6
48	2	7 4	by	3 10	8 5 0	6 8 0
64	2	8 4	by	4 4	11 10 0	8 15 0
72	2	9 4	by	4 11	15 15 0	12 0 0
79	2	10 4	by	5 4	21-16th 18 18 0	14 10 0

SECOND-HAND OR SOILED PORTABLE TABLES.

Lot.	ft in.		ft. in.		Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
86	3 10	by	2 5	Equal to New	3 7 6	2 5 0
87	4 4	by	2 4	Been in use about 3 months	3 15 0	3 10 0
88	4 4	by	2 4	Compo Board Bed New	3 15 0	3 2 0
89	4 10	by	2 7	Cloth slightly faded, otherwise perfect	4 5 0	3 17 6
90	5 4	by	2 10	Perfect, slightly soiled	5 0 0	3 19 0
91	6 4	by	3 4	Equal to New	6 0 0	4 6 0
92	7 4	by	3 10	Returned from Hire perfect	8 5 0	5 17 6
93	8 4	by	4 4	Perfect, good as New	11 10 0	8 0 0
94	9 4	by	4 11	Been used about 20 times	15 15 0	11 0 0
95	10 4	by	5 4	In use about 3 months	18 18 0	13 0 0
96	6 4	by	3 4	Superior Make, new Finish, returned from Exhibition	7 10 0	5 0 0

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97	4 10	by	2 7		1⅝	6 6 0	4 10 0
102	5 4	by	2 10		1⅝	7 5 0	5 10 0
106	6 4	by	3 4		1⅝	8 15 0	7 0 0
118	7 4	by	3 10		1⅝	11 7 6	8 8 0
124	8 4	by	4 4		2	15 0 0	12 0 0
127	9 4	by	4 11		2	20 0 0	15 15 0
130	10 4	by	5 4		2 1-16th	24 0 0	18 10 0

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	Lot 133			Lot 140			Lot 148		
Size of Billiard Table	ft. in. 5 4	by	ft. in. 2 10	ft. in. 6 4	by	ft. in. 3 4	ft. in. 7 4	by	ft. in. 3 10
Size of Dining Table	5 8	by	3 2	6 8	by	3 8	7 8	by	4 2
Usual Price	£12 0 0			£13 10 0			£17 0 0		
Sale Price	£9 0 0			£10 0 0			£13 0 0		

	Lot 147			Lot 156			Lot 164		
Size of Billiard Table	ft. in. 8 4	by	ft. in. 4 4	ft. in. 9 4	by	ft. in. 4 11	ft. in. 10 4	by	ft. in. 5 4
Size of Dining Table	8 8	by	4 8	9 8	by	5 3	10 8	by	5 8
Usual Price	£23 0 0			£29 0 0			£35 0 0		
Sale Price	£17 10 0			£22 0 0			£27 10 0		

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Lot.				Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, or Selected Pitch Pine. Usual Price £ s. d.	Sale Price £ s. d.
170	As Dining Table, 7ft by 4ft.			17 10 0	13 10 0
176	"	"	8ft. by 4ft. 6in.	24 0 0	18 10 0
185	"	"	9ft. by 5ft.	27 10 0	21 0 0

THE CLUB TABLES.

Full Size Table on 6in. selected legs, trin. by 4in. sides, heavy slate bed guaranteed dead level, covered superior billiard cloth, six solid cushions, mounted best frost-proof rubber, invisible pocket plates, white cord nets. The accessories as above.

Lot		Usual Price. Each. £ s. d.	Sale Price. Each. £ s. d.
192	As above	31 10 0	24 0 0
202	With Mahogany Legs, otherwise as above	33 10 0	26 0 0
204	In Walnut or Oak	37 10 0	30 0 0

UNDERSIZED TABLES.—*Specification as above*

Lot	ft.		ft. in.		Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
207	11	by	5 7½	on six legs	28 0 0	21 0 0
208	10	by	5 1	on six legs	24 10 0	18 0 0
209	9	by	4 7½	on six legs	22 0 0	16 0 0
210	9	by	4 7½	on four legs	20 0 0	15 0 0
211	8	by	4 1½	on four legs	16 10 0	12 0 0
212	7	by	3 7	on four legs	14 0 0	10 0 0

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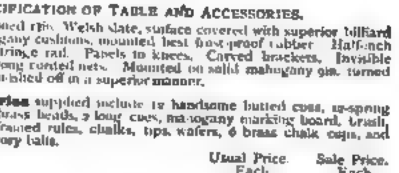
Cheapest Table ever Offered.



SPECIFICATION OF TABLE AND ACCESSORIES.

The bed of seasoned rift Welsh slate, surface covered with superior billiard cloth. Solid mahogany cushions, mounted best frost-proof rubber. Half-inch mahogany sliding fringe rail. Panels to knees. Carved brackets. Invisible pocket plates. Strong corded nets. Mounted on solid mahogany 9in. turned legs. The whole finished off in a superior manner.

The Accessories supplied include 12 handsome butted cues, 12-spring cue rack, 2 rests, brass heads, 9 long cues, mahogany marking board, trasil, iron, linen cover, framed rules, chalks, tips, wafers, 6 brass chalk cups, and match size set of ivory balls.

		Usual Price. Each. £ s. d.	Sale Price. Each. £ s. d.
213	As above	89 0 0	67 0 0
217	Solid Oak or Walnut throughout	68 5 0	52 10 0

These tables are sent out complete. Any handy man can fit up. Simply bolt together.

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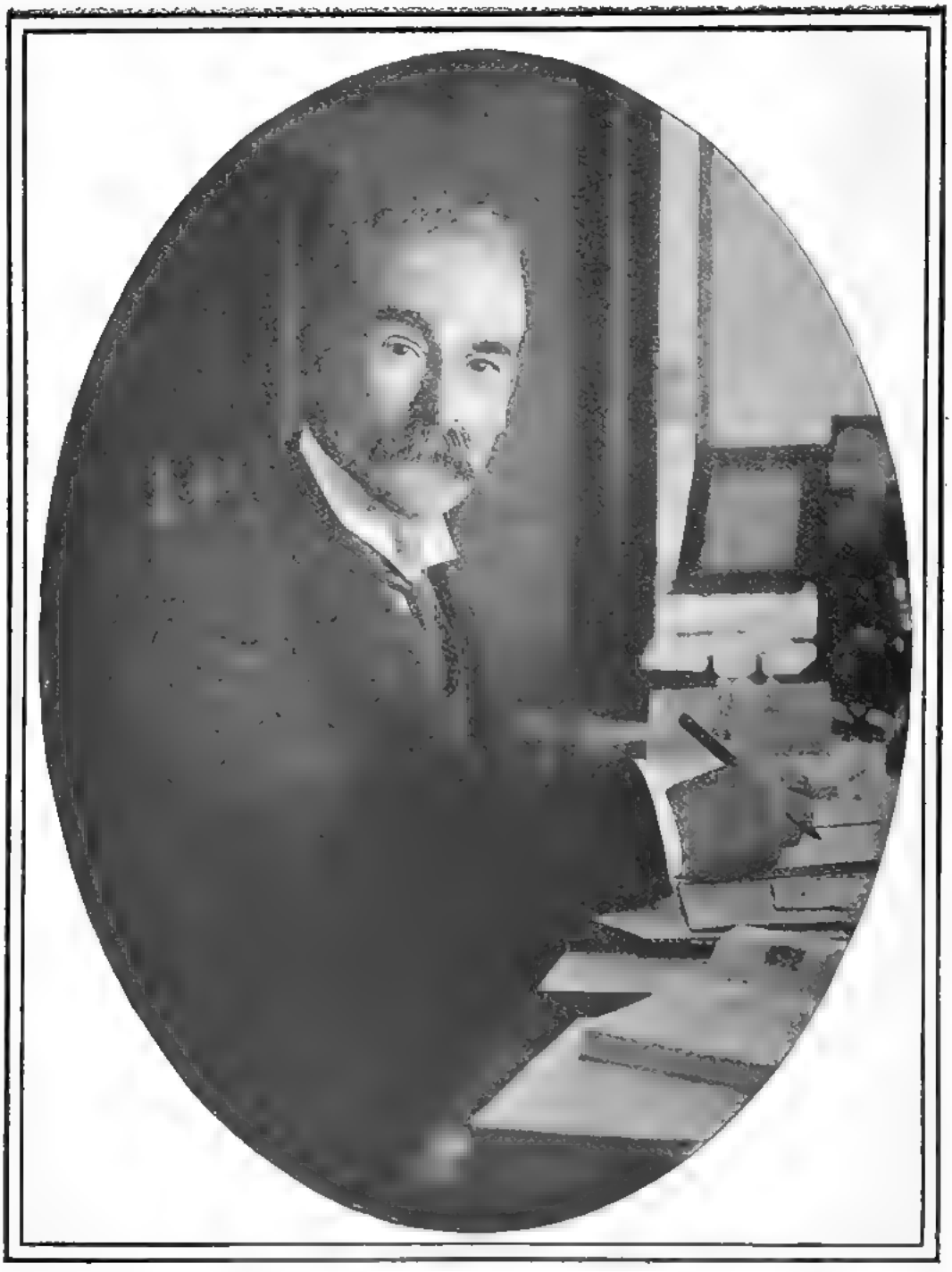
When the soprano gives us "Sing me to Sleep," he walks on tip-toe.

When the baritone sings a triumphant war song he stalks down the room like a soldier.

And when the funny man sings a comic song he quite enters into the spirit of the thing.



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Edward J. Manwell

THE PHILATELIC EDITOR OF "THE CAPTAIN" IN HIS STUDY.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1906 No. 83.

A GREAT STAMP COLLECTOR:

BEING AN INTERVIEW WITH Mr. E. J. NANKIVELL.

By A. B. COOPER.

THE charm of philately as a leisure pursuit is the appeal which it makes to the cultured mind. So much of interest centres in each stamp. To turn the pages of a well-arranged collection is to read the history of a country in the art of designing, engraving, and printing; the development of postal communication within and without its borders; its political changes, its fortune in war, and its progress in peace.

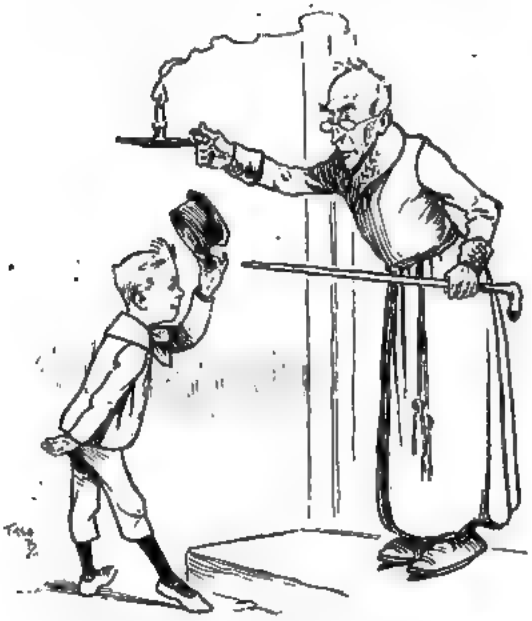
These reflections are forced upon me as the result of the afternoon's talk which it was recently my privilege to enjoy with Mr. Edward J. Nankivell. The Philatelic Editor of THE CAPTAIN needs no introduction to my present readers: nor is it an exaggeration to say that any words of his upon stamps and stamp collecting will be listened to with profound interest and respect in circles far wider than that in which this magazine circulates—in brief, wherever stamp-collectors are gathered together. In the philatelic world few names are more famed, or carry more weight than that of Edward J. Nankivell.

Picture to yourself a spare man of medium height, whose keen eyes, steely grey, hold your attention, willy nilly. Iron-grey hair brushed upwards from a high forehead, strong eye-brows with a humorous twist to them, and a heavy moustache that hides the mouth, yet cannot conceal its genial lines. As he talks his face lights up with interest, and as terse remark or pithy anecdote (he is a *raconteur* of rare memory and skill) fall from his lips the puckered lines of humour about the eyes wrinkle and unwrinkle with lively animation. He is telling of how he came to be a stamp-collector.

"When I was a boy, on the north coast of Cornwall," he says, "boys coming home for the holidays from the distant colleges brought stamps with them, and by many a boyish 'swop' my interest in stamps was aroused. I very soon found plenty of openings for making a collection, for I had relations in Chili, South Africa, Australia, and other places abroad. I also questioned the local postman as to who received foreign letters in the neighbourhood, and I went and called upon the ladies and gentlemen. I did not mind who they were, but very civilly and courteously asked them if they would allow me to have the stamps off their letters. Many of them were surprised at the knowledge I displayed of the letters they received, but they generally gave me what I wanted, and I thus added materially to my collection. From this point the interest grew upon me until, almost imperceptibly, it became one of the leading occupations of my leisure, till finally it ceased almost to be an occupation of my leisure and became a matter of engrossing study."

I asked Mr. Nankivell his opinion as to how philately ranked to-day amongst the pursuits of the leisured classes. Did he think, for example, the collecting of stamps was as popular as ever?

"I should say it is *more* popular than ever," he replied. "It is one of the most favoured pursuits of many members of the moneyed classes, despite the fact that some people imagine they play Bridge all the time. Indeed, since the Prince of Wales associated himself so prominently with the Society which looks after the interests of 'advanced' collectors, philately has become quite the 'mode.' Not only the Prince, but both his elder boys, are keen stamp-collectors. Prince Eddy promises to be quite an expert, for he takes in a weekly stamp journal, and has it sent to him regularly, wherever he may be, and he has already entered



"I DID NOT MIND WHO THEY WERE, BUT VERY CIVILLY AND COURTEOUSLY ASKED THEM. . . ."

his collection of French Colonial stamps for competition at the forthcoming International Philatelic Exhibition. The Earl of Crawford, too, the premier Earl of Scotland, for many years President of the Astronomical Society and one of the most scientific men of the Peerage, is proud to belong to the ranks of stamp-collectors. His collection probably rivals any in the world; with the exception of the noted Ferrary collection in Paris. Then, one of the wealthiest and shrewdest connoisseurs of art and furniture in Bond Street to-day is amongst the keenest of stamp-collectors, and that he has exercised as nice a discrimination in stamps as in bric-à-brac is evident from the fact that the value of his collection runs into six figures. It is astonishing from what diverse professions the serious philatelist is drawn. I could mention scores of men to you—headmasters of great public schools, scholars, lawyers, barristers, merchants—shrewd and hard-headed men of business in the City of London, who are unostentatious but, nevertheless, big collectors of stamps."

"PRINCE EDDY PROMISES TO BE QUITE AN EXPERT."

"You would not try, then, to hide the fact that there is a financial side to the collection of postage stamps?"

"Certainly not. There is no doubt that the monetary aspect of philately plays a very important part. In fact, several leading collectors, despite the wealth that many of them can command, expend so much money in stamps that they are compelled to regard it in the light of an investment. We are at present engaged in organising, on a large scale, an International Philatelic Exhibition, to be held next year, and we have taken the hall of the Royal Horticultural Society at Westminster, one of the finest rooms available in London for such a purpose. We are hoping that the Prince of Wales will open the Exhibition; and, as we shall in all likelihood have very little short of half a million sterling represented in exhibits of stamps, it will be well worth a Royal opening!"

Mr. Nankivell went on to talk of the various influences which affect the stamp market; and to hear the intricacies of a subject so difficult of explanation discussed with such expert knowledge was as striking as it was illuminating. But when I asked him to express, in a word, what constitutes the value of a postage stamp—to define that mysterious something which places upon it a fictitious value so out of all proportion to its intrinsic worth—he shook his head.

"There is no word which sums it up," he said. "It is not rarity, nor is it mere popularity; it is a combination of popularity, of supply, and of demand. The most popular rarity is the 'Post Office Mau-

"UNOSTENTATIOUS BUT, NEVERTHELESS, BIG COLLECTORS OF STAMPS."

ritius,' for a copy of which the Prince of Wales recently paid £1450. But there are several stamps considerably scarcer and rarer which would not fetch a ten-pound note. The Post Office Mauritius is a popular rarity which belongs to a popular country, and it is regarded by all great collectors as a special gem."

"Then there are fashions," I suggested, "in stamps as well as in china, pictures, and bric-à-brac."

"Quite so," said Mr. Nankivell with ready acquiescence, "quite so. Some years ago, for

MR. NANKIVELL'S HOME IN KENT.

instance, 'West Indies' were amongst the most popular stamps that could be collected. There was, in fact, such a rush for British West Indies that the prices went up astonishingly Indeed, they were undoubtedly much inflated. Then the enthusiasm cooled off, a slump occurred, and if you want to start stamp-collecting to-day you might do worse than go in for West Indies."

"One can speculate in stamps, then, as easily as in stocks and shares—and lose money over them as easily, too?"

"Not if you keep a cool head," said Mr. Nankivell, with conviction. "The injudicious man will plunge in stamps just as the injudicious man will plunge on the Stock Exchange. But there is no necessity for this, because if one class of stamps is depressed, another is generally in the ascendant, and trade remains level. One of our shrewdest stamp-collectors has kept a debtor and creditor account against himself, in the matter of stamp-collecting, from the time he first started as a boy at school. Some years ago he told me he was only £400 to the bad—and he then held a collection of stamps which he has since sold for £29,000! The most necessary qualifications of the speculative philatelist are foresight and discrimination.

"Take Transvaals, for instance," he went on, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye; "I have a special fondness for Transvaals. In fact, it may be of interest to remark that I built this house, so to speak, entirely out of Transvaal stamps. I came to make a speciality of them through a rather fortunate inspiration. It was in my journalistic days, and my interest was aroused by a speech from Lord Carnarvon, on the battle of Majuba Hill and its results, which I chanced to report.

"From that day to this I have collected 'Transvaals.' I was converted to the view

held by Lord Carnarvon that, despite what Mr. Gladstone had said after the fall of Majuba, the Transvaal was bound to become again, some day, British territory. I foresaw that if the Transvaal ever did again become British territory, its stamps would take a very favourable place in the eyes of stamp collectors. For years I had the pick of the European market, and got together what has been pronounced by the most competent authorities one of the four great specialised collections in the world.

"A few years ago I parted with the cream of my collection, in order that I might build myself a shanty down here in this lovely, quiet part of Kent. Here is the remnant of them, and you will see that it is not a very forlorn-looking remnant either."

So saying, Mr. Nankivell gave me a peep at his new collection of "Transvaals" built up from the duplicates of his former collection, and including, amongst some which are recent acquirements, many stamps which are unique, and cannot be matched, such as the Shilling Viljeon Printing *tête-bêche*, and a strip of six fine rouletted pennies of the same printing.

"As regards rarities," I asked, "are there any instances of a stamp which once existed, but of which no copy is now known?"

"No, there is no such case," was the answer. "Speaking of rarities, lucky finds have been made sometimes. Take my own case. For years I was searching amongst dealers and collectors throughout Europe for a certain variety. One day I was looking over my collection with a well-known specialist, and talking about the difficulty I had experienced in meeting with a copy of this particular variety. And all the time, as I talked, my friend's eyes were glued to a magnificent specimen of the very thing, in a page of my own album. I actually did not know I had it! That was a lucky find that was not a find. The block in which the specimen was 'found' instantly mounted in value, in my estimation, from a few shillings to over £50!"

"Now to take a broad view of the subject, Mr. Nankivell. Wherein lies the importance—the value, if you like, of philately? This widespread and influential interest in postage stamps: what do you think of it? Is it a useful thing—a good sign of the times?"

"A big question!" Mr. Nankivell smiled; then added with conviction, "Yes, I think it *is* a good sign of the times, when our business men do not tie themselves slavishly to business, but are able to find leisure for quiet and intellectual pastime. Men of all classes are giving themselves up more proportionately to pleasures of this elevating kind than ever they did before, and I consider that a useful—nay, a hopeful—thing."

"But I conclude—" I began: then hesitated. My host was so evidently and seriously in earnest. Plucking up courage, however, though

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

Dedicated to Mrs Austin,

By the Authors.

No 3,- Song of the Sledge.

[Air-"I'm Afloat"]

We're away! We're away! on the bleak frozen Sea,
When gloory's ahead, none so fearless as we:
Danger's our birthright, we have scorned it before,
When friends need our help, we'll dare it the more,
No Home but our tent, our bed the cold snow,
Is not Heaven above us, wherever we go,
A fig for all hardship, we'll strive all the more,
Across the wide floe, & along the lone shore
Our Shipmates last cheer, bore the sound of success,
Our efforts, the prayers of the Mourner will bless
Step out my brave hearts, who so dauntless as we,
We're away! We're away! on the bleak frozen Sea.

Here I have, or we perish—a borne on the gale:
When such is their need, is their one that would fail?
No! shoulder to shoulder we'll search the dark West,
And smile at all toil, & ask not for rest;
Till we grasp by the hand our countrymen dear,
And over the Soul that has sped, drop a Sailor's sad tear,
Yes! the Ice it may rend, the Snow Storm may rage,
We Seamen, with both a struggle can wage.
Our duty says Onward! onward we'll go,
And abide His behest, for weal or for woe.
Stop [illegible] &c

J. Beauchamp, Printer- Arctic Regions-1851.

ONE OF MR. NANKIVELL'S TREASURES.

An original copy of a song composed by members of the Franklin Expedition and set up and printed in the frozen north. The effect of the intense cold upon the printing ink is seen in the imperfect impressions of some letters. In certain places, also, shortage of type has necessitated the filling in of some letters with a pen.

conscious that I was on tender ground, I continued:

"I conclude that you regard stamp-collecting, nevertheless, as a mere amusement?"

"No, I do *not*," replied Mr. Nankivell emphatically, but with less heat than I had expected. "A mere pastime it may be for many; but to the readers of THE CAPTAIN, for instance, it is something more than a pastime. The boy who collects stamps has a great pull over the non-collector in the matter, say, of geographical knowledge. For example, how many boys know where to find Boyaca? Very few, indeed, except the boy stamp-collector. Here are one or two more questions for CAPTAIN readers to try their wits upon. Where are the Marshall Islands—The Republic of San Marino—The Somali Coast—Bhopal and Funchal—Santander—Rio-de-Aro—Horta—Bogota—Eritrea—and last, but not least, Antioquia? How many boys who do not collect stamps could say where those places are? Can *you* say where they are?"

Mr. Nankivell looked at me with triumph in his eye, and I blushed for my ignorance. But before I could mumble out an explanation or excuse he continued:

"To hark back, for a moment, to the Transvaal. People talk glibly enough about the district which bears that name, but how many know anything of its history? Now, any boy who collects stamps can tell you that the Boer Republic was first known as the South African Republic, that it started the issue of stamps in 1870, but got into trouble in '77, and was taken over by us, and became part of the British Dominions. After that, trouble arose again, and the government of the day gave back the Transvaal to the Boers. That was after Majuba in '81. Later came an interregnum, during which the Transvaal was known as a State; and, it was not until 1883 that it once more became a full-fledged South African Republic. In 1899, we once more took over the government, and, as everybody knows, it is now again a British Colony. These would

MR. NANKIVELL IN HIS GARDEN.

The Philatelic Editor of THE CAPTAIN is no mean hand at croquet; while at bowls he is a first-rate player.

"NOT QUITE SO FAST, MY FRIEND," SAID I.

be all familiar facts and dates to the boy-collector, but how many, who are not stamp-collectors, would be able to give even one of the dates correctly?"

"Now for a question which is of especial interest to the readers of your 'Stamp Corner' in THE CAPTAIN. What about philately at school? Are boys as keen on stamps as they used to be?"

'More keen," was the answer; "and what is better, the pursuit of philately at school is conducted nowadays on proper lines. There was a time," continued Mr. Nankivell somewhat gravely, "when the Headmasters of many of our great schools wisely tabooed stamp-collecting. This was because an evil race of hawkers had sprung up, and persuaded the boys to act as their agents in the schools. A number of money scandals occurred, with the inevitable consequence that the Headmasters put a stop to the whole thing. That is now altered. Some Headmasters even take so great an interest in stamp-collecting as to establish Stamp Societies, by means of which they guide and control the boys in their collecting, and there are quite a number who are themselves keen collectors. Indeed, the Headmaster of one of our greatest public schools, were he not too busy a man, and too much devoted to his profession, would be figuring to-day as a collector of the very first rank."

Then we fell to talking of other things. For the most part I sat still and listened, for to interrupt Edward J. Nankivell in reminiscent mood would be a foolish act. In former days a distinguished journalist, he tells capital stories of Fleet Street, using his vivid gift of narrative with rare effect. On the staff of the old *Pall Mall Gazette* he was the colleague of such men as John Morley, W. T. Stead, and Lord Milner; and many of his best yarns relate actual experiences of his own, when on that paper.

"As City Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* I happened upon some curious incidents. Sometimes it is difficult to obtain entrance to a company meeting. A public company for instance, may be getting into difficulties, and, to hush up the state of affairs, it excludes the Press. But I sometimes subscribed for a share in those companies whose muddled affairs I desired to investigate in the interests of the public. Armed in this way with a shareholder's certificate, I once presented myself for admission to the meeting of a well-known company that made a deal of stir some years ago. I was informed that the Press was not admitted. Then I demanded the shareholders' list, signed my name, produced my share certificate, and walked in. The room was packed, and I had to stand against the wall. As soon as I took out my note-book, the secretary left the chairman's side, walked down the room with an angry look, and asked me in the most insolent manner if I had been informed at the door that the Press were not admitted. I said that was so. 'Then,' said he, 'it's like your impudence to force your way in,' and, taking me by the coat collar, he pushed me towards the door. 'Not quite so fast, my friend,' said I. 'I have a special ticket of admission to this meeting. Just look at it, will you, and then tell me if you dare to turn me out?' I produced my shareholder's scrip, and he hastily retreated to the chairman, amidst the laughter of those around. There was a conference with the chairman, and once more he came down to me—this time with a different air and message. 'Oh, Mr. Nankivell, the chairman would be much obliged if you would not publish any report of this meeting.' This, of course, in an undertone. 'Tell your chairman,' I replied, 'that I am city editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that I am here for the purpose of reporting this hole-

HIS ROSES ARE A SPECTACLE OF RADIANT BEAUTY.

and-corner meeting, and that a faithful report will appear to-morrow.' The secretary once more retired, amidst the laughter and 'hear, hears' of those around. Jabez Balfour, who had been pulling the strings of that wretched company, sat near me, and a peculiar smile played over his great fat face, but he did not attempt to interfere. He knew I held the trump card that time."

Formerly an active journalist of note, now one of the first philatelic authorities in the world, Mr. Nankivell has yet another string to his bow. For he is recognised as one of the chief experts in shorthand. To his duties as editor of THE CAPTAIN'S "Stamp Corner," he adds the editorship of the *Reporters' Magazine*, his "copy" for which he writes in flawless shorthand—a marvel of neatness to behold.

Out of doors, Mr. Nankivell takes keen delight in his garden, and his roses are a spectacle of radiant beauty. As to games—if you can beat him at bowls you are a skilful player indeed. *Experto crede!*

Amongst the treasures of his study, where we talked away the all-too-brief afternoon, perhaps those to which (if we exclude the wonderful collection of stamps) Mr. Nankivell attaches most sentimental value are the numerous autograph letters of famous men and women—many addressed to him personally—which he possesses.

"My gems," says Mr. Nankivell, "are these two letters received from Robert Louis Stevenson, when he was living at Samoa. One, as you see, consists of three pages of typewriting, and looks as though the machine had been practised upon by all the natives of the South Seas. The other is in Stevenson's own handwriting from beginning to end."

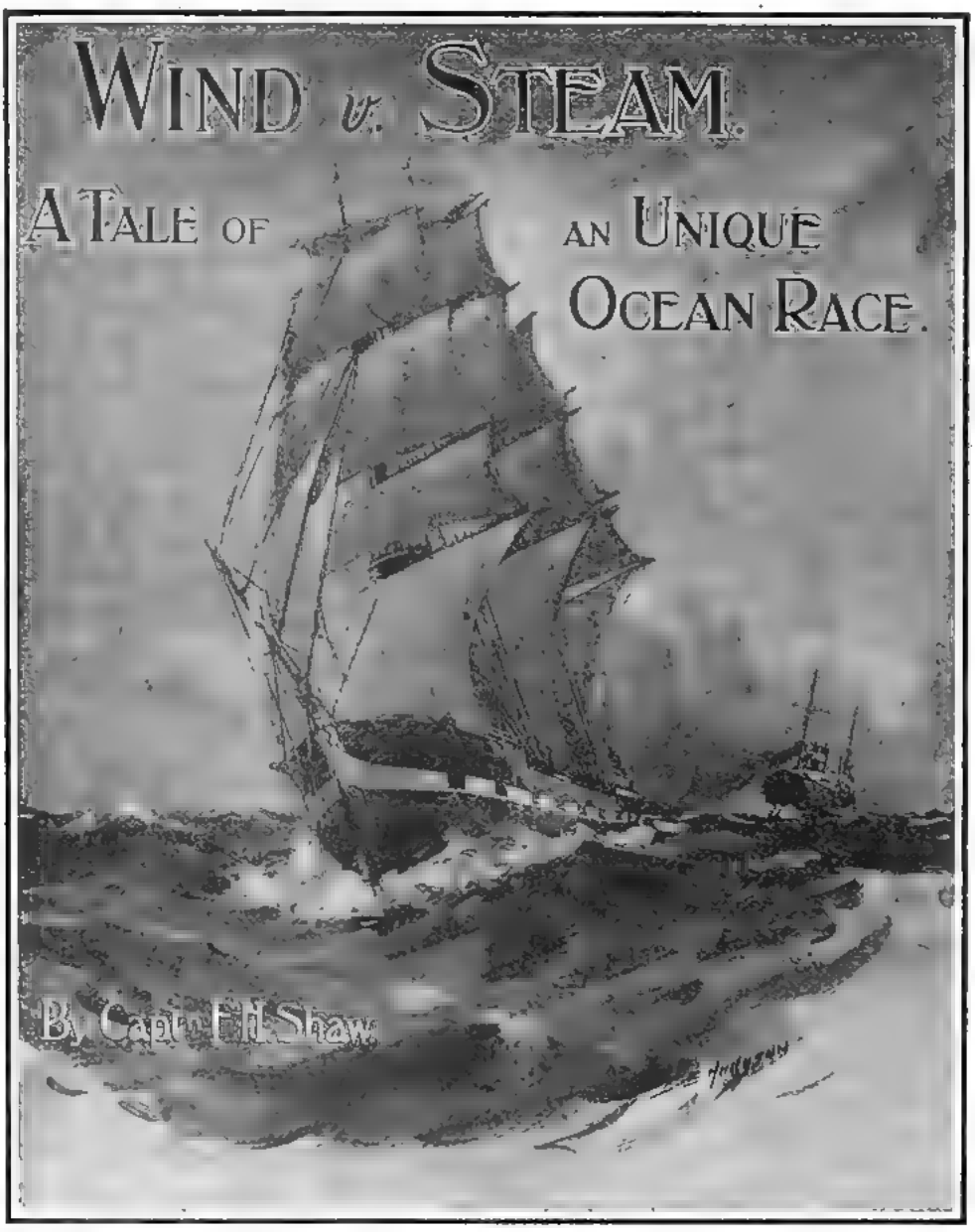
Other notable autographs and letters which Mr. Nankivell treasures are from Gladstone, Holman Hunt, Ruskin, George Meredith, Edward Capern (the postman-poet of Devonshire), and Eliza Cook, the author of "The Old Arm Chair."

As I stood on the doorstep—my pockets full of fruit, and a glorious bouquet of autumn flowers in my arms—and took leave of my host, I asked for a message to the readers of THE CAPTAIN.

"Wish them good luck for me," said Mr. Nankivell with a merry smile, "and tell them to remember this: once a philatelist always a philatelist. Let them STICK TO THEIR STAMPS."

The True Englishman.

"I SEE the true-born son of England, his vigour and his virtues yet unimpaired. In his blood is the instinct of honour, the scorn of meanness; he cannot suffer his word to be doubted, and his hand will give away all he has, rather than profit by a plebeian parsimony. He is frugal only of needless speech. A friend staunch to the death; tender with a grave sweetness to those who claim his love; passionate, beneath stoic seeming, for the causes he holds sacred. A hater of confusion and of idle noise, his place is not where the mob presses; he makes no vaunt of what he has done, no boastful promise of what he will do; when the insensate cry is loud, the counsel of wisdom overborne, he will hold apart, content with plain work that lies nearest to his hand, building, strengthening, whilst others riot in destruction. He was ever hopeful, and deems it a crime to despair of his country. 'Non, si male nunc, et olim sic erit.' Fallen on whatever evil days and evil tongues, he remembers that Englishman of old who, under every menace, bore right onwards; and like him, if so it must be, can make it his duty and his service to stand and wait."—From *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, by GEORGE GISSING.



CAPTAIN GOOSENECK walked lightly across the narrow gangway, and turned to survey his ship. He tilted his cap over his left eye, and surveyed the trim craft with hardly concealed glee. He even whistled appreciatively. For this was his first command; and he was young, ambitious, the proud possessor of an Extra-master's certificate, and "keen" with the keenness of the young sailor of to-day.

His finger strayed to the back of his head and he stroked his hair ruminatively.

"You're a beauty, anyhow," he said, addressing the vessel. "I wouldn't mind backing you against any sailing-ship in the harbour—aye, and against a good few of the steamers, too. Steamers! Bah! Smoky old stinkpots, *I* call 'em! Give me a wind-jammer against all the 'tramps' that were ever turned out from a Clyde yard. They're

dirty, and they're treacherous; and you've got to humour your chief engineer till you can't call your soul your own. And then, when you're in a tight place, your engines break down and leave you stranded. They always do break down when they're most wanted. Whereas, with a craft like the *Andromeda*, you can lie out any gale that ever blew without starting a rope-yarn. No need for you to wonder what on earth you're going to do if your shaft breaks, no need to do anything but ease your canvas and wait for better times."

He turned, and was about to re-board his ship when a loud hail came to him from a burly figure that was proceeding pompously along the quay.

"Mornin', Cap'n," said the new arrival.

"Morning to you, Captain Sleek," answered Gooseneck cheerily, but with a tinge of patronage in his accent. There was a long-standing feud between the two sailors as to the respective merits of wind and steam in regard to motive power. Gooseneck, being young, and of the new school, was apt to state his opinions in words that rankled in the minds of his seniors, and there was a desire in the heart of the older man to humble the pride of this youngster, who considered that the possession of the coveted "blue ribbon" entitled his remarks to respect.

"Looking the old ark over?" queried Sleek urbanely. "About time she was broken up, isn't it? Or sold to the Norwegians? Pity to waste good money on paint and canvas for such a disreputable wreck as all that. If I were a young man like you I'd see the owners further before I'd go to sea in a floating death-trap like that. Coming ashore?"

Gooseneck surveyed his fellow-seaman with a large contempt.

"If I were an old man, and had the experience that some people have had, I'd try to cultivate a greater breadth of mind than to cast slurs on a ship which I knew to be immeasurably superior to my own old steam-kettle. I'd be humble, and I'd recognise that the *Ajax* is only an apology for a ship—one of the kind that you buy a mile of, and put a bow and stern to, turning the result out as a steamer. But as I'm only a young man, I'll content myself with saying that the *Andromeda* could give the *Ajax* a mile in ten, and then walk home ahead of her.

"Yes, sir," he went on, proudly, "that's the ship to walk. She wasn't reckoned an ark in the seventies, when she beat the mail-boat from Hong Kong to Sydney, and she's as good now as she was then."

"When d'ye sail?" inquired Sleek irrelevantly.

"Getting the last bale of wool aboard to-night," was the reply. "We're going down with the tide to-morrow morning; and, as there's a good westerly wind blowing, I reckon on making a fine offing before nightfall."

"Tell you what," said the older man, "I'll back my pay-day against yours that the *Ajax* gets home before you. I'm sailing to-morrow, too, and I'm open to a race. See if you've got pluck enough to back your boasts."

Gooseneck thought for a while. He was an adept at navigation. He knew how to take advantage of every chance catspaw, and how to cut corners with the best afloat. He glanced back along the wharf to where the *Ajax* loomed large and powerful. She had a record for ten knots an hour even steaming, and was a dangerous antagonist. But his pride was great, and his belief in his own ship amounted to a passion with him. He stuck out a clean white hand, and grasped the other's horny paw.

"Done with you," he said briskly. "My pay-day against yours that I pick up the Gravesend pilot first."

"Shall we have a drink on it?" asked Sleek. "That's the best way of settling things."

"Teetotaller myself," was the response, "but I don't mind a small lemonade."

"Come aboard the *Ajax*, then. Don't suppose you'll have a drop of decent brandy aboard that old mill. If I remember right, those owners cut you down to the last biscuit."

Gooseneck winced, for he knew that the remark was just. He accompanied Sleek along the wharf without attempting to refute such a statement, and the two men boarded the steamer. The young captain looked apprehensively about him as his foot touched the deck. The *Ajax* had a look of power about her that was dashing to his hopes, but the bet was made, and the thing had to be seen through. Over a friendly cigar the old captain thawed perceptibly.

"Don't go in for it unless you like, you know," he remarked. "If you feel like backing out, say so, and I'll call the bet off."

This was galling.

"I'll keep to my bargain if I have to tear

the chain-plates out of her," replied Gooseneck. "I'm going to show some of you old stagers that there's life in the younger generation. I'll tell the pilot boat to look out for you when we get to Dover."

Thus the bargain was ratified, and the two men parted, each loud in his confidence in his own vessel's superior powers.

The word flew along the whole water-front at Sydney that the *Andromeda* was going to try a race with the *Ajax*. The crews of the two vessels foregathered at "The Lighthouse"—a well-known resort for men of their class. There, over the long beer glasses, many minor bets were laid on the result of the race. Especially loud in his boastings was the bo's'n of the sailing-ship.

"Say what yer like," he said to his shipmates, "Gooseneck ain't such a fool as he looks. He knows a bit about handlin' a ship, he do, an' it's just the right time o' year for a smart passage. My money goes on the old hooker, and don't yer forget it."

The boatswain of the rival craft heard this remark and was quick to take up the offer. Two more pay-days were wagered on the result; and soon the discussion of the rivals' merits led to hot arguments, culminating in a free fight as the deadly "sheoak" soaked into the sailors' brains. And a great enmity sprang up between the two bodies of men in consequence.

Later on that same evening Captain Gooseneck made his way aboard the *Ajax*, and inquired for his rival.

"It has just struck me," he said, when that worthy presented himself, "that you'll need to stop at Punta Arenas for coal. If you go through the Straits of Magellan you'll just about equalise matters in the long run, but I'm willing to allow you a margin to make up, if you like."

"Spoken very handsome," said Captain Sleek, "but I won't trouble you to make concessions in my favour, thank you.

"We got a very poor freight, and as it costs far more to coal at Punta Arenas than it does in Sydney, I just loaded up a couple of the cargo-hatches with coal, and I've got enough aboard to take me to the Thames with comfort.

"Then, since you're disposed to be fair, I'll go round the Horn, same as you. My owners trust me, and if I tell them that I considered it a stroke of policy to go 'South about,' they'll praise me for my canniness. But it's very generous, Gooseneck, and I'll let you down as easy as I can."

"Talk about that in a couple of months' time," replied the young captain. "But it's going to be a sporting race. Both to go round Cape Horn, and no stopping for coals! Good enough!"

With a few more words the two men parted, and sought a night's rest preparatory to the strain of the morrow.

A strong sou' wester blew in boisterous gusts as the tow-boat cast the *Andromeda's* hawser off and bellowed a sonorous farewell. As stretch after stretch of towering canvas climbed the tapering masts, Captain Gooseneck laughed a cheery laugh to himself. When the good ship heeled over to the strong, passionate kiss of the breeze, the laugh developed into a chuckle; and when, a few moments later, a tiny curl of spray hissed lightly over the brace-blocks, he whistled aloud. The *Andromeda* had got the best start she could wish for—a t'gallant breeze on the quarter.

But the roar of a mighty siren came up the wind, and Gooseneck, looking backwards, saw the *Ajax* volleying forth smoke in his wake, overhauling him with every beat of her threshing propeller. Fresh canvas leaped up to the very trucks, sheets were flattened taut, and the race commenced in dead earnest.

The sailing-ship, however, was hopelessly outclassed at this initial stage of the contest, and before night fell down, the steamer hissed up alongside, throwing such a wave from her forefoot as might mark the progress of an ironclad. A figure on the steamer's bridge was seen to pick up a megaphone, and Captain Sleek's voice came beating against the drums of waiting ears. What he said was:

"*Andromeda* ahoy! I'll give you a tow now, if you like. If you'd rather wait, I'll look out for you off Ushant. Only, don't ask me to pick you up if you keep that press of canvas on."

For answer, Gooseneck shook a threatening fist; and the bo's'n of the *Andromeda*, seeing a figure that he knew leaning over the steamer's rail, picked up a piece of holystone and let fly with precision. The *Ajax's* bo's'n gave vent to a howl that put the siren to shame, and a regular fusillade of small coal answered the one chance shot. But presently the steamer swung her stern round with an insolent lurch, her whistle echoed once more, and then her tail-light slowly crept ahead in the gathering gloom

THE SAILING SHIP WAS HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSED AT THIS INITIAL STAGE OF THE CONTEST AND BEFORE NIGHT FELL DOWN, THE STEAMER HISSED UP ALONGSIDE, THROWING SUCH A WAVE FROM HER FOREFOOT AS MIGHT MARK THE PROGRESS OF AN IRONCLAD

Google

When morning came, no sign of his rival gladdened the eyes of Captain Gooseneck. But he held on his way with a stern determination to refuse defeat.

No matter that a tearful mate besought his captain to take off some of the lighter canvas, no matter that growling sailors swore loud, far-reaching oaths at being brought out in the middle of the night to stand-by the halliards until a fiercer squall than usual was past—Gooseneck took such chances as would have driven a less cool man grey-headed. And day after day the stately craft sang through the fresh wind, until her decks grew slippery with the constant rush of the sea-water along them. It grew to be a common sight to see the straining canvas burst from its bolt-ropes with a sound like the roar of a gun; and for more than seventy hours on end Captain Gooseneck kept a stern and tireless watch, revolver ready to hand, over the top-sail halliards, fearing lest some timorous mortal might so far lose his nerve as voluntarily to shorten sail on his own account. Cape Horn was reached and passed in a gale that was enough to "blow the whiskers off old Neptune"—to use the words of the sailmaker. But though the sea was running mountains high, the Captain disregarded the earnest protests of his officers, and swung the ship round on her northward way without even taking the trouble to get an offing from the menacing coastline. By a special providence he weathered that treacherous cape, and though the *Andromeda* all but laid her weary bones to rest on the shores of the Falklands, an opportune shift of wind enabled her to beat off at the last moment, and hasten on

At times, far ahead, like a faint, elusive will-o'-the-wisp, a tiny curl of smoke would appear; and fixing his eyes on this sign of the enemy's presence, Gooseneck would swear that nothing should stand between himself and victory. Such a run has surely never been chronicled. The *Andromeda* had one long succession of fresh, favourable gales—gales that took her on her best sailing-point, and enabled her to reel the log-line out to its limit on many an occasion.

Then, one day, the curl of smoke ahead grew in size. Soon it was possible to distinguish a funnel shooting up out of the heaving surface of the sea, and by the aid of powerful binoculars Gooseneck could make out the crossed keys—white on a black ground—that were the *Ajax's* distinguishing marks. All hands now entered into the spirit of the race, and ready hands hauled taut the straining sheets, that already cracked like so many whips. When the second mate called out the watch below to "sweat up" the halliards, he heard not one dissentient voice; instead, the men came cheerily, hitching their pants with eagerness to be at their work.

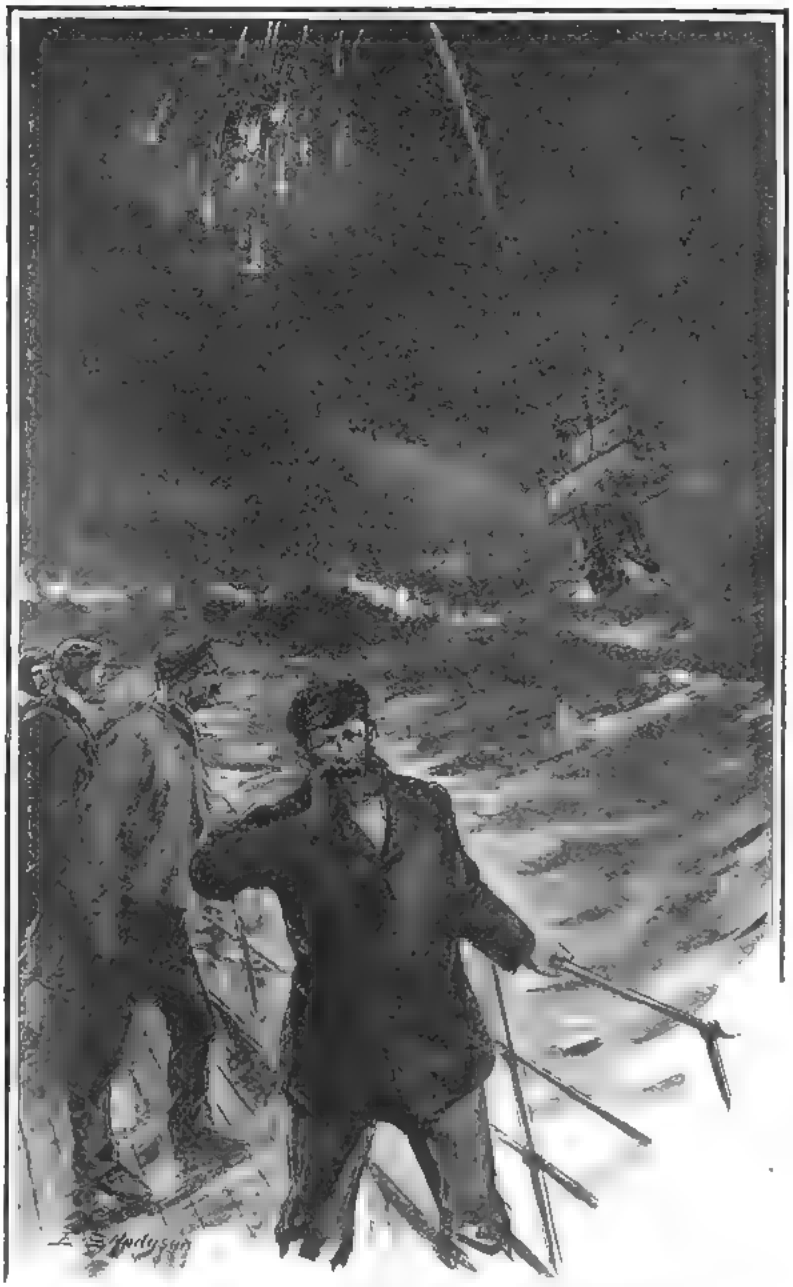
And the next day—oh! the happiness that filled Captain Gooseneck's heart—the steamer was broad on the beam. The Captain could not resist the temptation, and as the sailing-vessel slowly forged ahead, he took the end of a rope and waved it mockingly to the angry figures on the *Ajax's* bridge. He was offering to tow them home! A volley of sea-blessings came to his ears, and he answered as a London street arab would answer. That is, he took a long breath, let forth a fiendish howl, and then slowly extended his fingers in front of his nose. The insult was complete.

But a flat calm took the *Andromeda* in the Doldrums, and Gooseneck had the chagrin of seeing his rival steam leisurely past him, whilst he lay there helpless to resent. He sat idly on the taffrail, whistling for the breeze that would not come, and watching the steamer disappear beneath the northern horizon. He thought ruefully of that wagered pay-day; thought of many foolish words he had spoken—and forgot all when a strong gust swept up over the smooth water, tearing it into little wavelets that seemed to be laughing in glee.

On board the *Ajax* all was gaiety. The captain and chief engineer held long, solemn conclaves daily; both men were doing everything they could for the success of the race. The coal was all that could be desired, and the spirit that stimulated the crew of the *Andromeda*, actuated the crew of the steamer in like measure. No need for an angry engineer to make his way to the stokehold and address savage exhortations to the labouring stokers. They were doing all they could, and the thin steel plates of the vessel's sides vibrated like sheets of paper. And so the days passed on until the Bay of Biscay welcomed the *Ajax* with such a gale as is rare even in that haunt of a tumultuous Boreas.

For a matter of a dozen hours the steamer laboured heavily in the trough of the tremendous sea then running, and the engineers' faces grew grave and long. With monotonous regularity the heavy propeller would lift itself out of the water and spin wildly round

in the empty air, while from the engine-room would come a sound like the shattering of all the crockery in the world, as the steamer writhed in the grasp of a mighty wave—helpless, for the moment, as a log. With a heavy quarter sea the modern "tramp" is a woeful object. She has no sails to steady her against the play of the sea; and she rolls in such sickening lurches that the heart flies to the mouth at every heave. She rises giddily to the summit of a lofty wave, pausing there quiescent for an instant, only to swoop down into a watery chasm and wallow there like a bull in a mud-pond. Every plate seems to be starting from its holding bolts, and the decks creak and groan a loud protest against the might of the storm. So it was with the *Ajax* as the long rollers of the Bay embraced her and toyed with her in glee.



AN ANSWERING ROCKET SHOT HIGH INTO THE STORM-FILLED SKY.

The day that had been grey with storm was dwindling away into the misty twilight that heralded the night, when the chief engineer of the steamer made his way cautiously to the bridge, and there, buffeted by wind and spray, told the captain that his engines would not be able to stand such battering for much longer.

"The thrust-blocks are workin' awful loose," he cried—anything less than a howl would have been inaudible in the gale—"an' I doot the propeller's michty near to fallin' off. Anither dizen hoors like these last, an' we'll be seein' things, ye'll ken."

Captain Sleek motioned him down to the chart-room, and there, with a steward attending to their bodily welfare, the two magnates held a prolonged conference.

"Will she hold out for a few hours longer?" asked Sleek. "If you can patch her up a bit till then, we'll manage to weather this blow. The *Andromeda* will be logging fourteen knots in this wind, and she'll be overhauling us as fast as if we were standing still. It isn't the pay-day I'm thinking about, Mac—its the ship's name. Hang it all!" he burst out violently, "Gooseneck said his old windjammer could sail round this craft!"

The Scotsman's eyes flashed. "Did he say that? Weel, sirr, I'll drive the little shippie all she'll go. I'll melt the bearin's and break the thrust blocks awa' frae their moorin's before I'll hae a sailin'-ship body laugh at ma engines." And he went below to where the whirling masses of steel buzzed in agony.

The sea still ran high, and as the long night hours passed, more than one bronzed, reckless face grew grave aboard the *Ajax*. Shivering men crouching in the corners of the wet forecastle muttered the long, slow curses that men of the sea use in times of distress, and more than once a deputation of the crew made a passionate appeal to the captain to reduce speed and allow the ship to ride out the storm in comfort. But to all entreaties Sleek was adamant.

But at midnight something, with a crash like the crack of doom, seemed to collapse. The steamer gave a long, shuddering heave, and the engines whizzed round madly for one brief instant. Then a dull, unearthly stillness took the place of the row that had deafened every ear. Sleek stood on the bridge grasping the rails and peering through the storm with salt-blinded eyes. Startled from his abstraction by the sudden quietness, he turned for an explanation. A grimy figure was mounting the ladder. It was the chief engineer, and Sleek clutched him by the shoulder.

"For the love of Heaven, Mac," he cried, "what's gone wrong with the old coffee-mill?"

The chief was as unmoved as chief engineer could be.

"She's just twisted the propeller aff hersel'," he remarked calmly. "Man, but it's gey cauld up here."

"Yes, you shall have a drink as soon as I can get you one," said Sleek; "but tell me, what you can do with her?"

"Dae with her? Sakes alive, man, ye can dae naethin' ava. She's torn the inside oot o' hersel'. The tail-shaft's gone alang wi' the screw,—an'"—here he drew the captain away from the eager ears that were listening—"that's no everything. She's torn a great piece oot, an' the water's runnin' in like a mill-race. I've got all the pumps workin' as hard as they'll gang, but the water's risin' fast, and it's nearly up tae the fires noo. Ye'll need to abandon the bit shippie, I doot."

Sleek's face expressed every tragic feeling that the human visage is capable of showing. Surprise, chagrin, despair chased each other over his features, and he wrung his hands.

"Abandon ship in a gale like this?" he screamed. "Why, man, how long do you think the boats would live?"

"Weel, it's just that or droonin' where we are. It's much the same, whichever way ye look at it. As for masel',—weel, I'm thinkin' that a peg o' whuskey would dae na harm."

A light crept slowly up astern, flickering uncertainly, now dying away, now reappearing as the ship that bore it rose to the top of a wave. It was green, and looked very small in all that vast waste of waters. In response to a hurried order a rocket soared aloft from the bridge of the *Ajax*. Another followed, then another. Still that tiny light held on its blinking way, and Captain Sleek lifted up his voice in anathema on the misguided wastrels who would let their fellows drown.

"It's that Gooseneck, I'll wager," he said to the chief, as the two men watched the flicker dying away ahead. "The coward's deserting us. H'm! I might have known better than to expect anything from a youngster like that—all blow and gilt-edge. And a windjammer, too! Fancy a sailing-ship helping a steamer!"

"Weel," responded Mac, "there's times when you've got tae sink yer pride, an' this is one o' them. For my ain part, I'd tak' help frae a Deal hobbler. But I doot ye're oot o' your reckonin' a bit if ye say he's desairtin' ye. He's heavin' to, or I'm a Dutchman."

The engineer was right. The green light, that seemed to be so quickly disappearing, vanished utterly. Then, while men held their breath, a tiny red light blazed out in its place. An answering rocket shot high into the storm-filled sky, and, as it fell, Sleek made out a small object battling with the waves. Another rocket went up, and the object resolved itself into a boat.

"He may be a young man," said Sleek, handsomely, "but he's got an old head on

his shoulders. Now, no man but one who knew his job would have climbed up to windward like that. There! he's filling once more. He's going to stand down to leeward to pick up his boat. And that's the man I said I wouldn't stop to pick up, no matter what happened!"

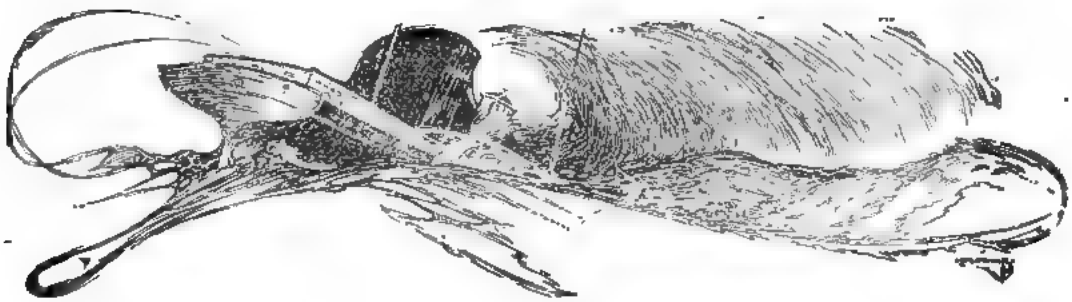
It is a matter of history now how the *Andromeda* saved the men of the *Ajax*. One sea rescue is so much like another that it is unnecessary to enter into detail; but every man from the steamer was saved.

With a change of dry clothing, and a steaming glass of something hot before him, Captain Sleek paid generous tribute to the nautical skill of his rival.

"I'm blessed if I could have done it better myself," he said. "I give up—you're best man. Will you shake hands?" Gooseneck passed his hand over the table.

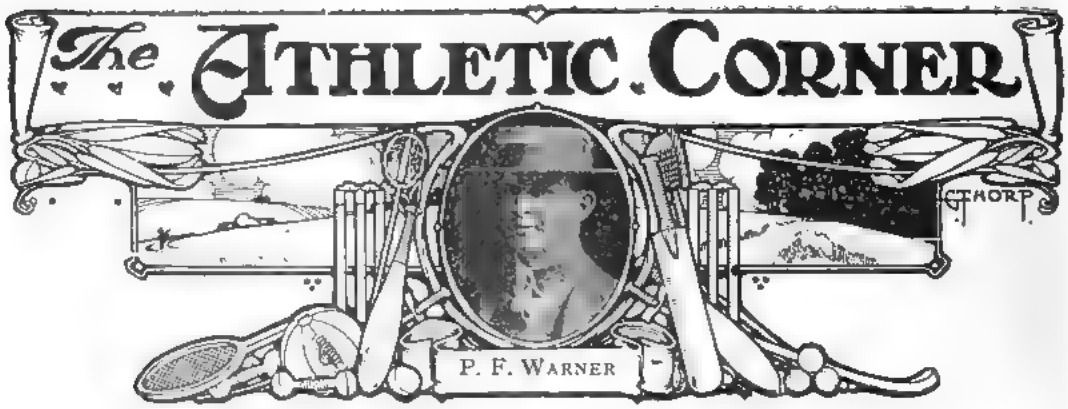
"Touching that little matter of a pay-day," began the elder man presently.

"Better keep that to buy yourself new duds," said Gooseneck.



DAYBREAK IN THE ATLANTIC.

GLORIOUS and joy-giving the sun arose, and the whole horizon-bound expanse of rolling, green water lay beneath us. There is something of God in every daybreak, as most men admit, but I know nothing against the glory of a morn upon the Atlantic for bringing home to a man the delight in mere existence. The very sense of strength which the breeze bears, the limitless deep green of the unmeasured seas, the great arch of the zenith, the clear view of the sun's march, the purity and the stillness and the mastery of it all, the consciousness of the puny power of man, the mind message recalling the sublimity and the awe of the unseen Power beyond—all these things impress you, move in you the deepest thoughts, turn you from the little estimates of self as Nature only can in the holiest of her moods, which are sought yet never found in the cities. Nor can I ever welcome the breath of the great sea's vigour and refuse to listen to her voice, which comes with so powerful a message, even as a message from the great Unknown, whose hand controls, and whose spirit is on, the waters.—MAX PEMBERTON, in *The Iron Pirate*.



HOCKEY PAST AND PRESENT.

THE game of Hockey is now so popular and so widespread, that it seems to threaten the supremacy of football —at all events Association Football —at the Universities. As early as 1860 the game was played in the South by several clubs, prominent amongst which was the Blackheath Hockey Club; but the game in those old days was very different from what it is to-day, and the year 1886 was the real landmark of English Hockey. In that year the Hockey Association was formed, and ever since it has controlled the fortunes of the game. In 1888 the Northern Counties Hockey Association came into existence, with the recognition of the Hockey Association, having supreme control over the North; whilst in the years 1890 and 1894 respectively, the Midland Counties and Western Counties Hockey Associations sprang up, with similar powers over the Midlands and the West. Each of these Associations has now several Counties under its wing and each County several Clubs.

The game's increasing popularity is due to two main causes. First, it is intrinsically a good game—a hard, fast, and exciting game, testing a man's endurance and with ample scope for his skill. Cricketers invariably take to hockey readily, and their stick work is usually cleverer than that of non-players of our national game. Secondly, it is, and always has been, a purely amateur sport, wherein it appeals to many as opposed to modern football. An Association footballer, on leaving school or the 'Varsity, has really very few amateur clubs with whom he can play, whilst there are hockey clubs galore. This especially applies to the North, for, in London, a footballer of the first class has several good clubs at his disposal.

And good hockey is good to watch. What can be more effective than a fast run down the touch line by the outside man, a hard, crisp centre beautifully taken on an inside forward's stick and finally a stinging shot saved by the goal-keeper at the expense of a corner? There is action and life about the game, and the ball travels far faster from one end of the ground to the other than at Association football.

Amongst the public schools hockey, of recent years, has made immense strides in popularity. One great reason for this is its excellence as a subsidiary game with which to eke out the declining football season.

The Lent term is admittedly a difficult one from an athletic point of view. Football is on the wane, and interest and keenness are consequently relaxing. The last week of term will see the Sports, and that most desultory form of athletics—training for the Sports—makes its appearance. As a natural consequence the temptation and tendency to "loaf" is increased. There is a consciousness of something lacking somewhere, and this void hockey has been found, in the majority of cases, at all events, exactly to fill.

But hockey, of course, has been officially recognised for many years at several schools. One, at least—Rossall, to wit—plays a distinctive form of it, which is unique even amongst the numerous peculiar games of the public schools. For the following account of Rossall Hockey I am indebted to a correspondent.

THE ART OF BULLYING OFF.

Using the feet to stop the ball. Centre forward passing through legs to his inside left.

Rossall School, as some may be aware, stands on the sea-shore near Fleetwood, in Lancashire, four-square to all the winds that blow from the Atlantic, and it is upon the magnificent natural playground afforded by the long stretch of firm sands that Rossall Hockey is played. It will be obvious at once that the ordinary Association game would be, in many ways, unsuitable. The ball, for example, would travel much too fast on the smooth level sand. That, in itself, is excellent reason why the School should still play its own peculiar game, apart from the question of sentiment or tradition. But, as a matter of fact, the Rossall game may be looked upon as the parent of hockey. The exact date of the institution of hockey at Rossall cannot be ascertained with certainty, but, at all events, the game was played, under unwritten laws, soon after the foundation of the School in 1844. It is thus older by decades than the Association game. The rules were originally vague, but conformed as far as possible to the rules of the football played at the School. This latter had been organised on Etonian models, and, as a result, there is a strong affinity even now, after the lapse of many years and numerous modification of the original game, between Rossall Hockey and Eton Field Football.

Originally, the Rossall game was played with thirteen to a side. In 1886, the number was reduced to eleven, and, in 1891, the rules were printed. The central idea of the game is combination in a *massed body* as against the combination of individuals acting, not for, but by themselves, which is the feature of the Association game. The team is arranged as follows: One back, two flies, and a bully of eight players. It is in the bully, which corresponds to the pack in Rugby football, that the principle of combination in a massed body is

LEFT BACK CLEARING FROM OUTSIDE RIGHT.

Beginning of shot. End of shot.

HOOKING THE STICK DOWNWARDS.

HOOKING THE STICK UPWARDS.

carried out. The theory is that the whole bully of eight shall be on the ball throughout the game, with three men only outside. There is an off-side rule exactly similar to that in Rugby Football, the game consisting of dribbling by one player, with the rest of the bully backing up closely.

The game is started with a bully, on the principle of a Rugby scrum, the players all packing close, but with both hands, of course, on the stick. Similar bullies—which are tough work, by the way—are formed for "behinds" on a line twenty yards from the goal line, and for "corners" on a line one yard straight in front of goal. These latter are contested with especial fierceness, since goals are frequently scored from them.

The functions of the two flies are similar to those of the halves in Rugger. They hover in close attendance outside the bully, and pouncing on the ball as it comes out, are off with a dash towards the opposing goal at full speed. Speed is, indeed, the chief qualification of a fly, for since he is needed also for purposes of defence, he must be able to get back quickly after an attacking run.

The back, since he plays by himself, must be cool and self-reliant. He needs to keep a constant watch upon the ball, and must act decisively. He should be as clever with his feet as with his stick, for though kicking, which the Association game allows, is barred at Rossall, it is permissible to stop and steady the ball with the feet. Free hits are the penalties for all offences, of which the commonest are off-side and kicking. A kick is held to be the rebounding of the ball from the foot a distance of two yards or over.

A reminiscence of the Eton field game of football, from which, as already remarked, Rossall hockey is descended, was afforded by the old scoring of rouges. If the ball was hit over the goal-line by a member of the defending side, and was first touched after it had crossed by a member of the attacking side, the latter team scored a rouge, and a bully was formed twenty yards from the place where the ball went out, at right angles to the goal-line. Four rouges made a goal, and a game could be won by a rouge. In 1900, however, it was decided to abolish rouges, owing to the ease with which the rule anent them could be abused. Thus, a player on the attacking side had only to hit the ball on to an opposing player in such a manner that it would rebound over the line, and then touch it, and a rouge was scored. The amended rule now exacts that, in the case of the defending side sending the ball over their own goal-line, a bully is formed one yard outside the striking line directly in front of goal.

Rossall hockey has much to commend it. It is played during the winter term, when it is always difficult to keep matters athletic at school from flagging. It is played upon a natural pitch—the sea-shore—which is never affected by weather and is daily re-made and left firm and smooth by the tide, at a time when the playing-fields may be little better than a quagmire. Better hygienic conditions for the enjoyment of a game could scarcely be imagined.

Finally, it is an unique form of sport, and for that, if for no other reason, it is to be hoped that Rossallians will never allow it to die out.

I might add that Mill Hill is another school which has—or, at all events, had—its own game of hockey. In this case, however, the special rules had been evolved for the purpose of adapting the Association game to the gravel playground at Mill Hill. A small ball was used and a very thin stick, manipulated by one hand only, took the place of the common stout two-handed weapon. From one point of view this single-handed hockey has great advantages. It gives especial opportunities to boys of poorer physique who are apt to be overwhelmed in rougher games, as charging of any kind is strictly prohibited. As with Rossall hockey the chief objection to the game is the impossibility of meeting teams other than those composed of old boys familiar with the rules and niceties of play—a serious drawback, inasmuch as it prevents that variety which makes for popularity.

Hockey-in-the-yard is a game which is much played in the yards of the various Houses at Cheltenham College; but apart from the peculiarity of the pitch used, there is nothing about the play to merit special description.

In the South hockey has always been strongly supported, and to-day the South still shows the way to the rest of England. For five long years, in the infancy of the game, Molesey held an unbeaten record. After Molesey's decline, Wimbledon came rapidly to the front. Their beautiful passing and the way in which Stanley Christopherson, in the centre, kept the whole line together, was an education. Wimbledon, in time, were succeeded by Bromley, the premier Southern club from 1896 to 1898. Percy Earnshaw at centre forward, and F. de L. Solbé, the Kent cricketer, at inside right, were two of the great stars of this redoubtable team, and F. Earnshaw in goal was another International. As the Earnshaws and other well-known players gradually dropped out, Bromley lost their prestige, and Teddington became champions of the South. They could boast R. N. Hincks at back, probably the best back that ever stepped on to a field, and with G. B. Crowder and H. C. King Stephens in the half back line, their defence was almost impenetrable. For about three years Teddington were at the top of the Southern tree, but from 1903 to 1904 they were ousted from their position by Staines. The latter until December last never suffered

THE GOALKEEPER MAY USE HIS HANDS.
Stopping the ball

defeat—a wonderful record nowadays. In H. S. Freeman and C. Pimm they possess two grand backs, whilst Eric Green and the evergreen veteran Arthur Playford form the nucleus of a very strong forward line. They are, without doubt, at present the best club in England.

Before closing this short account of Southern clubs it is necessary to mention the 'Varsities, both Oxford and Cambridge, where hockey has, of late years, reached a high pitch. They now both provide players annually for the representative matches. To H. M. Tennent, the present Secretary of the Hockey Association, much praise is due, for he worked hard for the game at Oxford.

In the North the game is also in a flourishing state, but though the North usually put up a good fight in their great annual match with the South they have only once beaten them—in 1900, if memory serves me. Cheshire and Lancashire have always been the best counties, with little to choose between the two, whilst for once the Yorkshiremen have been left far behind. There are a great many clubs in the broad-acred shire, but curiously enough they have never attained a high standard of play. For several years the Didsbury Club remained practically unbeaten, and they were easily the best team in the North. They had a very dangerous forward line, with Sidney Tindall, the Lancashire cricketer, in

INSIDE LEFT PASSING TO CENTRE FORWARD WITH END OF STICK.

the centre; he was a deadly shot in the circle.

When the Didsbury Club was disbanded, Bowdon gradually rose to the position of "Cock of the North." From 1901 to 1904 they lost only two matches, and prior to that they were very strong. But at no stage of their career have they held such a superiority over their neighbours as did Molesey, Teddington, Wimbledon, and Staines at different periods in the South. They have been hard pressed by West Derby, the Northern, and Bebington. F. Terras at full back has been Bowdon's great mainstay. He retired from the game last year and with his departure a notable figure has gone from hockey. He was a fine resolute player of the hard-hitting type, whose methods were well calculated to break up the dashing Irish forwards, and he represented his country on many occasions.

Other great Northern stars have been W. E. R. Coulburn, of Kersal, one of the best goal-keepers that ever played, Knowles of the same club, the great little right half who has so often played for England, W. Bowring, of West Derby, now in the West Indies, and A. H. Wolff, of Bowdon, a most skilful centre forward.

In the Midlands the grounds are rather rough, but, nevertheless, they play good hockey of a bustling type. A Midland team is a hard nut for the North and the South to crack, and the latter have beaten both on various occasions. For several years "last past," as the legal documents say, Penn Fields have been the strongest Midland organisation. The three brothers Whitehouse of the Penn Fields team are a host in themselves. Edgbaston and Erdington have also been sides to reckon with. E. I. Byrne, of Erdington, brother of the great Rugby International, was a fine and speedy right winger, and Lionel Foster, of the same club has, on several occasions, gained International honours, and there are few inside lefts to-day his equal. H. C. Boycott, of Northampton, is probably the safest and coolest full back we have at present.

In the West they are better to-day than they have ever been previously, but even now they can only be said to have turned out one really great player, viz., T. Pethick, of Weston-super-Mare, the best inside left now playing the game. Fast, clever, and resourceful, he is a thorn in the side of any defence.

The great match of the hockey world is England *v.* Ireland. To play in that match is the highest ambition of every hockey player. The Welsh and Scotch matches are mere child's play to it, and, as a matter of fact, do not arouse as much general interest as the North *v.* South fixture. Last

CENTRE FORWARD RECEIVING A PASS THAT HAS GOT UP SLIGHTLY.

HOCKEY ON THE SANDS AT ROSSALL.
A bully on the line.

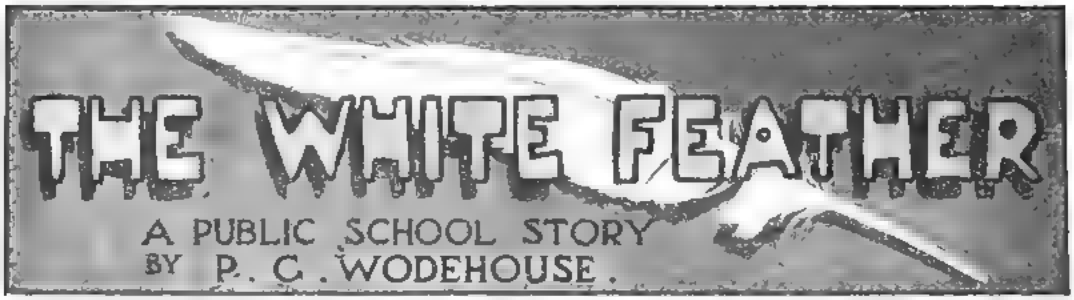
season was the first occasion on which Ireland has actually beaten England, but the games since 1898 have always been most close and exciting. As in Rugby football, so in hockey, the dash and go of the Irish forwards has always stood them in good stead.

A few years ago, derision would have greeted the venturesome man who dared to predict that hockey would one day seriously challenge the supremacy of football. It cannot be denied, however, that if things proceed at the present pace, this will happen before very long. Hockey struggled very hard in its youth. It had to fight prejudice and bitter opposition, and its ultimate triumph is a testimony to its undeniable intrinsic value. I think there is no doubt that hockey, speaking generally, was never so flourishing as it is now. It has been taken up by every branch of the games-playing community. Its astonishing advance in approval at the 'Varsities and Public Schools I have alluded to at considerable length above. It may be of interest to add that at one school (and possibly at more of which I have no knowledge) hockey is the only winter game played. This is at Redhill School, Clifton, which has supplied, and probably will continue to supply, numerous Internationals, whose skill with the stick one might almost describe as artistic jugglery.

For every good hockey player of four or five years ago there are now three or four. There are more clubs and greater keenness, more general interest and consequently stronger competition for the honours which the game affords. A North, or a South, or a Midland cap, or a County cap for the matter of that, is a thing much sought after. And this is as it should be.

Limbs of the Mind.

AS our bodies, to be in health, must be *generally* exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be *generally* cultivated. You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms but was paralytic in his feet, nor one who could walk well but had no use of his hands, nor one who could see well if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind, as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity—that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy—the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration—the power of enjoying beauty and ingenuity, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit—or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that, in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you; not one merely, nor another, but all of them. And the way to bring them out is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subjects of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.—*Ruskin.* Selections from Writings, First Series, No. 168.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

Sheen, of the Sixth Form at Wrykyn School, has shown the white feather during an election-time row in the town, with the result that he is cut by all in his house (Seymour's). Later, he encounters "Albert," the ring-leader of the local hooligans, and suffers severely at the latter's hands, though making a plucky resistance. The timely intervention of Joe Bevan, an ex-champion pugilist and trainer, saves him from serious injury. At Bevan's suggestion Sheen begins to learn boxing, under his instruction, at the "Blue Boar," an inn up the river which has been placed out of bounds; and makes such progress that he hopes to enter for the House Boxing Competition, and by winning that to restore the somewhat fallen fortunes of Seymour's and reinstate himself in the eyes of the House. The great match with Ripton School results in a demoralising defeat of the Wrykyn XV., and, as a result of infection caught during this visit to Ripton, Drummond, the best boxer in the school, develops mumps, and is unable to compete in the House Boxing Competition. Sheen, who has already astonished a few boys by one or two exhibitions of unsuspected pluck and masterfulness—notably in a private encounter with Attell, who manages notwithstanding to spread a report that Sheen has "funked" again—sends a letter to Drummond, asking to be allowed to take his place. He receives a curt reply that his services will not be required, as Linton is to represent the House in the light-weights.

CHAPTER XVII.

SEYMOUR'S ONE SUCCESS.

THIS polite epistle, it may be mentioned, was a revised version of the one which Drummond originally wrote in reply to Sheen's request. His first impulse had been to answer in the four brief words, "Don't be a fool"; for Sheen's letter had struck him as nothing more than a contemptible piece of posing, and he had all the hatred for poses which is a characteristic of the plain and straightforward type of mind. It seemed to him that Sheen, as he expressed it to himself, was trying to "do the boy hero." In the school library, which had been stocked during the dark ages, when that type of story was popular, there were numerous school stories in which the hero retrieved a rocky reputation by thrashing the bully, displaying in the encounter an intuitive but overwhelming skill with his fists. Drummond could not help feeling that Sheen must have been reading one of these stories. It was all very fine and noble of him to want to show that he was No Coward After All, like Leo Cholmondeley or whatever his beastly name was, in "The Lads of St. Ethelberta's" or some such piffling book; but, thought Drummond in his cold, practical way, what about the house? If Sheen thought that Seymour's was going to chuck away all chance of winning one of the inter-house events, simply in order to give him an opportunity of doing the Young Hero, the sooner he got rid of that sort of idea, the better. If he wanted to do the Leo Cholmondeley business, let him go and chuck a kid into the river, and jump in and save him. But he wasn't going to have the house let in for twenty Sheens.

Such were the meditations of Drummond when the infirmary attendant brought Sheen's letter to him; and he seized pencil and paper and wrote, "Don't be a fool." But pity succeeded contempt, and he tore up the writing. After all, however much he had deserved it, the man had had a bad time. It was no use jumping on him. And at one time they had been pals. Might as well do the thing politely.

All of which reflections would have been prevented had Sheen thought of mentioning the simple fact that it was Joe Bevan who had given him the lessons to which he referred in his letter. But he had decided not to do so, wishing to avoid long explanations. And there was, he felt, a chance that the letter might come into other hands than those of Drummond. So he had preserved silence on that point, thereby wrecking his entire scheme.

It struck him that he might go to Linton, explain his position, and ask him to withdraw in his favour, but there were difficulties in the way of that course. There is a great deal of red tape about the athletic arrangements of a house at a public-school. When once an order has gone forth, it is difficult to get it repealed. Linton had been chosen to represent the house in the light-weights, and he would carry out orders. Only illness would prevent him appearing in the ring.

Sheen made up his mind not to try to take his place, and went through the days a victim to gloom, which was caused by other things besides his disappointment respecting the boxing competition. The Gotford examination was over now, and he was not satisfied with his performance. Though he did not know it, this dissatisfaction was due principally to the fact that, owing to his isolation, he had been unable to compare notes after the examinations with the others. Doing an examination without comparing notes subsequently with one's rivals, is like playing golf against bogey. The imaginary rival against whom one pits oneself never makes a mistake. Our own "howlers" stand out in all their horried nakedness; but we do not realise that our rivals have, probably, made others far worse. In this way Sheen plumbed the depths of depression. The Gotford was a purely Classical examination, with the exception of one paper, a General Knowledge paper; and it was in this that Sheen fancied he had failed so miserably. His Greek and Latin verse were always good; his prose, he felt, was not altogether beyond the pale: but in the General Knowledge paper he had come down heavily. As a matter of fact, if he had only known, the paper was an exceptionally hard one, and there was not a single candidate for the scholarship who felt satisfied with his treatment of it. It was to questions ten, eleven, and thirteen of this paper that Cardew, of the School House, who had entered for the scholarship for the sole reason that competitors got excused two clear days of ordinary school-work, wrote the following answer:

See "Encyclopædia Britannica," *Times* edition.

If they really wanted to know, he said subsequently, that was the authority to go to. He himself would probably misinform them altogether.

In addition to the Gotford and the House Boxing, the House Fives now came on, and the authorities of Seymour's were in no small perplexity. They met together in Rigby's study to discuss the matter. Their difficulty was this. There was only one inmate of Seymour's who had a chance of carrying off the House Fives Cup. And that was Sheen. The house was asking itself what was to be done about it.

"You see," said Rigby, "you can look at it in two ways, whichever you like. We ought certainly to send in our best man for the pot, whatever sort of chap he is. But then, come to think of it, Sheen can't very well be said to belong to the house at all. When a man's been cut dead during the whole term, he can't be looked on as one of the house very well. See what I mean?"

"Of course he can't," said Mill, who was second in command at Seymour's. Mill's attitude towards his fellow men was one of incessant hostility. He seemed to bear a grudge against the entire race.

Rigby resumed. He was a pacific person, and hated anything resembling rows in the house. He had been sorry for Sheen, and would have been glad to give him a chance of setting himself on his legs again.

"You see," he said, "this is what I mean. We either recognise Sheen's existence or we don't. Follow? We can't get him to win this Cup for us, and then, when he has done it, go on cutting him and treating him as if he didn't belong to the house at all. I know he let the house down awfully badly in that business, but still, if he lifts the fives cup, that'll square the thing. If he does anything to give the house a leg-up, he must be treated as if he'd never let it down at all."

"Of course," said Barry. "I vote we send him in for the Fives."

"What rot!" said Mill. "It isn't as if none of the rest of us played fives."

"We aren't as good as Sheen," said Barry.

"I don't care. I call it rot letting a chap like him represent the house at anything. If he were the best fives-player in the world I wouldn't let him play for the house."

Rigby was impressed by his vehemence. He hesitated.

"After all, Barry," he said, "I don't know. Perhaps it might—you see, he did—well, I really think we'd better have somebody else. The house has got its knife into Sheen too much just at present to want him as a representative. There'd only be sickness, don't you think? Who else is there?"

So it came about that Menzies was chosen to uphold the house in the Fives Courts. Sheen was not surprised. But it was not pleasant. He was certainly having bad luck in his attempts to do something for the house. Perhaps if he won the Gotford, they might show a little

enthusiasm. The Gotford always caused a good deal of interest in the school. It was the best thing of its kind in existence at Wrykyn, and even the most abandoned loafers liked to feel that their house had won it. It was just possible, thought Sheen, that a brilliant win might change the feelings of Seymour's towards him. He did not care for the applause of the multitude more than a boy should, but he preferred it very decidedly to the cut direct.

Things went badly for Seymour's. Never in the history of the house, or, at any rate, in the comparatively recent history of the house, had there been such a slump in athletic trophies. To begin with, they were soundly beaten in the semi-final for the House football cup by Allardyce's lot. With Drummond away, there was none to mark the captain of the School team at half, and Allardyce had raced through in a manner that must have compensated him to a certain extent for the poor time he had had in first fifteen matches. The game had ended in a Seymourite defeat by nineteen points to five.

Nor had the boxing left the house in a better position. Linton fought pluckily in the light weights, but went down before Stanning, after beating a representative of Templar's. Mill did not show up well in the heavy weights, and was defeated in his first bout. Seymour's were reduced to telling themselves how different it all would have been if Drummond had been there.

Sheen watched the light-weight contests, and nearly danced with irritation. He felt that he could have eaten Stanning The man was quick with his left, but he couldn't *box*. He hadn't a notion of side-stepping, and the upper-cut appeared to be entirely outside his range. He would like to see him tackle Francis.

Sheen thought bitterly of Drummond. Why on earth couldn't he have given him a chance? It was maddening.

The Fives carried on the story. Menzies was swamped by a Day's man. He might just as well have stayed away altogether. The star of Seymour's was very low on the horizon.

And then the house scored its one success. The headmaster announced it in Hall after prayers in his dry, unemotional way.

"I have received the list of marks," he said, "from the examiners for the Gotford Scholarship." He paused. Sheen felt a sudden calm triumph flood over him. Somehow, intuitively, he knew that he had won. He waited without excitement for the next words.

"Out of a possible thousand marks, Sheen, who wins the scholarship, obtained seven hundred and one, Stanning six hundred and four, Wilson. . . ."

Sheen walked out of the Hall in the unique position of a Gotford winner with only one friend to congratulate him. Jack Bruce was the one. The other six hundred and thirty-three members of the school made no demonstration.

There was a pleasant custom at Seymour's of applauding at tea any Seymourite who had won distinction, and so shed a reflected glory on the house. The head of the house would observe, "Well played, So-and-So!" and the rest of the house would express their emotion in the way that seemed best to them, to the subsequent exultation of the local crockery merchant, who had generally to supply at least a dozen fresh cups and plates to the house after one of these occasions. When it was for getting his first eleven or first fifteen cap that the lucky man was being cheered, the total of breakages sometimes ran into the twenties.

Rigby, good, easy man, was a little doubtful as to what course to pursue in the circumstances. Should he give the signal? After all, the fellow *had* won the Gotford. It was a score for the house, and they wanted all the scores they could get in these lean years. Perhaps, then, he had better. . . .

"Well played, Sheen," said he.

There was a dead silence. A giggle from the fags' table showed that the comedy of the situation was not lost on the young mind.

The head of the house looked troubled. This was awfully awkward.

"Well played, Sheen," he said again.

"Don't mention it, Rigby," said the winner of the Gotford politely, looking up from his plate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. BEVAN MAKES A SUGGESTION.

WHEN one has been working hard with a single end in view, the arrival and departure of the supreme moment is apt to leave a feeling of emptiness, as if life had been drained of all its interest, and had left nothing sufficiently exciting to make it worth doing. Horatius, as he followed his plough on a warm day over the corn land which his gratified country bestowed on him for his masterly handling of the traffic on the bridge, must sometimes have felt that it was a little tame. The feeling is far more acute when one has been unexpectedly baulked in one's

"DON'T MENTION IT, RIGBY," SAID THE WINNER OF THE GOTFORD, POLITELY.

desire for action. Sheen, for the first few days after he received Drummond's brief note, felt that it was useless for him to try to do anything. The Fates were against him. In stories, as Mr. Austen has pointed out, the hero is never long without his chance of retrieving his reputation. A mad bull comes into the School grounds, and he alone (the hero, not the bull) is calm. Or there is a fire, and whose is that pale and gesticulating form at the upper window? The bully's, of course. And who is that climbing nimbly up the Virginia creeper? Why, the hero. Who else? Three hearty cheers for the plucky hero!

But in real life opportunities of distinguishing oneself are less frequent.

Sheen continued his visits to the "Blue Boar," but more because he shrank from telling Joe Bevan that all his trouble had been for nothing, than because he had any definite object in view. It was bitter to listen to the eulogies of the pugilist, when all the while he knew that, as far as any immediate results were concerned, it did not really matter whether he boxed well or feebly. Some day, perhaps, as Mr. Bevan was fond of pointing out when he approached the subject of the advantages of boxing, he might meet a hooligan when he was crossing a field with his sister; but he found that but small consolation. He was in the position of one who wants a small sum of ready money, and is told that, in a few years, he may come into a fortune. By the time he got a chance of proving himself a man with his hands, he would be an Old Wrykinian. He was leaving at the end of the Summer term.

Jack Bruce was sympathetic, and talked more freely than was his wont.

"I can't understand it," he said. "Drummond always seemed a good sort. I should have thought he would have sent you in for the house like a shot. Are you sure you put it plainly in your letter? What did you say?"

Sheen repeated the main points of his letter.

"Did you tell him who had been teaching you?"

"No. I just said I'd been boxing lately."

"Pity," said Jack Bruce. "If you'd mentioned that it was Joe who'd been training you, he would probably have been much more for it. You see, he couldn't know whether you were any good or not from your letter. But if you'd told him that Joe Bevan and Hunt both thought you good, he'd have seen there was something in it."

"It never occurred to me. Like a fool, I was counting on the thing so much that it didn't strike me there would be any real difficulty in getting him to see my point. Especially when he got mumps and couldn't go in himself. Well, it can't be helped now."

And the conversation turned to the prospects of Jack Bruce's father in the forthcoming election, the polling for which had just begun.

"I'm busy now," said Bruce. "I'm not sure that I shall be able to do much more sparring with you for a bit."

"My dear chap, don't let me——"

"Oh, it's all right, really. Taking you to the 'Blue Boar' doesn't land me out of my way at all. Most of the work lies round in this direction. I call at cottages, and lug oldest inhabitants to the poll. It's rare sport."

"Does your pater know?"

"Oh, yes. He rots me about it like anything, but, all the same, I believe he's really rather bucked because I've roped in quite a dozen voters who wouldn't have stirred a yard if I hadn't turned up. That's where we're scoring. Pedder hasn't got a car yet, and these old rotters round here aren't going to move out of their chairs to go for a ride in an ordinary cart. But they chuck away their crutches and hop into a motor like one o'clock."

"It must be rather a rag," said Sheen.

The car drew up at the door of the "Blue Boar." Sheen got out and ran upstairs to the gymnasium. Joe Bevan was sparring a round with Francis. He watched them while he changed, but without the enthusiasm of which he had been conscious on previous occasions. The solid cleverness of Joe Bevan and the quickness and cunning of the bantam-weight were as much in evidence as before, but somehow the glamour and romance which had surrounded them were gone. He no longer watched eagerly to pick up the slightest hint from these experts. He felt no more interest than he would have felt in watching a game of lawn tennis. He *had* been keen. Since his disappointment with regard to the House Boxing he had become indifferent.

Joe Bevan noticed this before he had been boxing with him a minute.

"Hullo, sir," he said, "what's this? Tired to-day? Not feeling well? You aren't boxing like yourself, not at all you aren't. There's no weight behind 'em. You're tapping. What's the matter with your feet, too? You aren't getting about as quickly as I should like to see. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing that I know of," said Sheen. "I'm sorry I'm so rotten. Let's have another try."

The second try proved as unsatisfactory as the first. He was listless, and his leads and counters lacked conviction.

Joe Bevan, who identified himself with his pupils with that thoroughness which is the hall-mark of the first-class boxing instructor, looked so pained at his sudden loss of form, that Sheen could not resist the temptation to confide in him. After all, he must tell him some time.

"The fact is," he said, as they sat on the balcony overlooking the river, waiting for Jack Bruce to return with the car, "I've had a bit of a sickener."

"I thought you'd got sick of it," said Mr. Bevan. "Well, have a bit of a rest."

"I don't mean that I'm tired of boxing," Sheen hastened to explain. "After all the trouble you've taken with me, it would be a bit thick if I chucked it just as I was beginning to get on. It isn't that. But you know how keen I was on boxing for the house?"

Joe Bevan nodded.

"Did you get beat?"

"They wouldn't let me go in," said Sheen.

"But, bless me! you'd have made babies of them. What was the instructor doing? Couldn't he see that you were good?"

"I didn't get a chance of showing what I could do." He explained the difficulties of the situation.

Mr. Bevan nodded his head thoughtfully.

"So, naturally," concluded Sheen, "the thing has put me out a bit. It's beastly having nothing to work for. I'm at a loose end. Up till now, I've always had the thought of the house competition to keep me going. But now—well, you see how it is. It's like running to catch a train, and then finding suddenly that you've got plenty of time. There doesn't seem any point in going on running."

"Why not Aldershot, sir?" said Mr. Bevan.

"What!" cried Sheen.

The absolute novelty of the idea, and the gorgeous possibilities of it, made him tingle from head to foot. Aldershot! Why hadn't he thought of it before! The house competition suddenly lost its importance in his eyes. It

WHY NOT ALDERSHOT, SIR!" SAID MR. BEVAN.

was a trivial affair, after all, compared with Aldershot, that Mecca of the public school boxer.

Then the glow began to fade. Doubts crept in. He might have learned a good deal from Joe Bevan, but had he learned enough to be able to hold his own with the best boxers of all the public schools in the country? And if he had the skill to win, had he the heart? Joe Bevan had said that he would not disgrace himself again, and he felt that the chances were against his doing so, but there was the terrible possibility. He had stood up to Francis and the others, and he had taken their blows without flinching; but in these encounters there was always at the back of his mind the comforting feeling that there was a limit to the amount of punishment he would receive. If Francis happened to drive him into a corner where he could neither attack, nor defend himself against attack, he did not use his advantage to the full. He indicated rather than used it. A couple of blows, and he moved out into the open again. But in the Public Schools Competition at Aldershot there would be no quarter. There would be nothing but deadly earnest. If he allowed himself to be manœuvred into an awkward position, only his own skill, or the call of time, could extricate him from it.

In a word, at the "Blue Boar" he sparred. At Aldershot he would have to fight. Was he capable of fighting?

Then there was another difficulty. How was he to get himself appointed as the Wrykyn light-weight representative? Now that Drummond was unable to box, Stanning would go down, as the winner of the School Competition. These things were worked by an automatic process. Sheen felt that he could beat Stanning, but he had no means of publishing this fact to the school. He could not challenge him to a trial of skill. That sort of thing was not done.

He explained this to Joe Bevan.

"Well, it's a pity," said Joe regretfully. "It's a pity."

At this moment Jack Bruce appeared.

"What's a pity, Joe?" he asked.

"Joe wants me to go to Aldershot as a light-weight," explained Sheen, "and I was just saying that I couldn't, because of Stanning."

"What about Stanning?"

"He won the School Competition, you see, so they're bound to send him down."

"Half a minute," said Jack Bruce. "I never thought of Aldershot for you before. It's a jolly good idea. I believe you'd have a chance. And it's all right about Stanning. He's not going down. Haven't you heard?"

"I don't hear anything. Why isn't he going down?"

"He's knocked up one of his wrists. So he says."

"How do you mean—so he says?" asked Sheen.

"I believe he funks it."

"Why? What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's only my opinion. Still, it's a little queer. Stanning says he crocked his left wrist in the final of the house competition."

"Well, what's wrong with that? Why shouldn't he have done so?"

Sheen objected strongly to Stanning, but he had the elements of justice in him, and he was not going to condemn him on insufficient evidence, particularly of a crime of which he himself had been guilty.

"Of course he may have done," said Bruce. "But it's a bit fishy that he should have been playing fives all right two days running just after the competition."

"He might have crocked himself then."

"Then why didn't he say so?"

A question which Sheen found himself unable to answer.

"Then there's nothing to prevent you fighting, sir?" said Joe Bevan, who had been listening attentively to the conversation.

"Do you really think I've got a chance?"

"I do, sir."

"Of course you have," said Jack Bruce. "You're quite as good as Drummond was, last time I saw him box."

"Then I'll have a shot at it," said Sheen.

"Good for you, sir," cried Joe Bevan.

"Though it'll be a bit of a job getting leave" said Sheen. "How would you start about it, Bruce?"

"You'd better ask Spence. He's the man to go to."

"That's all right. I'm rather a pal of Spence's."

"Ask him to-night after prep.," suggested Bruce.

"And then you come here regular," said Joe Bevan, "and we'll train you till you're that fit you could eat bricks, and you'll make babies of them up at Aldershot."

CHAPTER XIX

PAVING THE WAY.

BRUCE had been perfectly correct in his suspicions. Stanning's wrist was no more sprained than his ankle. The advisability of manufacturing an injury had come home to him very vividly on the Saturday morning following the Ripton match, when he had read the brief report of that painful episode in that week's number of the *Field* in the school library. In the list of the Ripton team appeared the name R. Peteiro. He had heard a great deal about the dusky Riptonian when Drummond had beaten him in the feather-weights the year before. Drummond had returned from Aldershot on that occasion cheerful, but in an extremely battered condition. His appearance as he limped about the field on Sports Day had been heroic, and, in addition, a fine advertisement for the punishing powers of the Ripton champion. It is true that at least one of his injuries had been the work of a Pauline whom he had met in the opening bout; but the great majority were presents from Ripton, and Drummond had described the dusky one, in no uncertain terms, as a holy terror.

These things had sunk into Stanning's mind. It had been generally understood at Wrykyn that Peteiro had left school at Christmas. When Stanning, through his study of the *Field*, discovered that the redoubtable boxer had been one of the team against which he had played at Ripton, and realised that, owing to Drummond's illness, it would fall to him, if he won the House Competition, to meet this man of wrath at Aldershot, he resolved on the instant that the most persuasive of wild horses should not draw him to that military centre on the day of the Public Schools Competition. The difficulty was that he particularly wished to win the House Cup. Then it occurred to him that he could combine the two things—win the competition and get injured while doing so.

Accordingly, two days after the House Boxing he was observed to issue from Appleby's with his left arm slung in a first fifteen scarf. He was too astute to injure his right wrist. What happens to one's left wrist at School is one's own private business. When one injures one's right arm, and so incapacitates oneself for form work, the authorities begin to make awkward investigations.

Mr. Spence, who looked after the school's efforts to win medals at Aldershot, was the most disappointed person in the place. He was an enthusiastic boxer—he had represented Cambridge in the middle-weights in his day—and with no small trouble had succeeded in making boxing a going concern at Wrykyn. Years of failure had ended, the Easter before, in a huge triumph, when O'Hara, of Dexter's, and Drummond had won silver medals, and Moriarty, of Dexter's, a bronze. If only somebody could win a medal this year, the tradition would be established, and would not soon die out. Unfortunately, there was not a great deal of boxing talent in the school just now. The rule that the winner at his weight in the House Competitions should represent the school at Aldershot only applied if the winner were fairly proficient. Mr. Spence exercised his discretion. It was no use sending down novices to be massacred. This year Drummond and Stanning were the only Wrykinians up to Aldershot form. Drummond would have been almost a certainty for a silver medal, and Stanning would probably have won a bronze. And here they were, both injured; Wrykyn would not have a single representative at the Queen's Avenue Gymnasium. It would be a set-back to the cult of boxing at the School.

Mr. Spence was pondering over this unfor-

tunate state of things when Sheen was shown in.

"Can I speak to you for a minute, sir?" said Sheen.

"Certainly, Sheen. Take one of those cig—I mean, sit down. What is it?"

Sheen had decided how to open the interview before knocking at the door. He came to the point at once.

"Do you think I could go down to Aldershot, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Spence looked surprised.

"Go down? You mean—? Do you want to watch the competition? Really, I don't know if the headmaster——"

"I mean, can I box?"

Mr. Spence's look of surprise became more marked.

"Box?" he said. "But surely—I didn't know you were a boxer, Sheen."

"I've only taken it up lately."

"But you didn't enter for the House Competitions, did you? What weight are you?"

"Just under ten stone."

"A light-weight. Why, Linton boxed for your house in the light-weights, surely?"

"Yes sir. They wouldn't let me go in."

"You hurt yourself?"

"No, sir."

"Then why wouldn't they let you go in?"

"Drummond thought Linton was better. He didn't know I boxed."

"But—this is very curious. I don't understand it at all. You see, if you were not up to House form, you would hardly— At Aldershot, you see, you would meet the best boxers of all the public schools."

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause.

"It was like this, sir," said Sheen nervously. "At the beginning of the term there was a bit of a row down in the town, and I got mixed up in it. And I didn't—I was afraid to join in. I funked it."

Mr. Spence nodded. He was deeply interested now. The office of confessor is always interesting.

"Go on, Sheen. What happened then?"

"I was cut by everybody. The fellows thought I had let the house down, and it got about, and the other houses scored off them, so I had rather a rotten time."

Here it occurred to him that he was telling his story without that attention to polite phraseology which a master expects from a boy, so he amended the last sentence.

"I didn't have a very pleasant time, sir," was his correction.

"Well?" said Mr. Spence.

"So I was a bit sick," continued Sheen, relapsing once more into the vernacular, "and I wanted to do something to put things right again, and I met—anyhow, I took up boxing. I wanted to box for the house, if I were good enough. I practised every day, and stuck to it, and after a bit I did become pretty good."

"Well?"

"Then Drummond got mumps, and I wrote to him asking if I might represent the house instead of him, and I suppose he didn't believe I was any good. At any rate, he wouldn't let me go in. Then Joe—a man who knows

"BOX?" HE SAID. "BUT SURELY—I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A BOXER, SHEEN."

something about boxing—suggested I should go down to Aldershot."

"Joe?" said Mr. Spence inquiringly.

Sheen had let the name slip out unintentionally, but it was too late now to recall it.

"Joe Bevan, sir," he said. "He used to be champion of England, light-weight."

"Joe Bevan!" cried Mr. Spence. "Really? Why, he trained me when I boxed for Cambridge. He's one of the best of fellows. I've never seen any one who took such trouble with his man. I wish we could get him here. So it was Joe who suggested that you should go down to Aldershot? Well, he ought to know. Did he say you would have a good chance?"

"Yes, sir."

"My position is this, you see, Sheen. There is nothing I should like more than to see the school represented at Aldershot. But I cannot let any one go down, irrespective of his abilities. Aldershot is not child's play. And in the light-weights you get the hardest fighting of all. It wouldn't do for me to let you go down if you are not up to the proper form. You would be half killed."

"I should like to have a shot, sir," said Sheen.

"Then this year, as you probably know, Rupton are sending down Peteiro for the light-weights. He was the fellow whom Drummond only just beat last year. And you saw the state in which Drummond came back. If Drummond could hardly hold him, what would you do?"

"I believe I could beat Drummond, sir," said Sheen.

Mr. Spence's eyes opened wider. Here were brave words. This youth evidently meant business. The thing puzzled him. On the one hand, Sheen had been cut by his house for cowardice. On the other, Joe Bevan, who, of all men, was best able to judge, had told him that he was good enough to box at Aldershot.

"Let me think it over, Sheen," he said. "This is a matter which I cannot decide in a moment. I will tell you to-morrow what I think about it."

"I hope you will let me go down, sir," said Sheen. "It's my one chance."

"Yes, yes, I see that, I see that," said Mr. Spence, "but all the same—well, I will think it over."

All the rest of that evening he pondered over the matter, deeply perplexed. It would be nothing less than cruel to let Sheen enter the ring at Aldershot, if he were incompetent. Boxing in the Public Schools Boxing Competition is not a pastime for the incompetent. But he wished very much that Wrykyn should be represented, and also he sympathised with Sheen's eagerness to wipe out the stain on his honour, and the honour of the house. But, like Drummond, he could not help harbouring a suspicion that this was a pose. He felt that Sheen was intoxicated by his imagination. Every one likes to picture himself doing dashing things in the limelight, with an appreciative multitude to applaud. Would this mood stand the test of action?

Against this there was the evidence of Joe Bevan. Joe had said that Sheen was worthy to fight for his school, and Joe knew.

Mr. Spence went to bed still in a state of doubt

Next morning he hit upon a solution of the difficulty. Wandering in the grounds before school, he came upon O'Hara, who, as has been stated before, had won the light-weights at Aldershot in the previous year. He had come to Wrykyn for the Sports. Here was the man to help him. O'Hara should put on the gloves with Sheen, and report.

"I'm in rather a difficulty, O'Hara," he said, "and you can help me."

"What's that?" inquired O'Hara.

"You know both our light-weights are on the sick-list? I had just resigned myself to going down to Aldershot without any one to box, when a boy in Seymour's volunteered for the vacant place. I don't know if you knew him at school? Sheen. Do you remember him?"

"Sheen?" cried O'Hara in amazement. "Not *Sheen!*"

His recollections of Sheen were not conducive to a picture of him as a public school boxer.

"Yes. I had never heard of him as a boxer. Still, he seems very anxious to go down, and he certainly has one remarkable testimonial, and as there's no one else——"

"And what shall I do?" asked O'Hara.

"I want you, if you will, to give him a trial in the dinner-hour. Just see if he's any good at all. If he isn't, of course, don't hit him about a great deal. But if he shows signs of being a useful man, extend him. See what he can do."

"Very well, sir," said O'Hara.

"And you might look in at my house at tea-time, if you have nothing better to do, and tell me what you think of him."

At five o'clock, when he entered Mr. Spence's study, O'Hara's face wore the awestruck look of one who had seen visions.

"Well?" said Mr. Spence. "Did you find him any good?"

"Good?" said O'Hara. "He'll beat them all. He's a champion. There's no stopping him."

"What an extraordinary thing!" said Mr. Spence.

CHAPTER XX.

SHEEN GOES TO ALDERSHOT.

AT Sheen's request Mr. Spence made no announcement of the fact that Wrykyn would be represented in the light-weights. It would be time enough, Sheen felt, for the School to know that he was a boxer when he had been down and shown what he could do. His appearance in his new *rôle* would be the most surprising thing that had happened in the place for years, and it would be a painful anti-climax if, after all the excitement which would be caused by the discovery that he could use his hands, he were to be defeated in his first bout. Whereas, if he happened to win, the announcement of his victory would be all the more impressive, coming unexpectedly. To himself he did not admit the possibility of defeat. He had braced himself up for the ordeal, and he refused to acknowledge to himself that he might not come out of it well. Besides, Joe Bevan continued to express hopeful opinions.

"Just you keep your head, sir," he said, "and you'll win. Lots of these gentlemen, they're champions when they're practising, and you'd think nothing wouldn't stop them when they got into the ring. But they get wild directly they begin, and forget everything they've been taught, and where are they then? Why, on the floor, waiting for the referee to count them out."

This picture might have encouraged Sheen more if he had not reflected that he was just as likely to fall into this error as were his opponents.

"What you want to remember is to keep that guard up. Nothing can beat that. And push out your left straight. The straight left rules the boxing world. And be earnest about it. Be as friendly as you like afterwards, but while you're in the ring say to yourself 'Well, it's you or me,' and don't be too kind."

"I wish you could come down to second me, Joe," said Sheen.

"I'll have a jolly good try, sir," said Joe Bevan. "Let me see. You'll be going down the night before—I can't come down then, but I'll try and manage it by an early train on the day."

"How about Francis?"

"Oh, Francis can look after himself for one day. He's not the sort of boy to run wild if he's left alone for a few hours."

"Then you think you can manage it?"

"Yes, sir. If I'm not there for your first fight, I shall come in time to second you in the final."

"If I get there," said Sheen.

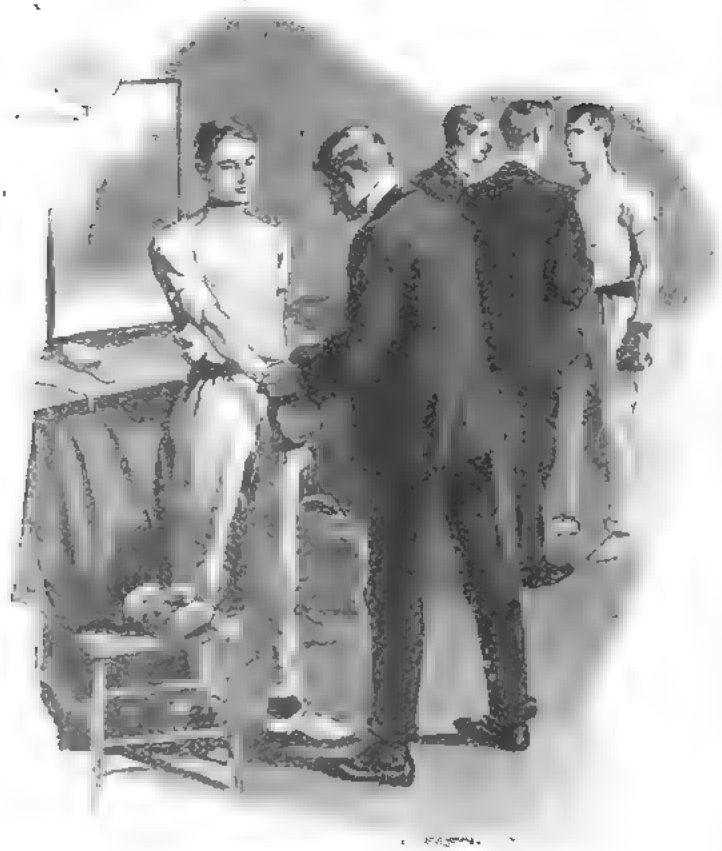
"Good seconding's half the battle. These soldiers they give you at Aldershot—well, they don't know the business, as the saying is. They don't look after their man, not like I could. I saw young what's-his-name, of Rugby—Stevens: he was beaten in the final by a gentleman from Harrow—I saw him fight there a couple of years ago. After the first round he was leading—not by much, but still, he was a point or two ahead. Well! He went to his corner, and his seconds sent him up for the next round in the same state he'd got there in. They hadn't done a thing to him. Why, if I'd been in his corner I'd have taken him and sponged him and sent him up again as fresh as he could be. You must have a good second if you're to win. When you're all on top of your man, I don't say. But you get a young gentleman of your own class, just about as quick and strong as you are, and then you'll know where the seconding comes in."

"Then, for goodness' sake, don't make any mistake about coming down," said Sheen.

"I'll be there, sir," said Joe Bevan.

The Queen's Avenue Gymnasium at Aldershot is a roomy place, but it is always crowded on the public schools' day. Sisters and cousins and aunts of competitors flock there to see Tommy or Bobby perform, under the impression, it is to be supposed, that he is about to take part in a pleasant frolic, a sort of merry parlour game. What their opinion is after he emerges from a warm three rounds is not known. Then there are soldiers in scores. Their views on boxing as a sport are crisp and easily defined. What they want is Gore. Others of the spectators are Old Boys, come to see how the school can behave in an emergency, and to find out whether there are still experts like Jones, who won the Middles in '96, or Robinson, who was runner-up in the Feathers in the same year, or whether, as they have darkly suspected for some time, the school has Gone To The Dogs Since They Left.

The usual crowd was gathered in the seats round the ring when Sheen came out of the dressing-room and sat down in an obscure corner at the end of the barrier which divides



SOMEBODY CRAMMED HIS HANDS INTO THE GLOVES.

the gymnasium into two parts on these occasions. He felt very lonely. Mr. Spence and the school instructor were watching the gymnastics, which had just started upon their lengthy course. The Wrykyn pair were not expected to figure high on the list this year. He could have joined Mr. Spence, but, at the moment, he felt disinclined for conversation. If he had been a more enthusiastic cricketer, he would have recognised the feeling as that which attacks a batsman before he goes to the wicket. It is not precisely funk. It is rather a desire to accelerate the flight of Time, and get to business quickly. All things come to him who waits, and among them is that unpleasant sensation of a cold hand upon the portion of the body which lies behind the third waistcoat button.

The boxing had begun with a bout between two feather-weights, both obviously suffering from stage-fright. They were fighting in a scrambling and unscientific manner which bore out Mr. Bevan's statements on the subject of losing one's head. Sheen felt that both were capable of better things. In the second and third rounds this proved to be the case, and the contest came to an end amidst applause.

The next pair were light-weights, and Sheen settled himself to watch more attentively. From these he would gather some indication of what he might expect to find when he entered the ring. He would not have to fight for some time yet. In the drawing for numbers, which had taken place in the dressing-room, he had picked a three. There would be another light-weight battle before he was called upon. His opponent was a Tonbridgian, who, from the glimpse Sheen caught of him, seemed muscular. But he (Sheen) had the advantage in reach, and built on that.

After opening tamely, the light-weight bout had become vigorous in the second round, and both men had apparently forgotten that their right arms had been given them by Nature for the purpose of guarding. They were going at it in hurricane fashion all over the ring. Sheen was horrified to feel symptoms of a return of that old sensation of panic which had caused him, on that dark day early in the term, to flee Albert and his wicked works He set his teeth, and fought it down. And after a bad minute he was able to argue himself into a proper frame of mind again. After all, that sort of thing looked much worse than it really was. Half those blows, which seemed as if they must do tremendous damage, were probably hardly felt by their recipient. He told himself that Francis, and even the knife-and-boot boy, hit fully as hard, or harder, and he had never minded them. At the end of the contest he was once more looking forward to his entrance to the ring with proper fortitude.

The fighting was going briskly forward now, sometimes good, sometimes moderate, but always earnest, and he found himself contemplating, without undue excitement, the fact that at the end of the bout which had just

begun, between middle-weights from St. Paul's and Wellington, it would be his turn to perform. As luck would have it, he had not so long to wait as he had expected, for the Pauline, taking the lead after the first few exchanges, outfought his man so completely that the referee stopped the contest in the second round. Sheen got up from his corner and went to the dressing-room. The Tonbridgian was already there. He took off his coat. Somebody crammed his hands into the gloves, and from that moment the last trace of nervousness left him. He trembled with the excitement of the thing, and hoped sincerely that no one would notice it, and think that he was afraid.

Then, amidst a clapping of hands which sounded faint and far-off, he followed his opponent to the ring, and ducked under the ropes.

The referee consulted a paper which he held, and announced the names.

"R. D. Sheen, Wrykyn College."

Sheen wriggled his fingers right into the gloves, and thought of Joe Bevan. What had Joe said? Keep that guard up. The straight left. Keep that guard—the straight left. Keep that——"

"A. W. Bird, Tonbridge School."

There was a fresh outburst of applause. The Tonbridgian had shown up well in the competition of the previous year, and the crowd welcomed him as an old friend.

Keep that guard up—straight left. Straight left—guard up.

"Seconds out of the ring."

Guard up. Not too high. Straight left. It beats the world. What an age that man was calling Time. Guard up. Straight——

"Time," said the referee.

Sheen, filled with a great calm, walked out of his corner and shook hands with his opponent.

(To be concluded.)

A Story you should Read.

WHAT possibilities there are in a combination of everyday observation, enthusiasm and imagination, when applied to the present!

How many people there are who look on their daily duties and environments, be they at school or out in the world, as commonplace and dry; and the various persons they come in contact with, as ordinary and prosaic!

There is romance in almost everything and everybody, if one goes the right way to look for it; yet there are numerous belated descendants of Adam, in every grade of society, who spend the brief interval between their birth and their death in walking half-heartedly along the wonderful road called Life, and preserving such a matter-of-fact outlook on things in general as deprives them of half the joy of existence.

These persons never look for the romantic, except in books or plays. They miss the real thing. Have not you yourself met characters as fascinating and original outside a book as in one? If not, keep your eyes open till you do. It's an educating practice, and it's good sport.

Don't be oblivious of the things which go to complete what should be the most interesting story in the world to you; your own story. It is a "long-continued" story, always going on, and intertwined with other stories, which also you can read in part.

To get the best out of life, we must be enthusiastic, both in observation and participation. Don't be a looker-on where you might, with advantage, be a participant, or you miss much. The spectator at a football match derives enjoyment from the game he is watching; but what is that compared to the thrill experienced by the forward who sends the ball whizzing under the cross-bar, or the exhilaration of the back who takes the ball, clear and true, on to his instep, and lifts it up and along and away.

A funny sort of essay! But don't you see what I mean?

HERBERT SCOONS.

FEBRUARY EVENTS.

By Readers of "The Captain."

Thomas Edison.

On February 11, 1847, Thomas Alva Edison—the Wizard of the West—was born. His parents were poor, and the early days of the greatest inventive genius of his time were hard and bitter in the extreme.

In 1858 he commenced life as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway, and this period of his life is rich in anecdote. One story tells how young Edison, penniless and miles from home, made his way to the depôt and boarded a car. When the conductor made his rounds, his ticketless condition was discovered. The man brutally lifted him from the ground by his ears, breaking both eardrums, and thus shutting out all sound for ever from the brain of one destined to climb to the utmost heights of fame.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.
The greatest of modern inventors.

Another anecdote, which has not previously seen print, relates how young Edison, when but thirteen, after watching some young engineers, in the works near his station, vainly trying to set in motion a small machine which had stopped, went over to the group, and with a few raps and dexterous twists started the complicated machinery; then quickly and quietly left.

At the age of sixteen he became the cynosure of all scientific eyes in America, by his invention of the automatic telegraph repeater. Five years later he had patented his electric fire alarm, and was already regarded by America as the foremost inventor of his time.

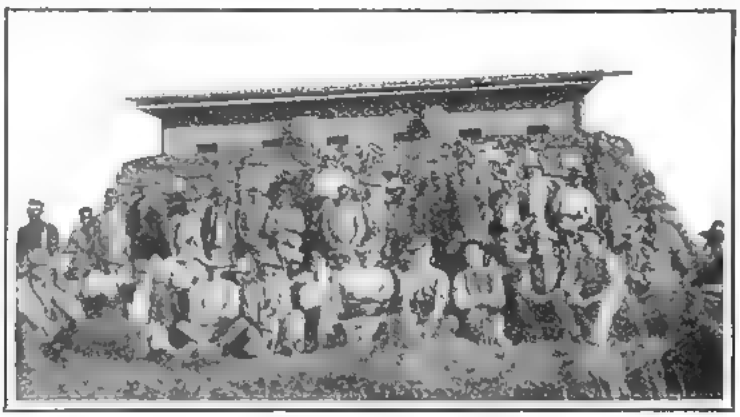
About this time he married one of the young ladies in his office, and of his wedding morning the following story is told. "Edison rose at his usual early hour and entered his workshop, where he was engaged on an invention dealing with incandescent lighting. Meanwhile, preparations for the wedding went on apace, but when all was ready the bridegroom could not be found! Finally, his assistant was sent to his workshop. There he discovered the truant bridegroom, quite oblivious of aught else but the work in hand." It is said he was married in the clothes he then stood in, and at the conclusion of the ceremony hurried back to his beloved workshop.

These, then, are a few incidents in the life of the man to whom we owe so much of our modern comfort and convenience.

STEPHEN H. CRITTEN.

The Relief of Ladysmith.

For four weary months the little garrison had frustrated every attempt made by the Boers to dislodge it; week after week, the thunder of General Buller's guns had been anxiously heard in the little town, but the relief



A BLOCKHOUSE NEAR LADYSMITH.
A picture taken during the South African War.

force did not appear. Can any man, who was not one of the sufferers, truly tell the agony of despair felt by the townsfolk, as again and again they were plunged in bitter grief, after hopes of relief had been raised?

The attacks upon Colenso and Spion Kop were repulsed with grievous loss to our men; yet, when the word was given to re-advance, every man was ready—nay anxious—to try to wipe out for ever the disgrace which had lately fallen upon them. Fortunately, for our men, the Boers were compelled to draw upon their forces round the town, to endeavour to save Cronje from entire subjugation. News of his surrender reached our men on the 29th, and every man of the relief force sternly resolved to equal, or even excel, what his companions further west had accomplished.

THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.

Nelson receiving the sword of the Spanish Admiral Don Xavier Winthuysen on the deck of the *San Josef*.

From a painting by D. Orme.

The thunderous roar of artillery was again heard in the beleaguered town, as seventy-two guns hurled shells upon the Boer trenches from dawn till dusk. Again and again did the devoted Irishmen assault the trenches on Inniskilling Hill, but each time they were beaten back with terrible slaughter.

For the last time our soldiers were sent forward to the assault; and we are told that nothing finer than this combined assault was ever witnessed. In the fading light, our infantry rushed forward: the guns ceased their deadly work of havoc, and, for a while, there was nothing but chaos. Again were our men held momentarily in check: then bayonets were seen glittering on the summit.

Victory, long deferred, was ours! The road to Ladysmith was open!

It was not thought advisable to march in at that hour in force, but Lord Dundonald undertook to make the journey. Cheered by the soldiers—soldiers wasted by want of food and hard fighting—he and his men entered the town. It is difficult to say who were the prouder men at that moment, the relief force, proud to succour such valiant men, or the sterling little garrison.

H. C. C. STANLEY.

The Battle of St. Vincent.

ON February 14, 1797, the Battle of St. Vincent was fought between the English and the combined fleets of Spain and France. The Admiral of the Spanish fleet, Don Josef de Cordova, in his ship the *Santissima Trinidad*, a four-decker carrying 130 guns, was at the head of 27 huge ships. Sir J. Jervis was the Admiral of the English Fleet, in the renowned *Victory*, carrying 100 guns, with other 15 ships.

Fifteen to twenty-seven! What enormous odds! But what were Spanish and French sailors against the sturdy British "Jack Tar?" England by this battle once more showed her supremacy on the seas.

Imagine the towering masts, the white sails, the open ports with the muzzles of the guns thundering forth their deadly missiles. The *Culloden* led the English ships straight into the gap made by the windward and leeward division of the huge Spanish ships. Not till too late did the Spanish Admiral perceive the enemy's plan. He tried at once to break through the line, and struck at the largest ship of the English, the *Victory*, but not until the *Santissima Trinidad* was quite close did the *Victory* pour forth her broadside into the Spanish ship. The latter withdrew beaten: the enemy's line was impenetrable.

The English ships then made straight for the foe. One by one the Spanish ships were rent with shot, though the English also suffered badly. But when the line began to beat up to the windward squadron, the Spanish Admiral saw that it would be possible to run with the wind round the stern of the hindermost English

ship, and join the leeward division—a move which would be disastrous to the British ships. Nelson grasping this, broke from the line—thereby disobeying orders, but saving defeat. In his little 74-gun ship, the *Captain*, he sailed right into the fire of the enemy—one ship of 130 guns, two ships of 112 guns, and two other vessels.

A daring deed! Just like Nelson to do that! Moreover, Nelson boarded two other ships, bigger than his own, and captured them. This turned the tables, and eventually secured a brilliant victory for England.

E. F. GARDINER.

Charles Lamb.

THE birth of Charles Lamb, on February 13, 1775, was a most important event in the annals of English literature. The word "Essay," often strikes terror to the heart of youth, but the essays that made Lamb famous are as remarkable for their wit and humour as for their departure from the ordinary run of subjects upon which the brilliant writer loves to enlarge. They are so absolutely delightful that we laugh at their extravagance of fancy, marvelling, at the same time, at the spirit which prompted them. For this Lamb was a sad man, as mortals go, though the troubles heaped upon his head seemed only to heighten the fund of mirth and tenderness of feeling that was granted him in recompense.

"ELIA."

The earliest known portrait of Charles Lamb, when aged 23. Drawn by Robert Hancock in 1798.

We know little enough of his life, it is true, but that little is sufficient to convince us that, whatever his faults and failings, Charles Lamb was one of the truest-hearted English gentlemen of his time. The son of a clerk to a famous Bencher of the Inner Temple, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and connected with the law all his life. His early literary attempts were unsuccessful, and it seems that the short articles, sparkling with wit, above the modest signature of "Elia" brought him fame first in the pages of the *London Magazine*. From that time he devoted himself solely to writing, and passed his life quietly in a small house near the City, with his sister Mary as housekeeper.

With this sister is connected the great tragedy of Lamb's life. Subject from childhood to fits of insanity, she was fretful, wayward, and violent by turns, these moods alternating with others in which her terrible grief at having caused her brother so much unhappiness nearly broke her heart. He rarely left her side, however, and the picture of Lamb tenderly escorting poor Mary to the asylum when she felt the approach of one of her fits, is one of the most touching in all history.

Despite all this, the sorrowing brother could return home, to write and write again, in order to preserve his sanity amidst his desperate loneliness. He could even jest upon such subjects as "Night Fears," and grow sentimental over roast pork. "Oh, call it not fat!" he beseeches whimsically, when treating of the delights of "crackling," and in such strain does he write until Death claims him—a willing victim—leaving a host of admirers whose descendants read, and laugh, and learn, and take the gentle essayist to their hearts for ever.

MARGUERITE SCHINDHELM.

The Sinking of the *Birkenhead*.

THE story of the *Birkenhead* is one that must thrill every English-speaking boy. No one can read of the heroes who went down, standing at attention, on the deck of the wrecked ship, without tears springing involuntarily to the eyes. The *Birkenhead* was one of the old troop-ships. In 1852 she was taking 500 officers and men of the Marines, with their wives and families, out to the Cape. All went well, and the soldiers were looking forward to the end of their long journey, when, on the night of February 26, the ship crashed into an uncharted reef, and rapidly began to sink.

Then followed an example of cool, calm bravery and discipline that will live for ever in the hearts of English men and boys. There were only enough boats to carry the women and children. While they were being filled, the officers and men formed up on the deck of the sinking ship, as calmly as if on the parade ground at home. With nerve that has never been, and never will be equalled, they cheered each boat as it pushed off into safety.

"There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
By shameful strength unhonoured life to seek.
Their post to quit they were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak."

WHERE DICKENS LABELLED BLACKING BOTTLES.
Lant Street, Borough, London. Here the novelist worked as a boy
Photo. W. Dexter.

Among the many deeds of bravery, none stands out brighter than that done by a youngster from one of the big Scotch public schools—Glenalmond I think. He had just been gazetted to the regiment, and was put in charge of a boat. When the ship went down one of the soldiers swam up and called to his wife. The boat was already dangerously overcrowded, so the young officer gave his seat to the soldier, and went over-board to meet a hero's death. The good of this magnificent heroism can never be overrated. It is the memory of such deeds as this that has nerved the arms of Englishmen, and enabled England to occupy her proud position—head of the nations of the world.

E. W. S.

VERY few people are aware of any remarkable event connected with the seventh day of February. Yet on that day, in the year 1812, Charles Dickens—England's immortal novelist—was born.

Charles Dickens. Scarcely any other writer has provided the world with such a quantity of amusing, entertaining, and thoroughly wholesome reading; as Johnson said of Garrick, Dickens' death "eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

The early life of the novelist was not a "bed of roses." At one time he was employed in pasting labels on blacking-bottles, while he had often to attend upon his father, who was in prison for debt. In this way he met with the lowest classes of society, even in his very childhood, and gained the experience which he afterwards turned to such good account in his novels.

It was while engaged as a reporter that he first started literary work, by contributing several sketches to the *Morning Chronicle*, under the name of "Boz." This led, shortly afterwards, to an engagement to write the "Pickwick Papers"—a work intended to illustrate the adventures of a Cockney sportsman. The engravings were to be the principal attraction, and Dickens was to write the explanatory chapters. Scarcely, however, had the first parts made their appearance, when it was discovered that the chapters were far more attractive than the illustrations. The soft-hearted Mr. Pickwick; old Mr. Weller, the sapient coachman; and Sam, the wittiest of wags, soon became the intimate friends of every household.

Novel after novel next proceeded from his ready pen, and Dickens soon found himself the most popular novelist in the land. And one is glad to know that this is the case still.

JAS. MCGREGOR.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, FEBRUARY 1906.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	Thurs.	H. Wrathall, cricketer, *b.*, 1869.	5.47.
2.	Fri.	Bishop of Worcester *b.*, 1845.	5.49.
3.	Sat.	Lord Harris *b.*, 1851.	5.50.
4.	Sun.	Fifth after Epiphany.	5.52.
5.	Mon.	H. Young, cricketer, *b.*, 1876.	5.54.
6.	Tues.	Sir Henry Irving *b.*, 1838.	5.55.
7.	Wed.	The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton *b.*, 1857.	5.57.
8.	Thurs.	Jules Verne *b.*, 1828.	5.58.
9.	Fri.	Field-Marshal Sir H. E. Wood, V.C., *b.*, 1838.	6.0.
10.	Sat.	Queen Victoria married, 1840.	6.2.
11.	Sun.	Septuagesima.	6.4
12.	Mon.	The Rev. Edmond Warre, D.D., *b.*, 1837.	6.6.
13.	Tues.	Lord Randolph Churchill *b.*, 1849.	6.8.
14.	Wed.	Battle of St. Vincent, 1797.	6.10.
15.	Thurs.	Sir Frederick Treves *b.*, 1853.	6.12.
16.	Fri.	The Rev. A. E. Allcock, Headmaster of Highgate School, *b.*, 1851.	6.14.
17.	Sat.	Duchess of Albany *b.*, 1861.	6.15.
18.	Sun.	Sexagesima.	6.17.
19.	Mon.	Bishop of Southwark *b.*, 1844.	6.19.
20.	Tues.	Princess Royal *b.*, 1867.	6.21.
21.	Wed.	Cardinal Newman *b.*, 1801.	6.23.
22.	Thurs.	George Washington *b.*, 1732.	6.25.
23.	Fri.	J. H. Board, cricketer, *b.*, 1867.	6.27.
24.	Sat.	W. Clark Russell, novelist, *b.*, 1844.	6.28.
25.	Sun.	Quinquagesima.	6.30.
26.	Mon.	Lord Cromer *b.*, 1841.	6.32.
27	Tues.	Battle of Majuba, 1881.	6.34.
28.	Wed.	Relief of Ladysmith, 1900.	6.36.

The Discomfiture of Briggs.

By H. WENTWORTH-JAMES.

JOHN MARMADUKE BRIGGS was one of those unfortunate lads who had failed to justify paternal expectations. This in itself was not startling, for paternal expectations proverbially set a difficult standard of perfection. But in the case of young Briggs there were certain unique circumstances.

Briggs *pere* was at one time a scholar of Carlton School—the establishment which Briggs *fils* now graced with his presence. And the name of Briggs the father, was written large on the records of the school. Space forbids a full mention of his achievements. He had been Captain of the Cricket XI., holder of four school records, and winner of the famous Manning prize for all-round scholarship—besides being the possessor of many other high distinctions.

Naturally, much was expected from the son of such a father, but Carlton School had long realised that the mantle of Briggs senior was not destined to rest on the shoulders of his heir. Young Briggs quickly proved himself a youth of little more than average ability, but gifted with considerably more than average inclination to evade any degree of strenuous effort—physical or mental.

HE TOOK DOWN HIS FOOTER BOOTS AND RACED TOWARDS THE DOOR.

It might be supposed that the realisation of his deficiencies would give Briggs the younger much food for troubled thought. As a matter of fact, Briggs' feelings were little ruffled, if at all, by the knowledge of his father's bygone glories. He had been heard to declare plaintively that it was jolly hard luck he couldn't have had an ordinary sort of governor, like most other chaps; but apart from this touching plaint, Briggs continued placidly on his way, blissfully indifferent, until——

But perhaps the briefest and easiest method of explanation is to submit to the reader's gaze a portion of a letter, received about a week previous to the commencement of this history. The letter is from Briggs senior, and the recipient, of course, Briggs younger. Not once, but many dozens of times, had the following words leaped to the mournful eyes of our unheroic hero:

"Lastly, with regard to your request for the No. 5 Duplex hand camera which you saw in Thompson's shop on your Christmas vacation, I much regret, my dear Marmaduke, that I cannot purchase this at present. You had more than your share of good things at Christmas, and to be quite plain with you I must have a little evidence of determination, both in play and work, before I can supply you with more presents. I will, however, make a bargain with you. So soon as you can get a place in the first Football XI. you shall have the camera. There is absolutely no reason why you shouldn't be able to accomplish this. It only wants the display of vigour and keenness—qualities in which I am sorry to say, &c. &c."

Every time young Briggs read the above, a quiver of indignation darted through his juvenile breast. What a condition to make! The governor might just as well have asked him to leap over the school roof. Briggs brooded over the thing, with an ever-growing sense of deep personal injury. He had counted on the possession of that handsome camera, confident in the belief that his father's traditional generosity would again prove equal to the strain imposed upon it.

And now his rose-coloured dream had been ruthlessly shattered. For Briggs had no intention of attempting to fulfil his father's proviso. Firstly, although a very fair player, when he chose to exert himself, he didn't care about football. Secondly, it was a game that called for far too much trouble, and the process of qualifying for a place in the first XI. was one fraught with considerable self-sacrifice and hard practice.

The gentle soul of Briggs revolted from such an uncomfortable prospect. He had despatched a dignified reply to his father's letter, pointing out that it wasn't his (Briggs') fault that he didn't happen to be athletically inclined; that if everybody were like his father, everybody would be in the first XI., and what would happen then? He remarked further, with sage observation, that some chaps were keen on some things, and some were keen on others; although he maintained, in making this acute observation, a judicious silence as to the matters on which his own keenness was concentrated. Finally, Briggs concluded his letter with the clinching argument that the possession of a Duplex Camera would greatly assist him in the active prosecution of certain studies.

The missive had been despatched three days since, but up to the present no reply had arrived.

Most reluctantly, Briggs abandoned hopes of possessing the cherished object of his affections, but the passing of time did not bring with it a sense of resignation. On the contrary, Briggs nursed his grievance so assiduously that he began to believe himself a very ill-used person.

Then came the day when Carlton School was to play Valchester School, the match being fixed to take place at Valchester. The Carltonians had enjoyed a very successful season, and the game with Valchester was looked upon as likely to add another to the school's list of victories.

The team was due to start from Cheale Station (nearest the School) at 1.30 P.M.

At five minutes past one, it so chanced that Briggs was exploring the recesses of the boot-lockers in search of a certain pen-knife which had mysteriously vanished. The boot-lockers were a dark narrow apartment at the extreme base of the College building, and were reached by a long flight of stone steps.

Briggs' laborious investigations were suddenly interrupted by the sudden appearance of a short, sandy-haired youth, who commenced a frantic search among the footwear.

"I say, I'm in a nice fix," cried the newcomer, excitedly, "I left my footer boots with White last Tuesday, so that he might stick a pair of soles on, and I clean forgot to send for them to-day. I've got to find another pair to wear this afternoon. How about yours?"

"You seem to be somewhat hurried," remarked Briggs, with fine sarcasm.

"Hurry, you ass? I should think I am in a hurry. The train goes in about twenty minutes, and if I don't look slippy, the team will have to play a man short at Valchester. How'll this pair do? Ye—ow!"

A spasm of anguish contorted the speaker's countenance, and the boots in question were sent hurtling through space. The eyes of the sandy-haired youth roved around in desperation, as he continued his feverish search for likely looking substitutes

Briggs, looking on, was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. A brief interval of mingled doubt, hesitation, fearsome indecision—and his resolution was made.

Hastily he took down his footer boots from their place on the wooden ledge, and raced towards the door. A moment more, and he was outside, and slamming the heavy door, turned the key in its lock.

The deed was done, and with beating heart Briggs the schemer flew up the steps.

By dint of active sprinting, he managed to arrive at Cheale Station in the nick of time. He was hoisted gaspingly into the carriage containing the members of the team, and explained breathlessly that Barstow had tumbled downstairs and sprained his ankle, and that he (Briggs) hearing of the catastrophe, had determined to offer his services as deputy.

The team heard of Barstow's accident with genuine regret, but accepted Briggs' offer with a marked lack of enthusiasm, which might have hurt the feelings of a more sensitive youth.

The Valchester match fell out according to Carlton's hopes and expectations. Inspired by the thought of his prospective reward, Briggs played a really sterling game, and contributed his full share towards the routing of Valchester. The compliments of the Captain and team made him feel, perhaps, for the first time in his self-indulgent career, that there were other and better things in life than loafing and "wasting."

But the first flush of triumph over, Briggs began to feel qualms with regard to what lay in store for him on his return to the School.

He remembered now that Barstow possessed a grim reputation for handiness with his fists. And it was exceedingly likely that Barstow would not take his enforced imprisonment at all good-humouredly. In fact, Briggs' fears rose in proportion as the distance between himself and the school was lessened. Like many another schemer he began to wonder, all too late, whether the consequences of his plot might not outweigh the advantages gained.

"YOU CAN TAKE A FIRST-CLASS LICKING, OR YOU CAN HAND ME OVER THAT CAMERA."

Filled with a desire for self-effacement, which, in other circumstances, might have been regarded as highly praiseworthy, Briggs endeavoured to enter the School by a devious route. Success so far attended his efforts that he was able to reach the shelter of the study he shared with two others without mishap.

"Hulloa, Briggs!" exclaimed the solitary occupant of the room; "Barstow's been looking for you. Judging by his looks, I should hardly think he wants to do you a good turn. Oh, and I say, here's a parcel for you. I've cut the string, and you've only got to yank off the paper. Let's have a squint at it."

A feeling altogether indescribable stirred the breast of Briggs, as he complied with the request. As the wrapping fell off, he gave vent to his mingled emotions in a groan.

He held in his hand the Duplex Camera. Briggs senior had sent it unconditionally after all!

At this crucial moment the door opened, and Barstow stepped into the study. His basilisk eye fell first on Briggs, then on the camera. At the sight of the latter he grinned appreciatively.

"Ha, my beauty! Got you at last. I'll ask you just to come outside, while I paste you into a jelly."

Briggs showed no inclination to accept this invitation, but his jaw dropped, and his knees shook tremulously.

Once again Barstow's eye fell on the camera. He seemed to be meditating

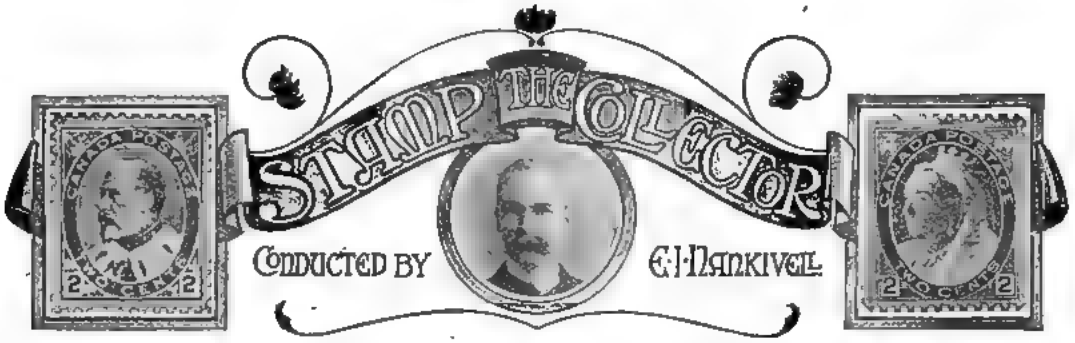
"Look here," he said suddenly, "I'll give you your choice. You can take a first-class licking, or you can hand me over that camera."

Briggs' eyes rolled helplessly.

"It *will* be a first-class licking," added Barstow grimly; "the sort of licking you'll remember till your hair turns grey."

Silence for a moment.

"All right!" groaned Briggs, "you can take the camera."



STAMPS AS HISTORICAL FINGER-POSTS.

With a view of more clearly defining the educational claims of stamp collecting I purpose occasionally having a few words to say about those stamps which may deservedly be classed as Finger-posts in the History of Nations.

THE STAMPS OF FRANCE.

1849.

1852.

1853.

1862.

1870.

FRANCE, more than any other of the Great Powers of the world, has made a multitude of experiments in the government of her people. Each change has marked some eventful crisis in her history, and, since the introduction of postage stamps in 1849, each crisis has its finger-post in every representative collection of her postage stamps.

Her devoted friends and admirers in this country—and they are many—hope and believe that she now possesses a stable and settled form of government for many a generation to come.

The troubles through which she has passed find eloquent expression in Sir Erskine May's "Democracy in Europe." After summing up the part which democracy has played in the history of France, he wrote, in 1877, seven years after the terrible life and death struggle with Germany:

"And still the destinies of France are hanging in the balance. After ninety years of revolutions, without liberty: after bloody civil wars and cruel proscriptions: after multiplied experiments in republican, imperial, and monarchical institutions, who shall venture to forecast her political future? Her democratic excesses have discredited the cause of popular government: the usurpations and bad faith of her rulers have shaken confidence in law and order. She has advanced the liberties of other states, without securing her own. She has aimed at social equality: but—save in the levelling spirit of her people—she is as far from its attainment as ever. The fearful troubles through which she has passed have checked her prosperity, demoralised her society, and arrested the intellectual growth of her gifted people. Yet is she great and powerful; and high—if not the first—in the scale of civilised nations. Blessed with recuperative powers, beyond those of any other state, she is rapidly effacing the scars of war and revolution; and, profiting by the errors of the past, she may yet found a stable government, enjoying the confidence of all classes, and worthy of her greatness and her enlightenment."

The introduction of adhesive stamps for the prepayment of postage found France a republic. A provisional government had just been established on the ruins of the monarchy, which had been swept out of existence in the revolution of 1848. As a consequence, the first postage stamp issued by France, on New Year's Day, 1849, bore the head of Ceres, emblematic of

liberty and salutary laws. Three years later Louis Napoleon, having been elected President of the Republic, his head figures on a stamp issued in 1852, bearing the inscription "Repub. Franc." The Empire having been re-established the inscription "Repub. Franc." gave place to the words "Empire Franc." over the same head on the stamps issued in 1853. In 1862 the customary laurel wreath, to indicate the first victories of the reign, won in the war with Austria in the battlefields of Italy, was added to the Emperor's head. In 1870 the war with Germany resulted in the downfall of the monarchy and the establishment of the third republic. The head of Ceres, as the chosen typical head of liberty in France, reappears on a series of postage stamps, made from the old plates of the second republic, and issued by the provisional "Government of National Defence."

Here, then, we have the postage stamps of France as finger-posts to the crises of French history: the second republic in 1849, the election of Napoleon III. as President of that republic, the rapid transformation of the President into a full-blown Emperor, his final downfall, and the stormy establishment of the third republic. The stamps do not, it is true, mark the days or months, but they do mark the years of crises, and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, they mark for the stamp collector with unfailing clearness the true sequence of historical events in a great nation's life.

SINGLE AND MULTIPLE CA WATERMARKS.

Now that the various colonial issues with the head of King Edward VII. are all but complete, it may be well to take stock and see how the series stand. At first the King's head stamps were printed on paper watermarked with what we now term "Single CA," *i.e.*, a Crown CA falling singly in the centre of each stamp. Then for convenience in printing, this Crown CA watermark was reduced in size and jumbled up so closely together that portions of three and sometimes four of the watermarks are found on a single stamp, but never a Crown CA alone, as before. This new watermark we call Multiple CA, because of its repetition on each stamp.

I include in the list other colonial stamps such as those of British Guiana and Trinidad, which do not bear the King's head, but are similarly watermarked.

If the readers of THE CAPTAIN will preserve, or copy, this list and add other issues as they are announced they may keep it up-to-date for future reference.

EUROPE.

Malta. (Various designs.)
Single CA: ½*d.*, ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 4½*d.*, 5*d.*, 1*s.*
Multiple CA: ½*d.*, ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 4½*d.*, 5*d.*, 1*s.*

Gibraltar. (King's heads.)
Single CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 4*s.*, 8*s.*, £1.
Multiple CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*

Morocco Agencies. (King's heads.)
Single CA: 5c., 10c., 20c., 25c., 50c., 1p., 2p.
Multiple CA: 5c., 10c.

ASIA.

Ceylon. (King's heads.)
Single CA: 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 12c., 15c., 25c., 30c., 75c., 1r. 50c., 2r. 25c.
Multiple CA: 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 12c., 15c., 25c., 30c., 75c., 1r. 50c., 2r. 25c.

Malay Federated States. (Tiger.)
Single CA: 1c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 20c., 50c.
Multiple CA: 5c., 8c., 20c., 50c.

Hong Kong. (King's heads.)
Single CA: 1c., 2c., 4c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 12c., 20c., 30c., 50c., 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 3*d.*, 5*d.*, 10*d.*
Multiple CA: 2c., 4c., 5c., 10c., 20c., 30c., 50c., 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 3*d.*, 5*d.*, 10*d.*

Straits Settlements. (King's heads.)
Single CA: 1c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 25c., 30c., 50c., 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 5*d.*
Multiple CA: 1c., 3c., 4c., 8c., 25c., 30c., 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 5*d.*

Cyprus. (King's heads.)
Single CA: ½p., 30pa., 1p., 2p., 4p., 6p., 9p., 12p., 18p., 45p.
Multiple CA: ½p., 30pa., 1p., 2p., 4p., 6p., 9p., 12p., 18p., 45p.

AFRICA.

British Central Africa. (King's heads.)
Single CA: 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*
Multiple CA: None.

East Africa and Uganda. (King's heads.)
Single CA: ½*d.*, 1a., 2a., 2½a., 3a., 4a., 5a., 8a.
Multiple CA: ½*d.*, 1a., 2a., 2½a., 3a., 4a., 5a., 8a.

Gambia. (King's head.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 5*d.*, 7½*d.*, 10*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*

Gold Coast. (King's head.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 5*s.*, 10*s.*, 20*s.*
Multiple CA : 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 3*d.*

Lagos. (King's head.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 10*s.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 10*s.*

Mauritius. (Arms.)
Single CA : 1c., 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 8c., 12c , 25c., 50c.
Multiple CA : None.

Natal. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 1½*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.*, 2*s* 6*d.*, 4*s.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 4*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Northern Nigeria. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Orange River Colony. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 5*s.*
Multiple CA : None.

St. Helena. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*
Multiple CA : None.

Seychelles. (King's heads.)
Single CA : 2c., 3c., 6*d.*, 12c., 15c., 18c., 30c., 45c., 75c., 1r. 50c., 2r. 25c.
Multiple CA : None.

Somaliland. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½a., 1a., 2a., 2½a., 3a., 4a., 6a., 8a., 12a.
Multiple CA : ½a., 1a., 2a., 2½a., 3a., 4a., 6a., 8a., 12a.

Sierra Leone. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 1½*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 5*s.*, £1.
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 1½*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 5*s.*, £1.

Southern Nigeria. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 10*s.*, £1.
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 10*s.*, £1.

Transvaal. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 10*s.*, £1, £5.
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*

AMERICA.

Bahamas. (King's heads.)
Single CA : 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 5*s.*, £1.
Multiple CA : None.

Barbados. (Chariot.)
Single CA : ¼*d.*, ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 8*d.*, 10*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Multiple CA : ¼*d.*, ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 6*d.*, 8*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Bermuda. (Dock.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 3*d.*
Multiple CA : None.

British Guiana. (Ship.)
Single CA : 1c., 2c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 8c., 12c., 24c., 48c., 60c., 72c., 96c.
Multiple CA : 1c., 2c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 12c., 24c., 48c., 60c.

British Honduras. (King's heads.)
Single CA : 1c., 2c., 5c., 20c.
Multiple CA : 1c., 2c.

Cayman Islands. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*

Falkland Islands. (King's heads.)
Single CA : None.
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.* 3*s.*, 5*s.*

Grenada. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.* 2*s.*, 5*s.*, 10*s.*
Multiple CA : None.

Jamaica. (Arms.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 5*d.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*

Leeward Islands. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*
Multiple CA : 3*d.*

Montserrat. (Arms.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 2*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*

St. Kitts and Nevis. (Arms.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*

St. Lucia. (King's heads.)
Single CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 1*s.*
Multiple CA : ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 5*s.*

St. Vincent. (King's heads.)
Single CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 5*s.*
Multiple CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 1*s.*

Trinidad. (Britannia.)
Single CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*
Multiple CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2½*d.*, 1*s.*

Turks and Caicos Islands. (Arms.)
Single CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*
Multiple CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*

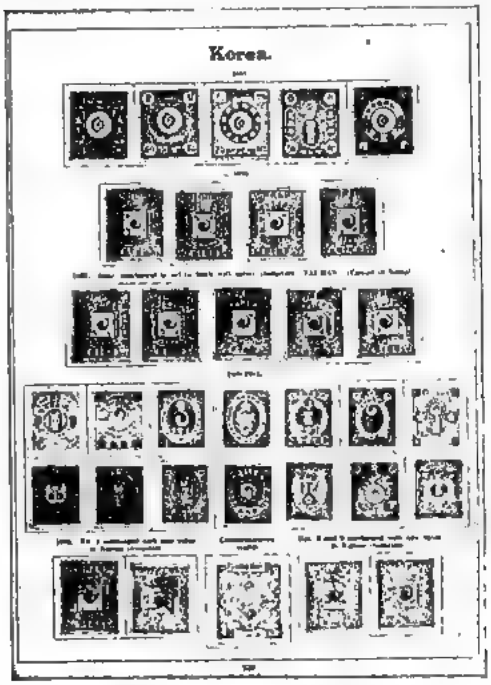
Virgin Islands. (King's heads.)
Single CA: None.
Multiple CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*

OCEANA.

Fiji Islands. (King's heads.)
Single CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 5*s.*, £1.
Multiple CA: ½*d.*, 1*d.*

ALBUM FOR BEGINNERS.

The general collector and especially the beginner is nowadays receiving more attention than he has ever received since the advent of the specialist. Hitherto our catalogues have been compiled with the view of satisfying the specialist, and even printed albums have been largely planned to include specialist varieties. But the tide is turning in favour of the general collector. Even the specialist recognises the fact that it is not wise for him to monopolise catalogues and albums.



Hence we have Messrs. Whitfield King and Co.'s excellent Catalogue Simplified for the General Collector, and now we have the completion of a specially prepared album for those who collect by the simplified catalogue.

Its pages are samples of careful compilation and painstaking neatness of arrangement. Miniature reproductions of the various types of stamps are printed on the spaces which the stamps are to occupy. The reproductions are done in miniature in order that they may be easily covered by the stamp when it is hinged in its place.

The album is published in two forms. There is the single volume for collectors who cannot spare the money for a more elaborate album. In the one-volume edition spaces are provided for stamps on each side of the leaves. This is done to economise space. Otherwise it would be impossible to get the stamps of the world into one volume. Except on the score of economy, this one-volume form of housing a general collection is not a desirable one, for when stamps are placed on opposite pages they are continually getting caught, one in the other. This may be obviated by placing a leaf of tissue paper between the pages. However, for those who must study economy, this one-volume album with nearly 1400 pages at 16*s.*, is a marvel of cheapness.

Then we have the two-vol. edition, vol. i. for the stamps of the British Empire, and vol. ii. for foreign countries. It is the best simplified album for the general collector that I have yet seen. From cover to cover every page bears evidence of ripe experience and tireless industry. Our reproduction of a page of Korea filled with stamps will give a very good idea of the arrangement of the pages. It will be noted that whilst the page is designed to accommodate a full measure of stamps, careful attention is paid to keeping each series separate as far as possible.

Such an album may be termed "collecting made easy," and for the great majority of collectors the printed album will always be guide, counsellor, and friend, for the simple reason that most people like to be saved all the drudgery of mapping out their own arrangements.

The veriest novice at collecting postage stamps could scarcely go wrong with this album for beginners.

THREE SHORT.

A Story of the New Zealand Footballers.

By HARRY TREVOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

We were sadder men, if wiser, who dropped into the Sports Club that day, after witnessing the Colonials' dazzling display at Stamford Bridge.

"Of course, it's jolly clever and all that sort of thing," said Montague, the well-known Cambridge half, "but it isn't football."

"Perhaps not," replied McBride, an International forward, drily, "but it's pretty good hand-ball all the same."

"Trick-ball would be an even better description. But, joking apart, if referees are going to allow this winging business, we shall have to reconstitute the whole game from the start."

"Don't you think, Monty, they have anticipated your prophecy fairly successfully?"

"Oh! well. Have it your own way. But mark my words; directly they run up against a team who can play them at their own game, they'll go to pieces like a pack of cards."

"Perhaps so, but at present I don't see where the team's coming from that *can* play them at their own game."

"And a good thing, too. Win by fair means or foul—but win somehow, seems to be their motto. Why, I believe if you broke your neck they wouldn't stop to pick you up—and as for any feelings of sportsmanship or chivalry . . ."

"That's a little rough, isn't it?" said Fletcher, a Major in the Gunners, and an ex-International, quietly. "A single game is hardly sufficient evidence upon which to found such a sweeping indictment—I must say my experience of them in South Africa was the reverse."

A hush fell upon the smoking-room. It was the first time that he had referred to that great common grave of military reputations, in which his own, together with that of many another distinguished soldier, was understood to have been buried.

"Ah, of course, these chaps had a contingent out there, hadn't they?"

Fletcher nodded.

"Yes; but war and football are two very different things," persisted Montague.

"I don't know. The qualifications for both are pretty much the same. Lack of individual initiative we are always being told was responsible for the majority of our military failures, and it seems to me that you went down to-day for the same reason."

"But you didn't know that they were so awfully good?"

"Oh, yes, I did. I played against them myself on one occasion."

"By George! Fletcher," said Morton, "I'm precious short of stuff to talk about in my Football Notes next week. If you wouldn't mind——"

"Oh! my dear chap I don't know that the experience would afford sufficient material . . ."

"You leave that to me. Just give us the facts, and I'll soon turn out something readable, I promise you."

"Yes, do," chipped in Hawkins, the Richmond three-quarters; "something readable from Bosky would be distinctly original."

Fletcher lit a cigar, and threw one leg over the arm of his chair.

It was just after one of those periodical military paper-chases (he said), at the heels of De Wet—an operation which consisted of riding into a town at one end, only to see the tail of the enemy's rear guard disappearing out of the other—that I happened to be in camp at Reubensberg, a small railway station some fifty miles west of Mabeltown. Both men and horses had been run to a standstill, and the authorities deemed it advisable to give us a fortnight's loaf in which to recuperate. There was not a militant Boer within a couple of hundred miles, and time, in consequence, hung heavy on our hands. We used to get up "gaffs," hockey and golf tournaments, occasionally even a game of Rugger—

65 1/33

in fact, anything to vary the everyday monotony.

We could put a fairly useful fifteen in the field, too. In addition to half a battalion of the 2nd Princesses, who are a pretty good lot, as you know, there were several others who more than made up for lack of science by the whole-hearted nature of their play. Of the latter contingent, old "Roarer," our C.O., was the shining light. You remember him, Hawkins?—the big fat fellow who played back for Blackheath some seven years ago, and was only persuaded to retire upon it being somewhat brutally pointed out that a football jersey as ill became his figure as did a coat with a two-inch tail that of Mr. Tupman. He was everlastingly inveighing against a system which condemned a man to a career of passive inactivity while still—as he considered—in the plenitude of his powers. "If a C.O. can't play when he likes," he used to say jocularly, "who on earth can?"—and from that moment the position of right wing three-quarter back became a close borough.

Well, on the morning of one of these nondescript encounters, a contingent of New Zealanders, among whom were five of the men you saw to-day, rode into camp. After completing the usual formalities, they strolled out on to the veldt to watch the game. Colonials are proverbially outspoken, and they promptly started in to criticise our methods in a manner the reverse of complimentary. Old Roarer was furious.

"Look here, Walker," he said to me that night, after mess, "these chaps are too full of buck—they want taking down a peg. Go round and say that we shall be willing to knock the stuffing out of them at three o'clock to-morrow."

Well, they had no end of a job to raise a team. With the exception of eight of their number, no other member of their side was particularly proficient in the game—notwithstanding the fact that every man in New Zealand is popularly supposed, in this country, to be a footballer. But, bless you, it didn't matter! Those eight were more than a match for us. Four of them acted as forwards, another worked the "scrum," two more occupied the positions now known as five-eighths, while the eighth held a sort of roving commission—and the number of unexpected attacks he initiated would have done credit to a Letter of Marque, of a hundred years ago.

"Off side? rough?" No, not a bit of it. But, my hat! they were a tough lot; and, mind you, after eighteen months' continuous campaigning *we* weren't exactly soft. It was one of the sorriest spectacles I have ever seen, much less taken part in. Try after try recurred with painful regularity. In fact, during the first twenty-five minutes we never saw the way they went. On the few occasions our forwards did attempt to heel, those blessed "wingers" were on us like a knife, and Rothesay and Thompson looked more like a couple of second-fifteen school-boys, than a famous pair of Blackheath half-backs.

But the funniest thing of the lot was their method of dealing with poor old Roarer, which can only be described, in the words of the educational advertisement, as "firm but kind."

He was a typical fighter of the old school, who looked upon putting the ball down without a final struggle as a confession of weakness. At first his opponents bore with this amiable propensity, but upon its continued repetition they proceeded to pick him up and carry him bodily backwards. This treatment, not unnaturally, exercised an alarming effect upon his temper, which at all times bore a striking resemblance to that of his farcical comedy prototype, with the result that upon the whistle sounding for half-time he completely lost his hair.

"Look here," he gasped, "perhaps you call these hanky-panky monkey tricks, football, but I don't. They may have been suited to Botany Bay, but . . ."

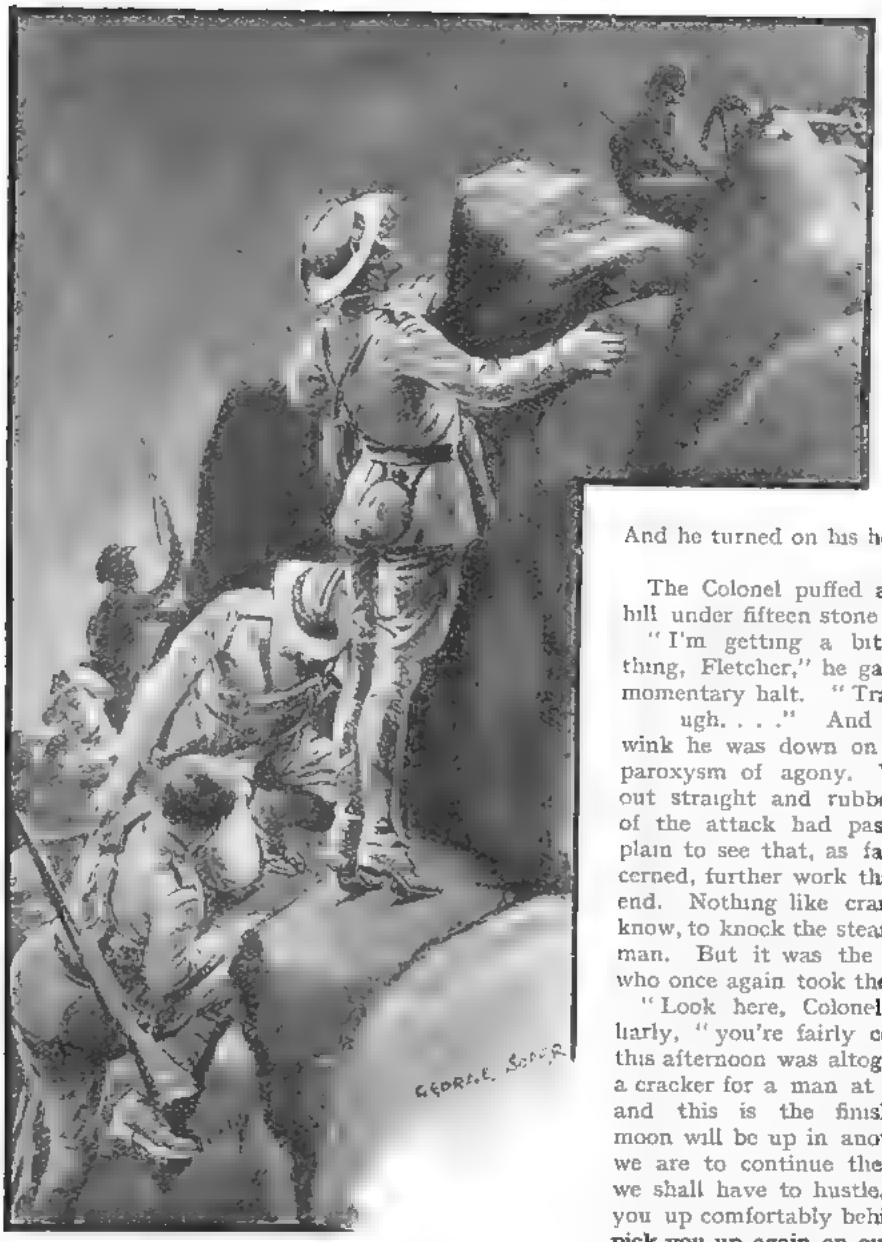
There was a shrill screeching sound overhead and a one-pound shell plugged into the bank some twenty-five yards to our right.

The Colonel seized a pair of proffered field-glasses, and swept the hills to the east. "That's some of our peaceful agricultural friends, Walker, I'll be bound. They've had that pom-pom hidden all this time; and now, having found out that our last two guns went up the railway yesterday, they are indulging in a little fun at our expense. Still, it's serious. There may be fifty to a thousand of them for all we know, and they've time to do a lot of damage before we get anything up from Mabeltown big enough to clear them out. Why on earth the General wanted to take our——"

Once again a shell struck the bank, almost in the same spot.

"More to the right, Colonel. From the fly of the dirt, they're masked somewhere near the top of the larger kopje." It was one of the New Zealand subalterns who spoke.

"Look here, you young jackanapes," answered old Roarer, turning furiously, "if you didn't come from a country where discipline and manners are at a discount, I'd put you under arrest for that. However, as you seem



THERE, SCARCELY THREE YARDS IN FRONT OF US, ITS BARREL GLEAMING VICIOUSLY IN THE HALF-LIGHT, WAS THE OBJECT OF OUR SEARCH.

so precious clever, perhaps some of your bush-ranging friends wouldn't mind fetching me the breech-lock of that pom-pom."

"Right you are, Colonel. We'll follow—if you set the pace? That's fair, isn't it?" replied the youth with a wink.

Incipient profanity was plainly marked upon the Colonel's face, when he happened to catch the supercilious glance of his junior.

"Done with you, my boy," he rapped out, at the same time bringing down his hand with a vicious slap upon the younger man's shoulder. "We start in three hours." And he turned on his heel.

The Colonel puffed and panted up the hill under fifteen stone of flesh and bone.

"I'm getting a bit past this sort of thing, Fletcher," he gasped out, during a momentary halt. "Training, no doubt, is ugh. . . ." And before you could wink he was down on the ground in a paroxysm of agony. Well, we laid him out straight and rubbed, until the worst of the attack had passed, though it was plain to see that, as far as he was concerned, further work that night was at an end. Nothing like cramp, as you chaps know, to knock the steam out of a pumped man. But it was the Colonial subaltern who once again took the lead.

"Look here, Colonel," he said familiarly, "you're fairly cooked. The pace this afternoon was altogether too much of a cracker for a man at your time of life, and this is the finishing touch. The moon will be up in another hour, and if we are to continue the match to-morrow we shall have to hustle. We'll just tuck you up comfortably behind that rock, and pick you up again on our way down."

Poor old Roarer's face was a study.

"Confound your impertinence," he whispered. "If I come out of this job alive, I shall have something to say to you to-morrow morning."

There was, however, little time for discussion, and in justice to the Colonel it must be said that he was not long in admitting the propriety of the suggestion.

Now, I have always looked upon myself as a fairly good stalker; but the way those eight

Google

fellows shinned up the side of that cliff was an eye-opener.

"Still further east a bit, I think, sir," said my youthful adviser, and once more the ascent was continued. A few feet from the crest, we paused to allow those behind to come up, and then, carefully raising my head, I peeped over.

The boy was right. There, scarcely three yards in front of us, its barrel gleaming viciously in the half-light, was the object of our search. A figure in an old bowler hat, his rifle between his knees, and his head resting unsuspiciously on his chest, sat beside it.

As the result of a hurried consultation, it was arranged that the subaltern and half the party should work round still further to the right, in order to take the sleeping man in the rear.

Ten minutes went by, and then four forms rose up suddenly into the sky line, and moved stealthily in the direction of their unsuspecting victim. There was the gleam of a bayonet, and the man beside the gun slid loosely forward on his face, without so much as a murmur.

A few moments later I had the breech-lock out. But, as we turned to retire, my foot struck against something, and at the same instant a shot rang out. It was the sentry's rifle.

"Quick! Make a bolt for it!" I shouted, as shadowy forms sprang up on all sides.

"The Colonel, boys," came the quiet voice of the subaltern.

We tumbled over the crest, and down the sheer side of the rock, in a heap. How it happened that no necks were broken is a mystery.

"Hump yourself, Colonel," cried my young friend, in direct contravention of military etiquette; "you'll have to put your best leg forward this time."

Old Roarer smiled grimly. "One leg, however good, isn't much use without the other. I can't stand, let alone walk."

The subaltern whistled. "I'm sorry," he said simply. "No matter. Just you let one of the men give you a hank up on my back, and we'll hoike you beyond the dead-ball line before you can wink."

The Colonel held out his hand. "Look here," he replied, "I've done both you and your men an injustice, and that isn't a particularly comforting reflection for one who has only himself to thank for this beastly mess. Be good enough not to get shot on my account. This is an exceptional bit of cover; I've twenty-five rounds of revolver ammunition in my pouch, and I beat Winans at Bisley three years ago. For Heaven's sake, man, clear out while there's time," he added quickly, as a dozen shots spluttered over our heads.

No one moved.

"By George, Colonel, but you're grit right through," answered the boy admiringly. "If they'd had a few more of your sort on the Tugela, we shouldn't be running round the tail of a lot of ragged-coated farmers, like a troop of gutter children after a circus. But this ain't the time for an individual fancy display. It's combined footwork in the open that's wanted, and I rather believe you don't think us much good at that sort of thing."

Old Roarer looked at me appealingly.

"I'm in command now," I said, "and," I added, "the Colonel's right. Besides, you will be of far more service in drawing the pursuit. There's a dry watercourse about a hundred yards to the left. Once there we are tolerably safe. Tell Major Stillman to send a detachment of the relief party up that way. Good luck to you. Forward."

They moved off reluctantly, and were soon lost in the broken ground. Imagine, therefore, my surprise, some few moments later, to see the New Zealand subaltern and two men, after proceeding some forty or fifty yards, reappear and then turn off sharp to the left, when they were once more hidden from view. The manœuvre was significant in the light of latter events.

It was slow work, but, crawling and rolling by turns, we reached the edge of the spruit. Only some thirty yards now stood between us and comparative safety. Just as we hobbled out into the open the moon rose, and a couple of shots whizzed between us. We flung ourselves down upon our faces and breathlessly awaited events.

"It's no good, Fletcher. I wish to goodness. . . ."

The Colonel paused as the cracking of several Lee-Metfords broke out from somewhere further up the hill-side.

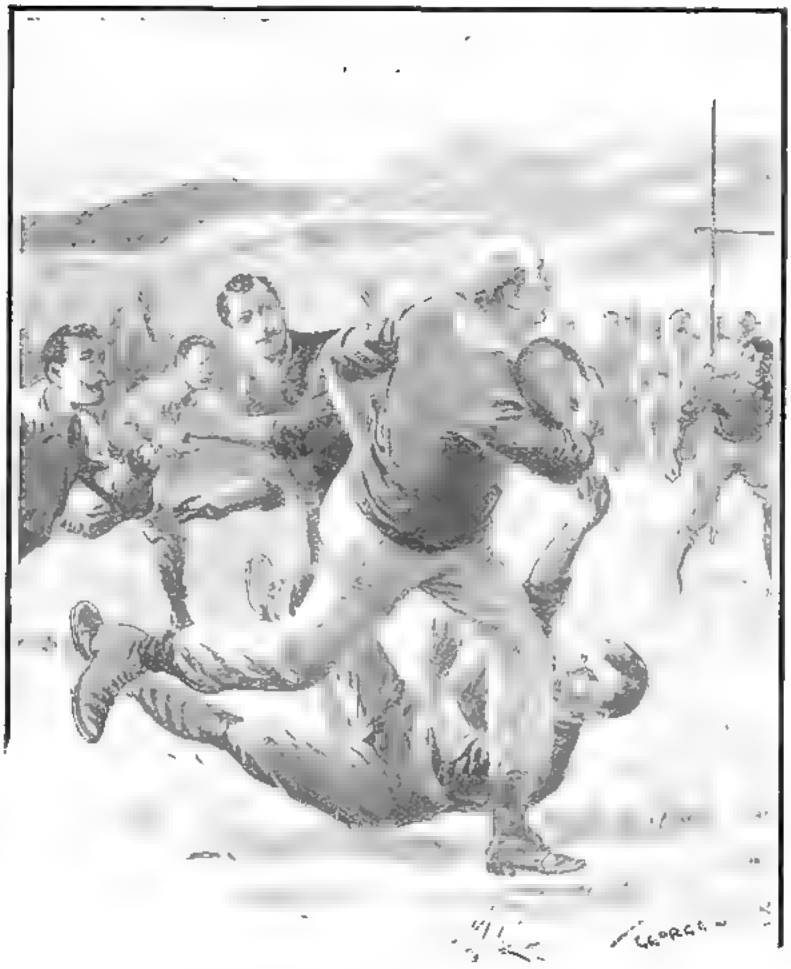
"Did you hear that?" he continued bitterly. "Now we know what happened to the last convoy. It's bad enough to be shot like a dog in a ditch, but to be snuffed out by British-made rifles and ammunition. . . ." The rest of the sentence was drowned in the rattle of the increasing fusillade. I had a pretty good idea as to who the men at the other end of those rifles were, more especially as shots now ceased to come in our direction, and we reached the cover of the watercourse without injury. For some time we sat looking up at the little spurts of fire above us. Then a ring of flame suddenly illumined the crest—and all was silence. A

few hundred yards further down we met the relief party under Stillman, and our troubles were at an end.

Next morning, in response to an urgent telegram, half a battery of artillery and three hundred of the Angleseas came up by train, and the excitement subsided. A strong force immediately went out to examine the position, but, of course, it was just as we expected. With the exception of a few cartridge cases, not a trace of our friends of the previous night was to be seen. The earth had apparently opened and swallowed them up.

It was a very quiet and uncommunicative Colonel who sat in the orderly tent some three days later. The morning's routine was all but completed, when a New Zealand orderly stepped up, and saluting the C.O. said:

"'The Officer Commanding the New Zealand contingent's compliments, and would you care to continue the football match this afternoon?"



WITH A SECOND ROAR HE THUNDERED ON.

Poor old Roarer's rag was out in a moment.

"Tell the Officer Commanding the New Zealand contingent," he snapped, "that we shall be ready at three o'clock."

Well, we did rather better during the latter half of the game than on the former occasion. Our opponents were apparently content to convince us that our preconceived opinions in regard to their defensive qualifications were without foundation. Whether this was so or not, it was quite evident that the attack was scarcely being pressed with either the dash or determination which characterised their previous efforts. Thanks, however, to a couple of scrambling tries by our forwards, and some sensational place kicking on the part of Thompson, we managed to get within six points of their score.

But the most astonishing feature of the whole thing was the form displayed by old Roarer. To say the least, it was meteoric. That he would strain every nerve in order to uphold the traditions of English football I felt sure, but I was totally unprepared for the brilliant individual exposition to which he treated us. How he managed to get to his men was a mystery, while the way in which he tore down his victims was altogether worthy of Hackenschmidt. But what struck me as especially peculiar was the enthusiastic delight with which the New Zealanders among the spectators hailed these robust tackles. Whether it was the fear of retaliatory measures which handicapped his adversaries' methods, when dealing in turn with the old boy, I cannot say; but

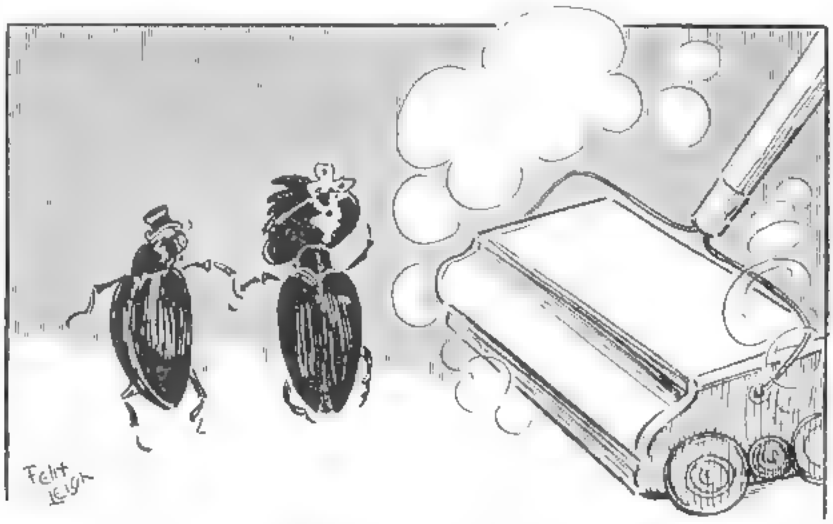
they appeared to handle him with much the same care as one does a case of glass.

Then once more Thompson brought off a hundred-to-one chance with his left foot, and only a try stood between us and victory—with three minutes to go. As if to furnish one final example of their indisputable powers, the ball came down the field, passing from hand to hand of those wonderful five with clockwork regularity. But it was the Colonel, once again, who rose to the occasion. Have any of you fellows ever seen that rather beastly exhibition at the Zoo, of the big toad who opens his mouth in order that his victim, apparently without any reason, may obligingly jump in? Well, that's very much what happened in this case. Out went his arms, and the next instant down went both players with a thud. The ball rolled from his opponent's grasp, and, scrambling to his feet, the old chap picked it up and attempted to kick. The effort was only partially successful. Up it flew, high into the air, barely some fifteen yards to the good. With the roar of a bull, the familiar Blackheath jersey was after it. A half-amused expression overspread the faces of the New Zealand forwards as he bore impetuously through them. Down it came, plump in front of the famous Colonial half-back, who made but a feeble effort to gather it. Not so the Colonel, and with a second roar, even louder, he thundered on. Right into the arms of the two five-eighths he went. There was another half-hearted struggle, and then to every one's surprise he broke through, and thus approached the last line of defence. Now, it so happened that the back chanced to be none other than the famous three-quarter back who, but a moment previously, had changed places with his less accomplished playmate—the big, broad fellow who was playing in the centre to-day. Well, I'm blest if he didn't miss his stride just at the very moment when his arms were about to encircle the Colonel's waist! Before you could say knife, the old boy was over the line.

"I've been present at a good many Association Final Cup-Ties, but never in my life do I recollect anything to equal the scene of wild enthusiasm which followed. Notwithstanding his quick temper, the Colonel was intensely popular with the men. Caps and helmets went flying skywards, and cheer after cheer broke from the hoarse throats of the khaki-clad crowd; while, clearly distinguishable above the rest, rose the peculiar, shrill cry of the delighted Colonials.

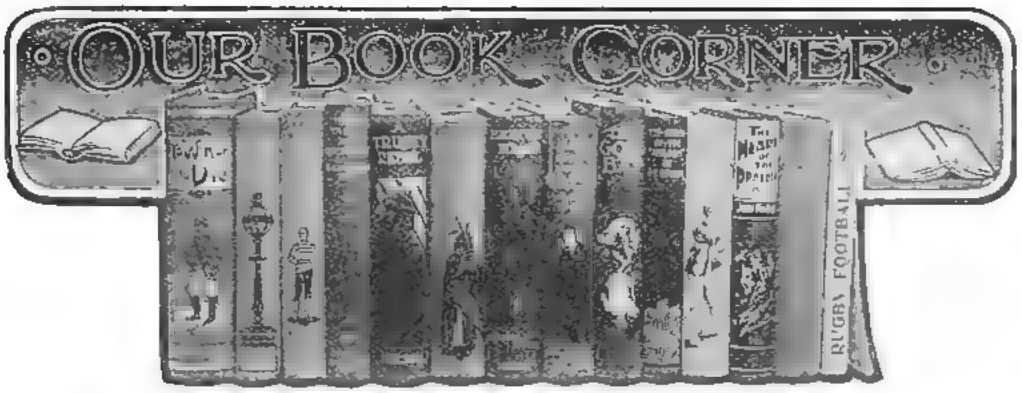
"And so the old buster practically won the match single-handed?" said Hawkins.

"Yes, I suppose that is the natural inference," replied Fletcher slowly, at the same time knocking off the ash of his cigar. "But then, you see, during the second day's play—they were *three short*."



THE PERILS OF THE PEDESTRIAN.

MR. BEETLE: "Well, folks may talk about motor-cars, Mrs. B., but I don't suppose they're half so dangerous as these horrid carpet-sweepers"



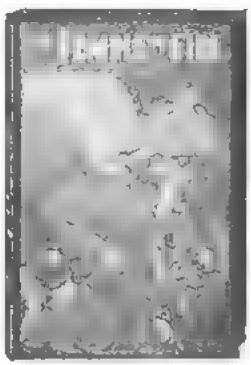
Famous British Admirals. By Albert Lee. (Melrose. 6s.) We have nothing but praise for this unpretentious and excellent book. The subject is one which will always be of enthralling interest to Englishmen, and it is treated with considerable literary and constructive ability.

Mr. Lee commences with King Alfred, and ends with Lord Nelson, to whose memory he dedicates the book. A tenth of the whole volume is sufficient to deal with our Admirals up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, but these few pages are the most interesting in the whole volume.

It is a proud record that Mr. Lee sets out before our eyes—a record of naval distinction which could not be shown by any other nation in the world. In no country, save our own, is there such a list of famous Admirals, and, since the very existence of England has depended—aye, and will depend—on the strength of her navy, and the skill of her seamen, these great fighters of the sea must stand at the head of all the long roll of fame and glory. Statesmen and soldiers must take the lower place.

In these days, when the commercial spirit is predominant, it is well for boys and men to read a book like this. In it they will learn that the safety of their country does not entirely depend on the amount spent in new battleships. Men and leaders of men will always be of more account than vessels. For many years our Navy has had no opportunity of showing what it can accomplish. But when the time comes, we feel confident that there will be other Famous Admirals to add to the list compiled by Mr. Albert Lee.

The Temple of Fire. By Lewis Ramsden. (Collins. 5s.) This book, though not in the first rank by any means, will almost certainly be eagerly devoured by the boys into whose hands it may fall. The reason is not far to seek, for "The Temple of Fire" is crammed with incident and adventure. The idea at the back of the plot is both original and happy: Mr. Ramsden supposing that the famous Earl of Essex—beheaded, historians say, by Queen Elizabeth's command—escaped his doom, and sailed to a secret kingdom across the seas. There he found a race of Persian origin and civilisation, became king, and transmitted many English ideals and manners to his descendants. To this kingdom, guided by a manuscript found in a copper vessel in the sand at Lagos, come Stephen Ross, his nephew Ted—a lad of fourteen and a stowaway—and various sea-faring characters. They arrive at an opportune moment, for the islanders are torn by dissensions. Zamasp, an heroic villain, wishes to wed the Queen Atossa. She spurns him, and a revolution follows. The English party, in true British style, defend the weaker side, and undergo many and strange experiences. There are no less than forty-eight chapters in the book, but, on the whole, the story moves briskly to a satisfactory end. Underground halls—palaces of marble—barbaric gems—temples lit by coloured fires—all combine



to give a setting of "more-than-oriental splendour." Indeed, the descriptions of the wonders on "Siren Island" read like pages from the Arabian Nights. Add to this display of wealth and colour, moving tales of heroism—captures and rescues—boiling lead and revolvers—bursting dams and machine-guns—ancient and modern mixed in one glorious and almost convincing jumble—and the "Temple of Fire" is before your eyes.

Obviously, the Rider Haggard romances have inspired the author, though Mr. Ramsden in no sense challenges the fame of his model. The faults of the book are patent. The humour, for instance, is merely irritating; a story of this type does not need humour to increase its value, even were the humour of a high standard ("Treasure Island" does not contain a joke). But the author has written a tale that should appeal to the adventure-lover in no small degree. His boy, Ted, is too precocious—but that is a fault which boy-readers will readily overlook. The illustrations are poor.

John of Strathbourne. By R. D. Chetwode. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 2*s.* 6*d.*) Once more, inspiration is sought by a novelist in the pages of French history; for John of Strathbourne is a tale of the days of Francis I. At this time the English were slowly but surely losing the possessions in France which they had gained during the preceding hundred and fifty years. They now retained little beyond Calais and its immediate surroundings. Skirmishes and border forays were frequent, and in one of these an English knight, John of Strathbourne, was sorely wounded and carried, with his little son, who had accompanied him, to a wayside inn, where he was foully murdered by a charcoal-burner.

The son, the hero of the story, was brought up by the murderer, in ignorance of his true parentage; but the charcoal-burner's wife, on her death-bed, told him all she knew of his father's fate, and gave him a ring and a letter, which she had found on his body. With these clues John escaped. How the rough, country lad was gradually changed into the brave and courtly knight, and how, after many adventures, he discovered his true parentage, and was acknowledged as his father's son, may be read in the pages of this fascinating book.

From cover to cover there is not a dull page, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Chetwode on his delightful story.

In the Realms of the Ice King. By E. F. Suffling. (Pitman. 5*s.*) The merits of this book lie rather in the mass of interesting information which will be found accumulated between its covers, than in its literary qualities. The author is conscientious and painstaking to a laborious degree; yet to read, "In the Realms of the Ice King" is not to sit in a theatre where an enthralling drama of the Frozen North is presented before the mental eye in a swift succession of vivid scenes, but to wander round a museum in which are laid out for inspection curios and relics—skins, snow-shoes, harpoons, and all the paraphernalia of an Arctic expedition—extremely interesting, but lifeless and dull.

Briefly, the author lacks the power of direct, clear-cut narrative. He is so interested in his subject, and has accumulated so much data, that he is loth to leave anything out, and makes the mistake of giving us all. He does not appear to have grasped that the pruning-knife is a very necessary part of the artistic story-teller's equipment. In his praiseworthy endeavours to be accurate, he becomes too often prolix. Instead of telling us, for instance, that the whale boat was smartly called away (which is all the reader wants to know), he insists on assuring us that she contained "oars, mast, sail, boat-hooks, fenders, water-beaker, bread kid, and the numerous sundries which go to furnish a boat."

Notwithstanding, the book is very readable. Its incidents are all founded on actual fact, and it should be regarded, therefore, more as a book of travel than as a romance, or story. Viewed in this light, one is inclined to overlook the minor literary faults of the narrative, and to bestow well-deserved praise on the conscientious care with which the mass of extremely interesting information it contains has been compiled.

The author's own illustrations of different isolated objects—harpoons, knives, Esquimaux implements, and the like—are sufficiently good;

but when he tries his hand at a composition, his weakness is very plainly revealed.

With Nelson in Command. By Robert Leighton. (Melrose. 6*s.*) This is a good stirring story of the sea, and, in many respects, is a worthy account of the battle of the Baltic. The descriptive passages are particularly well written, but we could wish that the author had not marred the general effect by an unconvincing plot. The part dealing with the early history of the two fathers might well have been omitted, and surely it was unnecessary to make Gerard Turgot die by the hand of his own son. We hope that the boys who read this book will not think that it is justifiable to kill one's father, cheerfully and without remorse, because he is an enemy to his country.

This book has a distinct and genuine flavour of the sea, but the illustrations leave a good deal to be desired. We often wonder why artists will so rarely take the trouble to draw boats and ships correctly. If an artist does not know what a yawl is like, he can easily find out. Accuracy in such matters does not cost much in these days of public libraries and encyclopædias. We do not expect every illustrator to be primed with nautical knowledge; and mistakes in the matter of sheets and halliards are excusable. But most boys know the rig of a yawl, and boys are quick to detect errors of this sort.

In spite of the by-plot, there is a real good yarn in this book, and it is some time since we read better writing in all the matters that appertain to the sea.

Little Miss Robinson Crusoe. By Mrs. George Corbett. (C. Arthur Pearson. 2*s.* 6*d.*) We have handed this book to a young lady friend, and she thinks it is "simply ripping." "I laid awake until four o'clock in the morning reading it. It's about a girl who was washed away in a boat, and wrecked on a desert island, but was taken off by a steamer whose attention she attracted by hanging her blouse on a flag-staff she had erected. While she was on the island her only companions were a little monkey and some land crabs. She had heaps of exciting adventures, and—well, it's ripping. While she was gathering ferns she received a fearful blow, which knocked her senseless, but when she came to her senses she could not see anybody. Oh, it's ripping." We shall content ourselves with simply giving this excerpt from our young lady friend's report, as it would not be fair to give away the whole plot. It may be gathered from this that "Little Miss Robinson Crusoe" is an excellent story, and just the sort of thing that will make a nice Christmas present.

The Sa'Zada Tales. By W. A. Fraser. (David Nutt. 6*s.* net.) Drawing a bow at a venture, one may say that if Rudyard Kipling had never written the Jungle Books, these stories would never have appeared. The reviewer may add that had he never read the Jungle Books, he would have enjoyed the "Sa'Zada Tales" more. Sa'Zada is the keeper of a menagerie, and every night, by his leave, a parliament of beasts is held, wherein Hathi the Elephant, Bhalu the Bear, Mooswa the Moose, Pardus the Panther, Sher Abi the Crocodile, and the rest, deliver themselves of stories of their past life on boundless plain and in trackless jungle. The animals converse amongst themselves intelligently, and take on human attributes, in the style which the recent vogue of the "animal story" has rendered familiar. But the "Sa'Zada Tales" do not carry that conviction with them which in the Jungle Books (to make again the inevitable comparison) reveals the master-hand. They are good—but they lack "just that": as Sir Joshua Reynolds (we think) said, with a snap of his fingers, in criticism of a certain picture. The reader is inclined to feel that a little careful study at the Zoo would enable him to do equally well.

The illustrations by Mr. Arthur Heming, though unequal, show fine work. Most are strongly drawn, and have been conceived by a virile imagination.

A Naturalist's Holiday. By Edward Step, F.L.S. (Nelson. 3*s.* 6*d.*) All readers of THE CAPTAIN know Mr. Edward Step as a practical naturalist, whose writings are as illuminating as they are fascinating. He is no Professor Dry-as-Dust mumbling over mouldy bones, but a real, live man observing with the keenest interest and delight the workings of the wondrous world. Briefly, he is one of

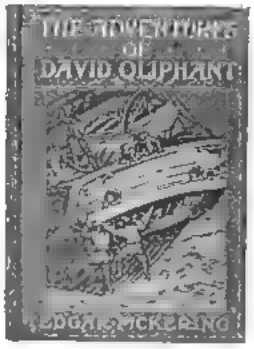
Dame Nature's own children; endowed with that rare gift of re-telling, with delightful art, the marvels which she unfolds to him. "A Naturalist's Holiday" is the outcome of Mr. Step's sojourn, for four and a half years, in a little Cornish village, where the author was far indeed from the madding crowd. But he did not lack company of the best. He had acquaintances in every rock-pool and bunch of seaweed on the shore, and he introduces us most lovingly to his very good friends Herr Prawn, Madame Anemone, Gran'f'er Jenkin, the Spiny Spider Crab, and a host of others not a whit less entertaining. There are capital chapters, besides, descriptive of a night after conger and the taking of a great catch of mackerel. Mr. Step throughout is in the happiest vein, as befits an author who writes of what he knows—and loves.

The Lost Chord. By Clara Mulholland. (Collins. 3*s.* 6*d.*) There is a certain type of book which has the one and only merit of being quite innocuous, and it is the misfortune of the girls of this country that such books are invariably labelled for their especial benefit presumably because they are suitable to no other class of reader. On this principle "The Lost Chord" has very properly been called "a tale for girls."

It deals with an old American lawyer, who has lost his memory. He is really wealthy, but in some extraordinary way his children, and even an old servant, who have accompanied him to England, are completely ignorant of his affairs, and only know of one friend with whom they can communicate. They are, therefore, compelled to live in great poverty for many months during which the old servant supports the family by spending her savings. The lawyer has really come to England to hand over a sum of money to a Mrs. Fraser, who is, curiously enough, living in the same village. Eventually he finds the lost chord of memory and all is well.

The characters are of that priggish type which is apparently considered suitable to girlish readers. We feel justified in saying that the book is innocuous, but we hesitate to say the same of the illustrations.

The Adventures of David Oliphant. By Edgar Pickering. (F. Warne and Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Pickering would probably be the first to admit his indebtedness to "Treasure Island" for the idea of his last book. Indeed, the two plots are almost identical, and the characters which Robert Louis Stevenson has rendered immortal, reappear under other names in the pages of "David Oliphant." Nevertheless, Mr. Pickering is no slavish imitator, but has an individuality of his own which has enabled him to provide us with an interesting and well-written story. The hero, David Oliphant, is sent by his old uncle in search of a buried treasure, under the guidance of a piratical scoundrel, Jimmy Porteous, who has imposed on the simple old gentleman to such a degree, that the latter invests all his money in fitting out a ship for the expedition, little suspecting to what base uses it will be put. Strange to relate, the treasure actually exists, and David, after varied and wonderful adventures—in which Mr. Pickering stretches the long arm of coincidence somewhat unduly—eventually obtains possession of it, and is able to carry it home, and revive the family fortunes. Despite its lack of originality, the story is a good, sound piece of work.

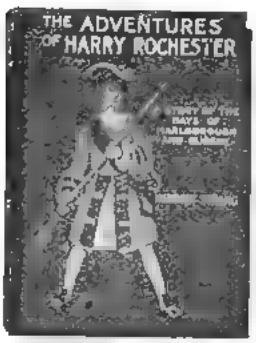


The Green Painted Ship. By Robert Leighton. (Melrose. 6*s.*) Before the days of the Merchant Shipping Act it was unfortunately a common thing for unseaworthy ships, laden with worthless merchandise, to be sent out, by fraudulent owners, on a voyage from which it was intended they should never return. In such cases a heavy insurance was, of course, obtained. These ships earned the unsavoury sobriquet of "Coffin Ships," and it is about a "Coffin Ship" that Robert Leighton has written in his excellent sea-story. It deals with the adventures of two boys who find themselves on board a ship that has been doomed by its owner to destruction. The vessel is abandoned, and, after a thrilling experience with mutineers,

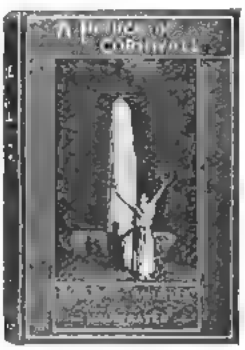
the boys are cast away on an apparently desert island, to suffer all sorts of adventures before arriving at a happy end.

Few will be able to lay the book aside till they have read it from cover to cover.

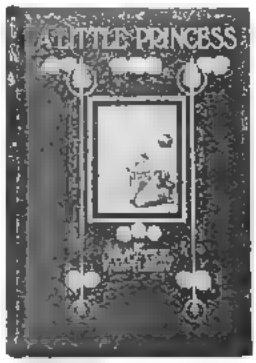
The Adventures of Harry Rochester. By Herbert Strang. (Blackie. 6s.) Mr. Strang's method is very akin to that of the late Mr. Henty, whose aim it always was to combine with a story of strong plot and sustained interest, a vivid and personal account (as one may say) of the stirring times in which his characters moved. Mr. Strang is no mean follower of the former *doyen* of boys' writers. He writes well, with a firm and sure touch, he can draw character, and he can both invent and describe incident. The period of the story is the early part of the eighteenth century, and the adventures which Harry Rochester, a dashing hero of the conventional type, passes through are quite of a piece with the slashing times of Marlborough and Eugene. The garnishing of swords and pistols is prettily done, and the picturesque manners and customs of the day (to say nothing of the fine clothes and language) make a gallant setting.



A Prince of Cornwall. By Charles W. Whistler. (Warne. 6s.) In "A Prince of Cornwall" Mr. Whistler has essayed an historical romance, the period of which is the early part of the eighth century, and the scene the great district of the West, across which the Wessex kings slowly but steadily pushed their frontier. The tale is a good one, and like all that have to do with the remote days, when elemental passions were given freer rein than in these civilised times, it affords opportunity for simple, strong situations, which the author deals with in admirably direct and forcible style. We think it is a matter for regret, perhaps, that the tale should take the form of a personal narrative, for the simple reason that it is almost impossible to make an eighth-century Briton speak convincingly in the idiom of the present day; but the point is a minor one. "A Prince of Cornwall" is the sort of book we like to see in our book-corner. The author does not appear to have thought that because he wrote for boys, carelessness in construction and style was of small importance.



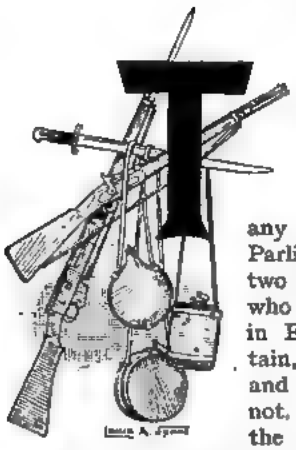
A Little Princess. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Warne. 6s.) Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, having struck a good vein, is evidently determined to work it exhaustively. Every one remembers "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the colossal success of both literary and dramatic versions thereof. By the simple process of changing the sex of the central figure, "Sara Crewe" was evolved. Lord Fauntleroy and Sara Crewe are own brother and sister—twin precocities. Sara having been tricked out also for the stage, one began to think that Mrs. Burnett must have panned out the whole of her claim. She evidently thinks otherwise, however, for here we have Sara Rediviva in the shape of "A Little Princess," which purports to be "the whole story of Sara Crewe, now told for the first time."



The plot of "A Little Princess" is of the simplest and (we must add) most obvious kind. Captain Crewe dies, his fortune having been lost, and Sara is transformed from the "show pupil" of Miss Minchin's boarding-school into a miserable little garret-slut. Of course, she comes into her own again at the end of the book, the *deus ex machina* being an old friend of her father, who has been searching long and earnestly for her, while living (equally of course) next door on "the other side of the wall." The plot, however, in this case, is of minor importance. Mrs. Burnett's large public, we imagine, are well content with whatever she offers them. Not that "A Little Princess" lacks merit. On the contrary, it is a very charming story, gracefully told. But, if we say that it is exactly what one expects from Mrs. Burnett, the full measure of our criticism, favourable and otherwise, will be understood.

Mr. Harold Piffard has been quite successful with his coloured illustrations, and the publishers have turned the book out beautifully.

Conscription in Britain.



THE public have, for many years past, been pondering over this question, but as yet, we have not been able to come to any definite conclusion. Parliament is divided into two parties: firstly, those who think military service in England, or rather Britain, should be compulsory, and secondly, those who do not. The public has taken the side of one or other leaders and is divided into two parties.

Let us consider the reasons of the first party. Their prime and greatest argument is that all the great European Powers have conscription. Take, for instance, Germany. Military service there is compulsory, and yet the country has risen into importance and is still increasing its power. Its army is the finest in Europe. It is the second largest, and, in time of war, it can raise 4,000,000 men, while Britain can only get together about 420,000. Russia is another country where the service is compulsory. It can raise 620,000 men more than Germany—more than the whole British army—and the only reason for this is because conscription is law.

This is one of the many advantages of conscription. Another is cheapness. France, with an army of 3,080,000 men more than the British, only spends £28,800,000 on her army, while the military expenditure of Britain amounts to £29,000,000 odd. Another advantage is that citizens get a general training in military matters. In Germany every able-bodied citizen above a certain age can handle a rifle, but many of our citizens could not hit a whole regiment at a distance of 200 yards—rather a large statement, it has been remarked, but it is the truth, nevertheless. Some even have never had a rifle in their hands, and they have a great abhorrence to such a dangerous (?) implement.

There are still two other great advantages. The first is that the whole force of a nation could be used in war. As it is, our very brave citizens sit at home, smoking their pipes, and reading of the battles our brave "Tommies" have to fight for them. The second advantage is that the physical development of the citizen is assured, and the idea of discipline and obedience is implanted. "The failure of voluntary enlistment to procure a sufficient and efficient army has suggested the need of a modified form of conscription, viz., the militia ballot." (*Daily Mail*, London.) Well, as this has succeeded, why should conscription not succeed? Not only the poor would need to serve, but every able-bodied man, whether rich or poor. As has been said, we cannot raise a sufficient army by voluntary enlistment yet, "in spite of the lessons that this Empire should have learnt as to the futility of a policy of optimism, we fail to trace any serious effort, on the part of either House of Parliament, to add to the preparedness of Great Britain, in view of the possible dangers of the future." So says the London *Morning Post*.

Sir George Clarke, Governor of Victoria, says that the country, if conscription were adopted, would suffer nothing industrially; physically our manhood would gain. Conscription is not new to this country. What of the Press-gang of last century? This was a form of conscription, and from 1703 to 1712 all able-bodied paupers had to serve in the army.

Now let us consider the reasons of those who think military service should remain as it is. Their principal argument is that, as we have been so many years without conscription, and have succeeded in gaining such a high position among nations, we do not need compulsory service now. That is their principal argument, but is it not a very conservative one? It is true we have gained a high position, but the difficulty is in keeping it. They also say a Briton's first duty is to serve his country, and they wonder why young men do not enlist: Many would only be too glad to enlist if it were not for the time they would have to serve. A man who can earn 20s. or 30s. per week is not such a fool as to enlist for five years at a soldier's weekly wage. If one had to serve only two, or at the most three, years, there would be far more recruits than there are at present.

What we need is a complete army reform, and the sooner military service is made compulsory the better will it be for everybody in general, and Great Britain in particular.

A. K. S.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

No. 5.—THE AMMUNITION ESCORT.

"WHERE did you pick up that man, Jacob Snyman?" said Harley Greenoak.

"He's not been long attached to the Force," answered Sub-Inspector Ladell.

"Yes, I know, but *where* did you pick him up?"

"That's more than I can tell you. He's rather a pet of the Commandant's; helps him to find new sorts of butterflies and creeping things, that the old man is dead nuts on collecting. So he took him on in the native detective line."

Harley Greenoak did not reply, but his thoughts took this very definite shape:

"That's all very well, but a taste for entomology on the part of an untrousered savage isn't going to get this escort safe and sound to the Kangala Camp. One more occasion for keeping one's eyes wide open."

The object of this inquiry was a thick-set, very black-hued Kafir, at the present moment not untrousered, for he wore the F.A.M. Police uniform of dark cord, and was driving one of the two ammunition waggons, which, with their escort, were just getting out of sight of the solid earth bastion of Fort Isiwa. The said escort consisted of sixty men under the command of a Sub-Inspector, beside whom Greenoak was riding. With him was another of our friends, Dick Selmes to wit. The latter now struck in.

"What's the row with Jacob, eh, Greenoak?"

"I don't know that I said anything was."

"No. But you'd got on that suspicious look of yours when you spoke of him. I believe you're out of it this time. Now, I should say Jacob was as good a chap as ever lived, even though he is as black as the ace of spades. I've been yarning with him a heap."

"Have you? I think I'll follow your example then," returned Greenoak, reining in his horse so as to bring it abreast of the foremost of the ammunition waggons, ahead of which they had been riding.

The driver saluted. Though, as Dick Selmes had said, he was as black as the ace of spades, he had an extremely pleasant face and manner. Greenoak addressed him in the Xosa tongue, being tolerably sure that none of the police troopers within ear-shot possessed anything but the merest smattering of that language—most of them not even that. Further, to make assurance doubly sure, he talked "dark." The while, Dick and Sub-Inspector Ladell also talked.

"Tell you what, Selmes," the latter was saying, "you're a regular Jonah. You're always getting yourself into some hobble, and Greenoak seems always to be getting you out of it. Now I'll trouble you to mind your P's and Q's while we're on this service, for we can spare neither time nor men till we're through with it. It's an important one I can tell you, a most important one."

"Don't I know it?" answered Dick. "Didn't I take my full share of getting the despatches through? I couldn't help it if that poor unlucky idiot Stokes got drunk and killed."

"No, you certainly couldn't help that. But you're a Jonah, man. Yes, decidedly a Jonah."

"A Jonah be hanged," laughed the other lightly. "Well, Greenoak, what have you got out of Jacob Snyman?"

"Oh, nothing," was the casual reply. But though the speaker's face wore its usual

mask-like imperturbability, the speaker's mind was revolving very grave thoughts indeed.

The escort, and its momentous charge, had effected a prompt and early start from Fort Isiwa, far earlier than could have been expected; for thanks to Harley Greenoak's skilful guidance, the way across country of the express riders had been nearly halved. The convoy, proceeding at something of a forced pace, had covered about three hours of ground since the said start.

The road lay over gently undulating ground, dotted with mimosa, now over a rise, only to dip down again into a corresponding depression. Away, against the blue mountain range in the distance, arose here and there a column of thick white smoke in the still atmosphere. It wanted an hour to sundown. Then, suddenly, the lie of the land became steeper. Dark kloofs, thickly bushed, seemed to shoot forth like tongues, up to within a few hundred yards of the high, switchback-like ridge which formed the line of march. But no Kafirs were met. It was as if the land were, in their own idiom for war, "dead." Even the few kraals which lay just off the road here and there, showed no sign of life.

By the advice of Harley Greenoak scouts had been thrown out ahead of the convoy. To this, Sub-Inspector Ladell, who, though as plucky as they make them, was not a particularly experienced officer, had at first demurred.

"Why, hang it all, there's no war," he had protested. "By putting on all this show we're making them think we're afraid of them."

"Well, take your own line. You're in command of this racket, not me," was the imperturbable rejoinder.

But the scouts *were* thrown out.

Now, as the convoy ascended a rise, two of these came galloping in. Several bodies of Kafirs, they reported, were massed in a shallow bushy kloof which ran up to the road ahead. They themselves had not been interfered with, but their appearance had been marked by considerable excitement. Moreover the savages were all armed, for they had seen the glint of assegais and gun-barrels.

"Hurrah!" sang out Dick Selmes. "Now we are going to have an almighty blue fight." But Ladell, alive to the gravity of his charge and his own responsibility, was not disposed to share this enthusiasm. Had he already got his convoy safe to the Kangala Camp, he would thoroughly have enjoyed the prospect of fighting all the ochre-smeared denizens of Kafirland—come one come all. Now, the thing wore a different face.

"Well, we are going through," he said, grimly. Then he gave orders that the escort should form up in close order round the two waggons, and thus they gained the top of the next rise.

"Down there, sir," said one of the men who had brought in the news.

A bushy kloof fell away on their left front, its upper end nearly touching the road by about fifty yards. This was alive with wild forms, their red ochre showing out in contrast to the dark green of the foliage. They made no pretence at concealment either; commenting in their own tongue with free outspokenness on the police troopers, to whom they referred derisively as a lot of half-grown boys. However, this affected the latter not at all, for the simple reason that the contemptuous comments were not understood.

Sub-Inspector Ladell was in a quandary. That the savages meant mischief he was certain, yet no war had—officially—broken out. If he ordered the first shot to be fired, he incurred a grave responsibility. On the other hand, the Kafirs were drawing nearer and nearer, crowding through the bushes like a swarm of red ants. Even as many another, when in a quandary, he turned to Harley Greenoak.

The latter nodded, and turning his horse, rode a little way out from the escort in the direction of the Kafirs, yet taking care to keep himself between them and the ammunition waggons. Then he lifted up his voice and hailed the enemy. From the latter a great shout went up.

"*Whau!* Kulondeka!"

Kulondeka—meaning "safe"—was the name by which Harley Greenoak was known among all the tribes by whom the Bantu dialects were spoken.

"You know me," he went on. "Good. Then come no nearer. The *Amapolise* have enough cartridges to keep on shooting you down like bucks for an entire day, or even more."

Even as he spoke the order had been given to load and dismount. Cartridges were slapped into the breeches of carbines, and those told off to hold the horses had got them in hand. The fighting line stood, waiting the word to fire. Harley Greenoak

"AIM LOW, AIM LOW," SAID LADELL.

had not dismounted. Now he galloped quickly out of the firing line, reining in just ahead of the foremost of the ammunition waggons—that driven by Jacob Snyman.

With a sudden roar—deafening, terrific—the cloud of red savages came surging up the slope. They had flung off their blankets, and were whirling and brandishing these as they ran, with the double object of stampeding the horses, and disturbing their opponents' aim. Then in a crackling volley the police carbines spoke. More than a dozen leaping sinuous forms came to earth, clutching wildly at nothing in their stricken throes. Others halted limpingly, or subsided. The charge was checked. Though in considerable force the assailants dropped into the long grass, and behind ant-heaps or mimosa bushes, to gather, it might be, courage for another attempt.

"Great Scott, Ladell, but I bagged a right and left!" cried Dick Selmes, in tremendous excitement, banging a pair of fresh cartridges into his smoking gun.

"Get out with those old shooting yarns, Selmes," was the answer. "Why the nearest was outside a hundred and fifty yards. You're not going to tell me your charge of buckshot 'll kill at that distance. No. You'll have to stick to one."

"All right. Wait till they get nearer and you'll see," retorted Dick.

As he spoke there was a wavy movement in the grass. Like lightning the Kafirs sprang up, bounding forward again and uttering

Google

deafening yells. They had discarded the blankets now, and came straight on, each grasping a short-handled, broad-bladed assegai. It was noteworthy that although many had fire-arms they forebore to use them. The bulk of the police escort noticed this, but only one—and he not of the police escort—understood it. That one was Harley Greenoak.

"Aim low, men, aim low," said Ladell, who, as we have said, though not a very experienced officer, was coolness and pluck itself.

The carbines barked, and again the assault was stayed. But now the firing and the yelling and general racket, had rendered the troop horses restive, so that more men had to be told off to help hold them. This weakened the firing line. And more and more Kafirs could be seen swarming up the kloof, in the rear of the original assailants.

The police troopers were behaving admirably. Many, if not most of them, were quite youngsters not long out from England, but the real fighting blood was there. True, they had not been literally under fire, but the spectacle of these swarming savages, and the re-inforcements coming on behind, was nerve-trying enough. Why, their own small force was a mere mouthful to such as these. The sheer weight of numbers was enough to crush them; and, added to this consciousness was the certainty that they were opposed to an enemy who gave no quarter, except temporarily, that those thus spared might be put to death in lingering torment. Yet they were as cool as though at ordinary musketry practice.

"Here they come again," sang out Ladell. "Aim low, boys, and steady. Give them three volleys as quick as you can load."

The savages surged forward; near enough now to render distinguishable each broad, cruel face. Their sonorous war shout had now become a strident hiss in the hope of still further terrifying the frantic horses. A party of them darted round as though to outflank the position and further confuse the mere handful of police. The fire of the latter had now become a continuous roar. But what of those who led the new manœuvre?

One by one down they went, each shot fair and square through the head, and that in regular and precise order. Half a dozen—eight—thus lay. In wild panic which was half superstition, they halted, and pressed back. While thus bunched, a deadlier fire raked them. Utterly demoralised, they dropped into cover, and incontinently crawled out of the line of fire. Seeing which, Harley Greenoak said to himself complacently:

"This old repeating gas-pipe I borrowed from Mainwaring isn't such a bad practical joke after all."

Then he became alive to two facts; neither of which astonished him, for he had foreseen both. One was that the enemy had had enough; the other that the team inspanned to the foremost of the ammunition waggons was in a state of wild panic, so much so indeed that its driver could no longer control it. And that driver was the very black, pleasant-mannered Kafir, Jacob Snyman.

The horses plunged and tugged wildly at the reins. So frantic were their plunges that it seemed a miracle that the whole thing was not overturned. Yet no upset took place.

No upset took place, but a bolt. The frantic animals dashed off—at headlong speed down hill—straight for where, amid the bush, the defeated Kafirs lay, broken up into sullen knots, but now, animated once more, eagerly awaiting this most welcome prize. Their driver seemed powerless to restrain the animals.

"Turn the horses, Manyelo. Turn the horses, or you have looked your last upon the sun."

The driver, Jacob Snyman, knew the voice, even as it needed not his real name to bring home to him that he was known. Harley Greenoak, galloping abreast of the runaway team, but with his horse well in hand, was pointing a long barrelled and very business-like revolver straight at his head, and he had only too recently seen what Harley Greenoak could do in the shooting line. So Jacob Snyman, *alias* Manyelo—deciding that however valuable some thousands of rounds of cartridge might be to his expectant countrymen over yonder, life was a good deal more valuable to him—with sufficient show of pretence at succeeding, effectually turned his team, bringing it round to the escort again.

A volley of congratulations awaited.

"Well done, Jacob!" cried Sub-Inspector Ladell. "Why, man, we none of us expected to see you again with a whole skin, and so many more rounds of ammunition for John Kafir to blaze away at us with. Well done. By Jove, you stopped those fools of horses just in time."

Jacob Snyman grinned softly, deprecatingly

WITH AN EVIL SNARL THE KAFIR LEAPT FORWARD.

and remarked that Ladell – and incidentally the Government—was his father. But Harley Greenoak said nothing.

The escort moved forward again, the savage enemy watching it from his far cover, and speculating on his chances of doing better next time. The police were in high glee. They had beaten off a determined attack, with heavy odds against them at considerable loss to the enemy—over forty dead had been hurriedly counted—and they themselves had come out without a scratch. To be sure, the said enemy had omitted to use any firearms, which omission they quite overlooked. If they gave it a thought it was only as a subject for passing wonder. But Harley Greenoak did not so overlook it; for he knew the reason. The Kafirs wanted that ammunition, and so refrained from any act which should result in blowing it all sky high. This was why he himself, except when in pursuit of the runaway team, had kept between the waggons and the enemy.

Night fell, the moon rose, and the convoy held on its way unmolested. The police troopers were in high spirits, after their first fight. Not less exultant was Dick Selmes; and during the short halt that was made in order to rest the horses, and snatch a hurried meal, he was fighting the battle over again with characteristic exuberance. All had shown what they could do.

Towards dawn another halt was called, and the tired troopers, flinging themselves on the ground, were fast asleep in a minute. But for their officer, tired as he was, there was no rest. His anxiety increased as they drew nearer to their objective; and by way of adding to such anxiety a heavy mist drew down. Sharing his vigil was Harley Greenoak.

The latter suddenly held up a hand for silence—the two men had been chatting in a low tone. Listening intently, the faintest sort of crackle, as of something burning, came to the quick ears of one of them. Now the striking of a light had been strictly prohibited.

Quick to act as to think, Harley Greenoak made straight for the ammunition waggons, which were drawn up side by side. As he gained them a figure dashed out of one, nearly upsetting him, and disappeared into the mist; so quickly indeed as to render it useless to fire at it. But a more urgent duty lay to the hand of the investigator.

The latter, without hesitation, and in defiance of orders, struck a light, as he mounted the nearest of the waggons, and well, indeed, was it that he did so. One of the ammunition cases had been stealthily removed, and the cavity thus formed was filled with chips and dry grass, besprinkled with gunpowder; while leading up to this was a fuse cunningly contrived of rope strands and timber wood. A red glow, like that of a well-lighted cigar, was creeping along with alarming rapidity. In less than five minutes the whole escort would be blown to atoms. It took less than five seconds for Greenoak to remove and extinguish the deadly fuse, just as Ladell came up, and with much strong language wanted to know who was striking a light contrary to orders.

The while, the fugitive who had disappeared in the mist had the ill-fortune to stumble over Dick Selmes, fast asleep. The latter, however, lively through recent experiences, was promptly wide awake and grabbed him by the leg, throwing him to the ground.

"Why, it's Jacob Snyman," he exclaimed, recognising the other's voice, and releasing his hold. Hardly had he done so than Greenoak, hearing the sound, came up. Too late. The fugitive had disappeared.

"Oh, I'll soon bring him back," cried Dick, after the first dozen words of explanation, and leaping to his feet, regardless of expostulation, and at imminent risk of being shot by the sentries, he plunged into the mist.

In hard training, he was able in a moment to hear the clink of stones as the fugitive ran. A spurt, and he came up with him. The Kafir, seeing only one man, and he almost certainly unarmed, drew a sheath knife, and stood waiting. And just then, as ill-luck would have it, his pursuer stumbled and fell headlong.

With an evil snarl the Kafir leapt forward. Where was the pleasant-faced, soft-mannered, civilised native now? A sheer savage this, about to shed blood, and that unnecessarily.

But out of the mist leapt two figures, and down went Snyman under the powerful fist of the Police corporal who was with Harley Greenoak. Disarmed, and rendered powerless for further mischief he was brought back to the escort. When the nature of his misdoing got abroad it was all Ladell could do to keep his men from lynching him. But now he was almost as anxious to get his prisoner safe to camp as he was the ammunition; and indeed he succeeded in doing both by the following mid-day.

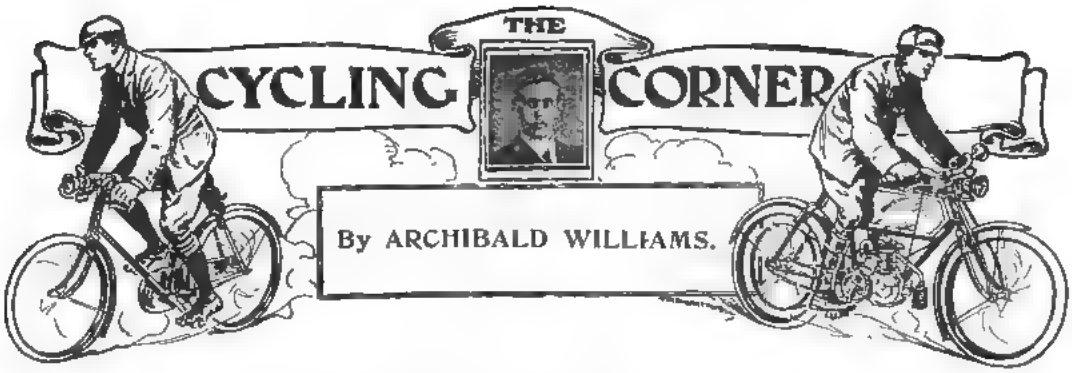
"So Jacob's as good a chap as ever lived, eh, Dick?" said Harley Greenoak, drily, when that consummation had been attained.

"By Jingo! he'd have done for me if you fellows hadn't turned up," laughed Dick.

Questioned by the Commandant, Jacob Snyman confessed. He had joined the Police only with an eye to helping his countrymen. And why should he not?—he added calmly, and without defiance. He had volunteered to drive the foremost ammunition waggon, with the object of preventing it—and, as he had expected, the other—from reaching the Kangala Camp at all. In this he would have succeeded but for Harley Greenoak, and would thus have placed a large quantity of ammunition in the hands of his countrymen. When this plan failed, he had endeavoured to blow up the whole lot just as they had heard, and, in fact, as he had blown up the former waggon. It was quite true; and had he succeeded the whole Police force in the Kangala Camp would have been annihilated; for his countrymen had got wind that it was desperately short of ammunition, and practically they had already begun the war.

As though to bear out this statement, at that very juncture a fleeing trader rode in with news that the whole of the Gudhluka Reserve was up in arms, and under the chiefs, Vunisa and Pahlandle, was massing to attack the Police Camp.

Half an hour later Jacob Snyman, otherwise Manyelo, was shot, by order of the Commandant.



NOTES ON THE STANLEY SHOW.

A YEAR or two ago one often heard that cycling as a sport was on the wane, and that the cycle trade was foredoomed to very hard times. But the croakers were mistaken. The year 1905 brought an exceptional amount of grist to the manufacturers' mills; and a glance at the balance-sheets of many companies is sufficient to prove that, in spite of the general "cut" in prices of eighteen months back, these concerns are in a prosperous condition.

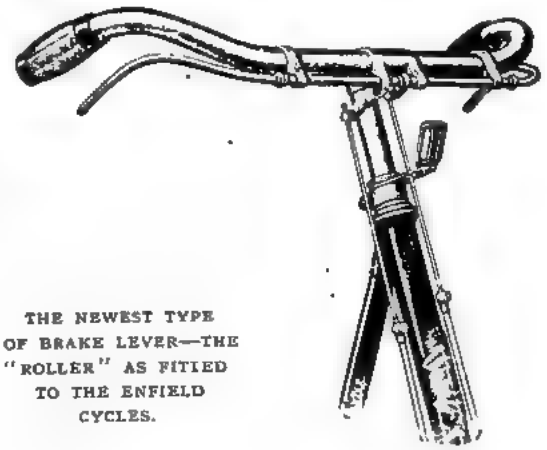
We also heard that the motor-cycle would speedily oust the man-propelled machine. This has certainly not come to pass as yet. In fact, the Stanley Show, of November 1905, went to prove that the push-bike has more than held its own; for the petrol-engine was not so much in evidence as at the Show of 1904. Now, as a keen motor-cyclist I am not going to say anything against the type of machine that carries me swiftly about the country when roads are good, and the weather is fine. But I can quite understand that people who have not sufficient mechanical skill to put things right when things go wrong, or who are averse to extra vibration and noise, would tire of a locomotive which demands much more attention than the humble "pusher."

Anyway, those persons who, of necessity or choice, stick to the man-engine, may be assured that the manufacturers are always improving the pedicycle as regards details which make for comfort and safety.

Brakes.

To judge by the exhibits on many stands, the cable-actuated brake is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The "inverted lever" also has lost some of its popularity. In their place we have a neat system of thin metal rods working round corners by means of bell cranks, and tensioned by what are termed "roller" levers, which rotate through a small part of a revolution in lugs clipped or brazed to the handle-bars. Some years ago this form of lever was fitted to "Sunbeam" cycles, and later it appeared on Lea and Francis machines—in the latter case the shank of the lever passes into and along inside the handle-bar itself. During the last year I have received several queries about the "best way to replace a cable" which persists in snapping. Here is the obvious way out of the difficulty. Personally, I owe a debt of gratitude to the Bowden wire, which has done so much to popularise the rim brake; and I fancy that the trouble it has given to some riders is due as much to carelessness in fitting, as to defects in the cable. A cable which I purchased in 1897 is still operating my back brake.

The Bowden horse-shoe, by-the-bye, has been improved. It is now made in one piece, and



THE NEWEST TYPE OF BRAKE LEVER—THE "ROLLER" AS FITTED TO THE ENFIELD CYCLES.

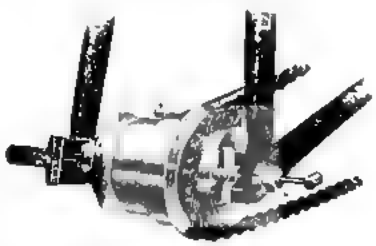
the brake pads can be removed easily when the back wheel has to come out.

The Band Brake

seems to be getting another innings, though it would be rather hard to give a reason for this, unless a desire for a change can be considered responsible. The band brake is not more effective than the rim brake; and certainly not more sightly or easy to fit. With a rim that has lost its "truth" the rim brake is at a disadvantage, whereas the band brake remains unaffected; but rims, as made nowadays, keep their shape remarkably well under ordinary conditions of wear and tear. My own experience of band-brakes in the past has been that they are noisier and not so powerful as the rim brake: but, as I may have been unfortunate in striking bad types, I should not like to say hard things of the latest patterns, though I firmly believe that, all things considered, the rim is the point at which braking power should be applied.

Variable Gears.

These devices are evidently gaining ground. I noticed two additions to the three-speed variety, to wit, the "Humber-Cordner" and the "Allen." The first of these, exhibited on the stand of the Humber Co., has a very neat appearance. It employs the usual "sun-and-planet" principle of epicyclic gearing, but the change from one gear to another is made by means of internal clutches, the pinions remaining always in mesh. This adoption of motor-car practice is a decided improvement on the



THE HUMBER-CORDNER THREE-SPEED GEAR.

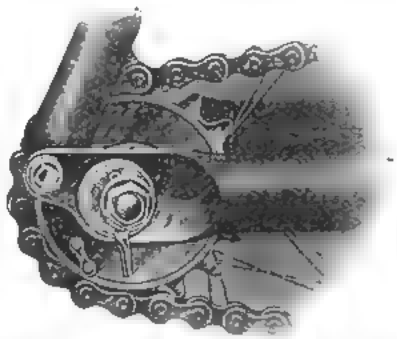
method of sliding one pinion into mesh with another, an operation which might cause a careless rider trouble by snapping off the teeth of the pinions, if pressure were applied before they had engaged properly.

An especially good feature of this gear is, that all the pinions turn on ball bearings, so that there is practically no power wasted in overcoming friction. Instead of a wire cable for changing, we have here a neat arrangement of steel rods. I think that this gear will become very popular in 1906. Its ratios are 73: 100: 130.

Among two-speed gears the Pedlar is a decided novelty. The hub contains, besides a back-pedalling brake, a two-speed gear giving a free-wheel action on both speeds. So far it resembles the Eadie two-speed hub. Its peculiarity is, that the change from the one speed to the other is made by the rider putting a sudden back pressure on either pedal as it rises. Gradual back-pedalling only puts on the brake. The absence of levers and wires is decidedly in the favour of this new device; and a large crowd gathered round the stand showed that the cycling public was much interested in what may be termed a decided advance in gear construction.

Details.

The greatest annoyances that a cyclist has to put up with are often caused by the manufacturer's neglect of small constructional details. Now that the general design of cycles has become practically stereotyped the makers are able to give more attention to the fitments. Chain adjustment has received its full share. The "Triumph" Co., to take an example, employ a cage in the pedal bracket, carrying the pedal spindle eccentrically. When a new chain is fitted the eccentric cage is turned so as to bring the spindle to the position nearest to



THE NEW HUDSON ECCENTRIC CHAIN ADJUSTMENT.

the rear wheel hub. As the chain stretches, the "slack" can be taken up by loosening a nut in the bracket and turning the eccentric forward a little. The chief advantage justly claimed by the makers is, that the rear wheel need never be tampered with, and all the troubles connected with aligning the wheel and chain properly are therefore obviated.

The New Hudson cycles have an eccentric adjustment on the spindle of the back wheel.

The chain-stays terminate in flat plates having circular openings to accommodate the eccentrics carrying the spindle. Each plate has a little lever protruding from one side to turn it by. Exact adjustment is ensured by numbers being engraved on the edges of the plates, and an arrow on the chain-stay. When the same number on each plate is opposite its arrow the spindle lies on a true line across the chain stays and the wheel is central in the fork. The operation in either case takes a very short time, and gives much less trouble than the slow tightening with the nut and screw adjustment fitted to most cycles.

Tubes and Tyres.

While travelling to the Show, I fell in with Mr. F. Rich, of High Street, Crawley, Sussex. He showed me a detachable air-tube for cycles which he was exhibiting. If one gets a puncture which can be located only by the aid of water, great inconvenience is sometimes caused by having to fetch water from a distance. With this tube matters are greatly simplified, for in a second or so the tube can be taken out of the forks, since it has a joint. The illustration will make the action of the joint clear. The tube has been well spoken of, and, as its cost (5*s.* 6*d.* with valve, for ordinary cycles) is very reasonable it certainly deserves a trial by riders who live in a district where punctures are frequent. If a spare tube is carried, it can be substituted in a very few minutes, and the mend done more conveniently at home. Motor cyclists especially, will appreciate this case of removal.

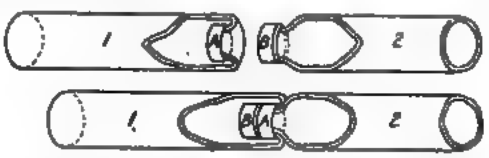
The Sunbeam cycles are now fitted with a divided spindle to the back wheel, which renders it possible to remove both tube and tyre without unshipping the wheel. The spindle is in two pieces, the one screwing into the other. The chain-wheel end is bolted against the chain lug as usual, the other is prolonged to form the step; or, to put it differently, a prolongation of the step constitutes part of the spindle. This can be screwed out, leaving a space between the hub and the fork.

The Palmer Tyre Co.,

I am glad to see, are turning out a special heavy tyre for pedicycles, of the best quality and much thicker on the tread than has hitherto been their practice. The side walls of the tyre are kept comparatively thin so as to reduce the loss of resilience to a minimum. Of late years we have been troubled by the frailty of several makes, which offer little resistance to sharp flints and thorns. I feel certain that many readers will prefer a little more weight and less "life" in the tyre to the punctures and bursts which result from an insufficient covering of rubber.

The Syrinx Tyre,

shown by W. H. Robson and Co., of Chichester, was a great novelty. I had almost written freak, but am restrained by the recollection that many inventions labelled as freaks in their first appearance have turned out to be valuable. The tyre in question figured among the illustrations of my last chapter as the winner of the fourth prize in the C. T. C. anti-sideslip trials. The inventor has been encouraged by his success on that occasion to put his tyre on the market. It consists of a number of helical springs set closely together round



THE RICH DETACHABLE AIR-TUBE.

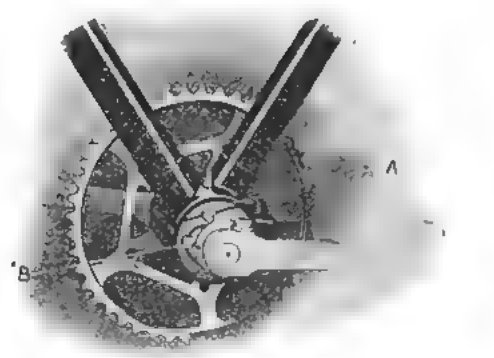
The upper illustration shows the ends apart, the lower the ends joined. The extremity A of (1) is turned to make a shoulder, and the end B of the other, surrounded by a ring of canvas and rubber, is pushed through and pulled back to make a close contact with A. The whole process, which occupies but a few seconds, makes a reliable joint.

the rim, from which they can be detached easily. The "man at the wheel" assured me that the tyre had proved a good thing on the road, did not pick up stones, or throw mud, and very seldom broke a spring. This I must take on trust; but I should be sorry for a lady whose dress got mixed up with the Syrinx.

General Remarks.

My tour round the stands showed me several things very plainly: (1) that prices are not likely to go any lower than last year—in fact they have risen slightly; (2) that the value for cash is better than ever; (3) that the variable speed gear has firmly established itself; (4) that the motor-cycle has gained power in proportion to its weight, and will, in the future, include spring forks to the front wheel; (5) that the reduction of weight in pedicycles has reached its practical limit, and that there is a tendency among makers to sacrifice lightness to strength.

The exhibits, taking them all round, were splendid. I know that letters will presently come dropping in on me asking, "Which is the best, &c.?" and in anticipation I shall say



THE "TRIUMPH" ECCENTRIC BRACKET.

that if I had been invited to take my pick among the New Hudsons, Premiers, Humbers, Swifts, Centaurs, Raglans, Triumphs, and Raleighs on show, I should have been sorely tempted to imitate the Greedy Boy and say "All." With competition as keen as it is, all the leading makers are straining every nerve to be first in popular favour, and they know that the best card to play is good workmanship.

Cycling Diet.

Last year Mr. G. A. Olley rode from Land's End to John o' Groat's in 3 days, 20 hours, 15 minutes. The muscular energy expended by him during that time was enormous, especially during the last 200 miles, when rain, heavy roads, and the mountainous highlands made a combination that would have broken down any but a very determined and highly trained rider. Mr. Olley did not eat beefsteaks or any such heavy, though usually considered nutritive, food. He stuck to vegetarianism all through, and, as the result shows, did well on it; yet he was not riding in the interests of vegetarianism. Now, I am not Mr. Eustace Miles, so I shall not lay down any law, or blow a loud trumpet in favour of the cabbage and banana and Brazil nut; but, at the same time, I feel that next summer, when we go a-touring, we might give more attention to the vegetable element in our diet, and see whether we do not feel the better for diminishing the proportion of flesh-meat. One thing is certain—that the more easily assimilated a food is, the better suited it is for the exertions of cycling; and as vegetable edibles, taken as a whole, are very digestible, the conclusion is obviously that they should be treated with respect.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. Wippell.—The bulge is doubtless caused by the rubber of the tread parting from the canvas. If there is a cut or crack at the place, dust and mud work through and make a hard lump. Should the bulge be a very large one, probably the canvas has given way and the inner tube presses directly on the rubber of the cover. As for remedies: in the first case you should clean out all the dust with a bit of wire; inject some rubber solution; inflate the cover and stand cycle with bulge on ground, and weight saddle. Leave for a day in that position. In second case solution a piece of *thin* rubber on inside of cover, and when that is firmly set, solution a large piece of stout canvas on the top. I find plain whitenmg and water as good as anything for cleaning plating; but Globe Polish does all right. Maurice's Porceleine will cover up the chips in the enamel as effectively as any easily-obtained article.

"Sir Billy."—The reason why the note of a moving bell, whistle, &c., appears to fall as it passes is simple. If you are standing beside a railway and a whistling locomotive approaches, the speed of sound-travel is artificially *increased* by the rate of travel of the whistle itself. Hence the waves of sound will strike the ear in more rapid succession than they would if both you and the engine were stationary. You hear the *true* note of the whistle when it is abreast: the shriller tones during approach were artificially "sharp." As the engine recedes the rate of wave-travel is decreased and the note appears to fall.

A good analogy may be found in the case of a swimmer meeting or travelling with sea-waves. The crests would, in the former case, strike him abnormally rapidly; in the latter case the reverse happens.

S. T. Bone.—You can get all parts of the Lamp you mention from the makers, Jos. Lucas, Ltd., King Street, Birmingham. The price of the items named would be about 2*s.*, I believe, but I cannot say quite definitely. Sorry I have apparently neglected the Land o' Cakes; but the fact is that my acquaintance therewith has hitherto been limited to the railway with brief stays at various towns. But I remember that such roads as I did sample on my legs were excellent. I must try to act up to your hint next summer. Thanks for first remark.

Martin Rattler.—The thing you complain of seems to afflict some cycles in a most unfortunate manner. My Bowden cable has stood six seasons of hard use without snapping once. If the cables keep parting at the same point there must be a sharp curve there that causes the trouble. If the brake goes on and off easily there can be no undue friction, and I can only think that faulty manufacture is the cause of the breakdowns. Would it not be possible to have rod attachments put in place of the cable? Many modern cycles are now so fitted.

A "Captain Admirer."—(1) Keep your tyres inflated, but not "dead hard." The cycle should be housed in a place whither frost and damp cannot penetrate. It is a good thing to moisten the tyres occasionally, and to give the machine a run now and then. (2) Yes! oil the bearings well; one dose will last the winter.

"W. A. P."—I have not tried the attachment you ask about. I should certainly advise you to get a proper motor-cycle, *e.g.*, "Quadrant," "J. A. P.," or "Triumph." On flat roads 2½ h.p. would be ample, unless you mean to use a trailer. In that case, 3 h.p.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Book on Lepidoptera.—"Keen to Learn" (Edinburgh) has a chance of purchasing a copy of Kirby's "European Moths and Butterflies" at a low price, and asks whether he had better avail himself of the opportunity, or rather get a work dealing only with the British species. I gather from his letter that he is confining his attention to the British species, and I think, therefore, he would do better to get Newman's "Natural History of British Butterflies and Moths." It contains about 900 life-sized figures, and though published at 25*s*., he can get a new copy for 10*s*. from W. Glaisher, 265 High Holborn, London. Stainton's "Manual," which he has been trying to obtain, would not be nearly so useful to him.

Egg Cabinet.—"Keen to Learn" also tells me he is making a cabinet for birds' eggs, and wishes to know whether the drawers should be divided off into little squares, one for each egg; if not, how? I confess I do not like this plan, as to carry it out properly and satisfactorily one must make one's cabinet sufficiently large to accommodate all the species, providing a special compartment for each, according to its known size. Then, too, the divisions come in the way of the fingers when one wishes to examine specimens. A better plan is to place the eggs in square cardboard boxes with glass tops, whose size should be determined upon at the same time that the size of cabinet-drawers is fixed. Thus, if the inside measurement of the drawer is 12½ × 10 in., and the size of the cardboard boxes is fixed at 2½ in. square, one drawer will accommodate twenty species. For those species with larger eggs the boxes should be 2½ × 5, larger still, 5 × 5 in.; and it would be found that these would occupy exactly the space as two or four of the smaller boxes. By this arrangement one can start with a cabinet of few drawers and add others as one's collection increases, the boxes being interchangeable, and allowing of any desired alteration without re-labelling or other disfigurement. On this system one does not need to have glass tops to the drawers.

Salamanders.—E. B. McComas (Monkstown) writes about some Salamanders which, after doing well since the spring, have in autumn refused their food, ceased to grow, and are looking sleepy. He asks why they are not thriving, and if they are being treated properly. Mr. McComas, like many another of my correspondents, does not give me all the information that is desirable when advice is wanted. Salamander is a loose expression applied to tailed Batrachians generally, as well as to the British Newts; and he ought to have told me more definitely what kind of Salamanders these are. If they are British Newts their apparently strange behaviour is explained by the fact that they hibernate, passing the winter in some sheltered hole or crevice where they will be safe from frost. As he says they are kept in the greenhouse, I should advise the excavation of a small underground cave and lining it with fresh moss, roofing it with a stone that does not shut up the Salamanders entirely, and then leaving them until the spring. When genial conditions prevail again, they will appear in public and do justice to his bountiful provision of worms as before.

Butterfly in Winter.—R. Benson sends me a butterfly which was caught at the end of November, and asks: (1) what is it? and (2) is it not remarkable to catch such an insect at that season? The butterfly is the Small Tortoiseshell (*Vanessa urticæ*), the second brood of which commonly go into hibernation, reappearing for a brief flight on any mild sunny day during the winter. Several

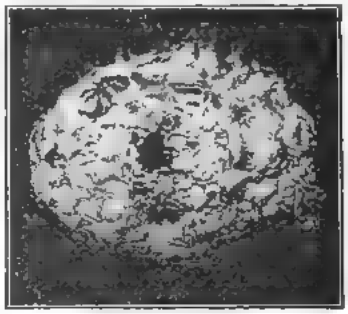
SMALL TORTOISESHELL BUTTERFLY.

other species do the same, notoriously the Brimstone (*Gonepteryx rhamni*). Several species of moths even choose mid-winter as the season for their emergence from the chrysalis; so it appears that some other cause than cold weather makes butterflies and moths scarce. That other cause, in all probability, is the scarcity of flowers, from which they obtain their nourishment.

Fox-moth.—E. S. T. (Cavendish Square, W.). Your hibernated larva of the Fox-moth (*Bombyx rubi*) will probably remain in its present condition till the spring, when it will assume the pupal condition from which it will emerge in the winged state at the end of May or beginning of June. It is quite uncertain in its pupating arrangement, this change sometimes taking place in autumn.

Angora Rabbits.—J. N. R. (Greenock) has a pair of Angora Rabbits about two months old, and wants advice as to their diet. At present he gives them two good meals a day and green-stuff at odd times; but finds they eat the hay and straw given them for bedding. He asks, is this a sign that they are underfed, or is it natural for them to eat the bedding? Also, is it better to let them live together or to put a division in the hutch? Here, again, the information is deficient: he does not tell me of what the two good meals a day consist, so I am unable to say whether the fare is sufficient. The consumption of the bed rather indicates that it is not enough to satisfy them. Good, sweet hay and dry clover should form part of their everyday fare, with oats, swedes, carrots, and sprouted grey peas. The green-meat should include sow-thistles, dandelions, and green tares. The rabbits should be kept apart until they are about ten months old.

Wasps' Nest.—H. Perkins (Bow), who asks for the name of the builder of a Wasps' Nest he dug out of a hedgebank, would have done well to have captured one of the wasps and sent it on to me for identification. There are three of our native wasps that build subterranean nests: *Vespa vulgaris*, *V. germanica*, and *V. rufa*. In all probability it was the second of these, but, as I say, I should like to see the insect before committing myself to a definite statement. He asks if it is to be understood that the wasps excavated the underground chamber in which the nest was built, and, if so, how the relatively enormous quantity of earth could have been carried away by such small workers? The mother-wasp or "queen" who, unaided, lays the foundation of every wasps' nest, would seek first of all for a burrow in the bank formerly tenanted by a mouse or mole, and would adapt that in preference to beginning an absolutely new cave. But if such were not to be found she would not hesitate to dig and tunnel for herself, going only so far,



WASPS' NEST.

however, as would be necessary for a very small nest with only two or three tiers of comb. Her first care is to lay the foundations of a colony on a small scale, knowing that if she can get a score or so of eggs laid in as many cells, it will not be long before she has a number of industrious workers arising from that tiny nest to help her in its enlargement. Between them they will continue to excavate the earth to make more and more room for their growing city, and every particle of earth dug out will be carried out through the burrow in their jaws. The wasps' cells are not made of wax, as in the case of the honey-bee, but of a papery material made from wood-fibres worked up by their jaws into a pulp that can be spread out thinly and will harden into paper. The wasp-city is a more wonderful structure than the home of the honey-bee, as the latter receives so much help from man.

Aquarium and Starling.—In answer to E. Hawkins (Whitley Bay): (1) the best book I know on fresh-water aquaria is by G. C. Bateman (L. Upcott Gill, 3*s.* 6*d.*); (2) it is no unusual thing to see starlings on the backs of sheep. They are searching for ticks and insects, performing similar services to those rendered by the cow-birds of America and Africa.

Names of Plants.—H. Newns (Tabley) sends me two dried-up plants which have passed the flowering stage, and asks for their names. This is hardly fair. I will not say positively from such material, but I believe No. 1 to be the water ragwort (*Senecio aquaticus*), and No. 2 the yellow loosestrife (*Lysimachia vulgaris*). Another time he should send fresh specimens with damp moss in a tin. I should not like to say anything of his egg without seeing it.

Play the Game.

By CLEVEDON KEN.

Author of "A Little Schoolboy Sixty Years Ago."

ONE of the things which distinguish the English race from all others is the variety and character of our set games, with their strong movements, and the strictness of their rules. English boys have a bodily manner of their own, which no amount of only drilling, or marching, or running, or gymnastics would give them. But—and this is of far greater importance—by being accustomed to games which consist not merely in doing something or winning something, but in doing it against opposition, and in accordance with fixed rules, and in comradeship with others, they learn to be eager and yet self-controlled, tough, and courageous, true to one another and considerate of the rights of other people; and to aim not merely at winning, but at winning by acting according to rule.

In every true game, if there is a prize, or only "kudos" or fame, as in cricket or football, if that prize or kudos be gained by other means than those ordered by the rules, it is really neither the prize nor true kudos that is won. Some one has become possessed of the thing—but he has not won it; one side has made more runs than the other, but it has not won the match: the regular game has not been played, but something else. It is the rules that make the game.

I was once passing a dull evening in the company of a young Hungarian Jew, and we tried chess. He exposed his queen. When I put out my hand to take her he anticipated me, and exclaimed: "Ah! that was fatal!" and put her back again, and made another move. I raised no objection; it was now a matter of no interest to me how those different bits of wood were moved about over red and white squares. It was no longer chess. The rules were gone.

We have then in these three words an expression very full of meaning. You know Shakespeare's lines:

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women only players;"

just so we may say all life is a game, and all the men and women have their places in it. I need not say that I do not call life playing. Play is sometimes part of the game; but, as in our set games, there is something that we aim at, and fixed rules to reach it by, and those rules we may not break in order to reach our aim more easily—so in the great serious world, for which every boy of British breed feels that he ought to be training himself, this little sentence applies—Play the Game!

If all your life is a game, then your school life must be a part of it. In school there are two sets of players, masters and boys. Now, you have to play the game fairly towards both of these. The boy who at football shirks his work, flinches from the rush, and only makes believe to get into the scrum—well, you know what you say of him, especially if he is on your side. What is the difference between him and another who shirks his book-work, and never puts his mind to his Euclid? Surely there is an understanding between the boy on the one side and the masters on the other, that, as honestly as he puts his back into play, he shall put his brains into work? And so with respect to conduct. When a master trusts a boy, it is not playing the game if the boy takes advantage of the fact that he is not watched, and breaks bounds. That is as mean as theft, or cheating at cards. No; if you feel that you must go roaming into forbidden land, you are bound, by the rules of the game, to give notice to the master, and then the game will have to be played

on a different system—that of wits meeting wits, instead of trust meeting honour. In our big war a century ago some English middies somehow fell into French hands, and were offered parole. They refused it, because they fully intended to escape if they could. This refusal, of course, brought them into the state of mere prisoners of war, with no comforts, and no liberty; but they were playing their game, English fashion. On the other hand, some Russian Naval officers who were lately driven into an American port by a Japanese ship, gave their parole to the American Government, and then slipped home to Russia, and the American Government had to insist on their being returned. They got their freedom for a while, but they sank into a noisome bog of infamy.

There is a very important thing to remember when dealing with persons of that character—that no matter how our opponents may break the rules, it is always our duty to keep them. "If you cheat, so will we," or "you did it, so we will," is neither logic nor honesty. Two sweeps do not make one miller.

Lord Clive forgot this once, as you can read in Macaulay's Essay on that wonderful man, who was, in so many things, a fine example to boys. He once entered into a secret conspiracy with a Hindoo statesman to depose the Rajah. This crafty statesman got Clive's signature to some treasonable correspondence, and then threatened to betray him unless a large sum of money was guaranteed him, to be paid when the conspiracy had succeeded. So Clive had a treaty, in which the money was promised, drawn up and signed. Then, when it was all over, and the Rajah was deposed, Clive showed the statesman that the paper he had signed was a sham one, and that he was to have nothing at all. He fell back senseless, and died shortly afterwards, an idiot. Clive sank the English gentleman to the level of a Hindoo swindler. He did play the game grandly enough, in battle, march and siege; but not in affairs of this nature.

So too our Edward II. had a very poor idea of playing the game when he set on De Bohun to ride down Robert the Bruce, as you have read in Scott's "Lord of the Isles."

And, speaking of Sir Walter Scott, I am reminded that he, himself, when a young boy, at Edinburgh, once broke the rules of the game, and, as we say, played low. In his class at school there was a dull but industrious boy who always kept the first place. Walter tried hard to get above him, but he could never catch him tripping; spelling, repetition, tables, or grammar, this obstinate fellow always knew them. But Master Walter noticed that he always fumbled with the bottom button of his waistcoat all the time he was answering; so he managed deftly, and without its being felt, to snip off that button one morning. Presently the poor fellow was called on to repeat his bit of Latin or whatever it was, and down went his fingers as usual to fiddle with the button. He stuck, cleared his throat, said "hem," coughed, began again, and stuck for good. So Walter took him down, and held the place always afterwards. But in later life he was grieved at the recollection of it all, and tried hard, but in vain, to find out the man whom he had so wronged as a boy, and see if he might somehow be of service to him. And really he had played a very shabby trick.

I think sometimes when I hear of some man showing a high degree of courage, endurance, or self-restraint, that it would be interesting to know what he had been like at school: and I am pretty sure that, in most cases, he would prove to have had a good record at games. The boy who goes through the training of "stand here"—"go there"—"keep time"—"finish your stroke"—"back up,"—"steady, they are coming"—"take him low," and so on—he is the one who will play his part fitly in the big world which comes after school. The self-sacrificing doctor who sucked the poison out of a child's throat—did not he take off a heavy charge at Rugby from a smaller boy? The plodding tired leader of an Expedition through swamp or sand or ice—did not he pull on and on at his oar, with his heart pumping, and his tongue like a bit of leather, right on to the flag-boat? And the Civil Servant going daily to a dull desk to copy uninteresting papers, surely he used to stand somewhere in the field where few balls came, without grumbling or worrying the captain with: "I say, Jones, I wish you'd let me bowl an over or two." And the policeman who puts up with abuse, and even assault, without losing his self-control, did he not, as a boy, learn to keep his temper when his shins were being hacked in the football field?

Here are three stories.

A young master in a private school made himself very unpopular; and one morning after school when only Smith and Jenkins

were left in his class-room, Smith drew a very poor likeness of him on his blackboard, and then went home, being a day boy.

Mr. Brown came in and found Jenkins.

"Did you do this?" he asked.

Jenkins said, "No, sir."

"Who did? D'ye know?"

And Jenkins said, "Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

And Jenkins said nothing.

Mr. Brown said: "You won't tell me?"

And Jenkins said: "Please, sir, I—I—I can't, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Brown, as he rubbed the board clean and then wrote this long division of money sum: £23,456 19s. 11¾d. by 987, "you'll stop in this afternoon" (it was a half-holiday) "and do this sum, and prove it by multiplication." And he had to do it. No cricket for Jenkins that afternoon, for it was one of those sums that "won't come right." But Jenkins played the game, and we will give him a thump on the back if we ever meet him; only there are no Mr. Browns like that one, now.

Here is the second story.

The son of a poor country clergyman, on leaving school, came up to London, to a berth in a large place of business; and, after a few weeks, was put to assist the head salesman. He was bidden to pack some goods of the second quality and label them as of the first. This he refused to do. He was, of course, reported forthwith to the manager; and, as he persisted in his refusal, he was dismissed without a character. Being determined not to hang on to his father, he sold such of his clothes and things as he could manage to do without, and took a steerage passage to New York. Now, in a story-book you would probably find that he fell in at once with friends who helped him on, and that, in a very few years, he made a big fortune, returned home, and supported his father and mother in their old age: but in fact it was very different. He went through many humiliations, privations, and disappointments; and, after many years, was only able to keep himself in comfort. But he had played the game. Remember, it does not follow that we shall win every game because we play it rightly; but then—the game is the thing, not the winning. And after all, if you look far enough into the matter, he did win the game.

Here is the third story.

It is now nearly fifty years ago that an excursion steamer on one of the American Lakes took fire. The lake was deep, the ship was crowded with people, and unless the next landing-place could be reached, a horrible death awaited them all. Everything depended on the man at the wheel—which, at that time, used to be placed at the stern. For a steersman's game is to steer straight whatever may happen, and this man had to play his game through the smoke and heat which the rapid pace of the ship drove directly towards him. At last the pier was nearing, and the Captain called out from the end of the bridge, where he was just outside the reach of the fire:

"John, can you hold out three minutes more?"

"Aye, aye, sir! three minutes more it is."

And then presently:

"One minute does it now, John!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" he answered feebly out of the smoke. His oil-skin hat was shrivelling, his clothes were smouldering, his skin was scorching, and he could keep the wheel right only by the weight of his body, for his hands were disabled by burns. And now the ship touched the pier, and the passengers were saved; and the flames, no longer driven aft, stopped short of the wheel, and a couple of piermen dropped on board and lowered the now stupified steersman into a boat, and bore him ashore. After a time he recovered; but the injury to his hands was so great that he was never able to hold the wheel again.

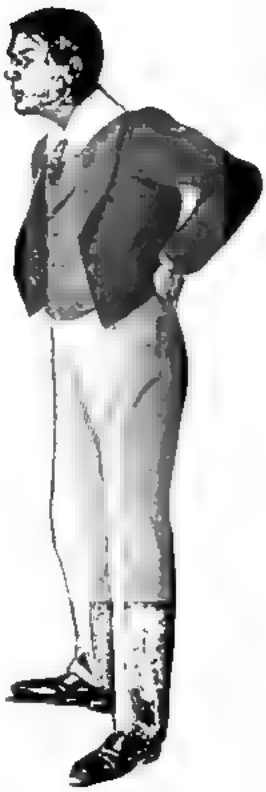
Had he died, what better epitaph could he have had than this? "HE PLAYED THE GAME."

COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of 'J. O. Jones,' "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SKELTON.



SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, one of his colleagues, to take detention for him, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange. When Cox, all unconscious of this arrangement, arrives at Charlton Grange, he is filled with consternation on beholding Mr. Skipjack standing near the tennis-lawn. Without hesitation he decides on a bold line of action, and announces to Pattie Lomax, a girl of fourteen, that he is a boy called Yarningale who has come to explain his friend Cox's absence. When, a little later in the afternoon, Cox confesses to Pattie that he *is* Cox, Pattie promises faithfully to keep his secret. In order to avoid further encounters with Mr. Skipjack, Cox then returns to the school only to find that Hallam has cut detention short and taken Yarningale (still masquerading as Cox) down to the Vicarage with him. Cox thereupon repairs to the village, smuggles himself into the Vicarage grounds, and, when a favourable opportunity occurs, changes places with Yarningale. Previously to this, Yarningale's identity has been discovered by Joan Henderson, the Vicar's younger daughter, who, like Pattie, vows not to say anything about the deception. Joan takes Yarningale to see her white rats, and explains that the "father rat" has been put in a cage by himself because he has displayed a tendency to devour the young ones. Joan is called away for a time, and it is at this juncture that Cox effects the exchange. Being ripe for mischief, Cox, who has overheard Joan's remarks, puts the "father rat" back into the cage containing his offspring, and the "mother rat" into her husband's cage. When Joan discovers the "father rat" attacking one of his children, in her fury she denounces "Cox" as an impostor, and declares that he is really a boy called Lord Yarningale. Cox having proved to the satisfaction of everybody that he *is* Cox, Joan is rebuked by her father and sent indoors. It is shown in the course of the story how Cox, besides annoying Joan and placing Yarningale in uncomfortable situations, also contrives, though, of course, unwittingly, to bring about a coolness between (1) Mr. Skipjack and Miss Lomax, and (2) Mr. Hallam and Miss Henderson. Feeling sure that the boy he saw at the Lomaxes' was Cox, Mr. Skipjack, smarting under the treatment dealt out to him by Miss Lomax, proceeds, after the boys have retired to bed that night, to interrogate Cox about his movements during the afternoon. Cox having given a satisfactory explanation of his doings, Mr. Skipjack, baffled for the moment, ascends in Mr. Hallam's company to the next landing with the object of interrogating Yarningale.

IX.

COX'S dormitory was a long room containing twelve beds. One entered it by a door opening on to the first-floor landing. At the end furthest from the door, and close to Cox's bed, was a spiral staircase leading to the landing above. The boys were not supposed to use this staircase, it having been built expressly for the convenience of the servants.

Yarningale, being in the sixth form, occupied a room on the second landing with one other boy who, at the present time, Cox remembered, was in the infirmary with a sore throat. The usual route from the dormitory in which Cox slept to the room

which Yarningale occupied was the main staircase of the house.

No sooner had the two masters disappeared than Cox glided from his bed, sped up the spiral staircase leading to the second landing, and dashed into Yarningale's room. The little dormitory was dimly lighted by a solitary gas-jet near the door. Yarningale's bed was by the window. Clad only in his shirt and trousers, Yarningale was standing under the gas-bracket, reading a book.

"Get under your bed—quick!" cried Cox. "Don't move or say a word. Look sharp!"

Yarningale was too much in the habit of obeying Cox without demur to ask any questions. He lost no time in getting under his bed, while Cox as quickly clambered into it; then, reclining on his elbow, the latter bent his eyes to the book which Yarningale had been reading, and which he had snatched from him.

A few moments later Cox heard footsteps in the passage, and, as he had anticipated, Mr. Skipjack and Mr. Hallam walked into the room.

Maturing his scheme with that quick adaptability to circumstances which he had inherited, together with a number of other desirable and undesirable traits, from his sire, Cox decided that it would be a good plan to disguise his voice by speaking hoarsely. His ordinary intonation was not unlike Yarningale's, but to the ear which took note of such things it lacked the latter's patrician refinement of accent.

By way of introducing this deception, therefore, Cox, as the two masters entered the room, cleared his throat rather noisily.

Mr. Skipjack frowned at the gas-jet—looking very much as if he would like to give it fifty lines for doing its work so feebly—and then bore down on the recumbent Charltonian.

"You will try your eyes if you read by this wretched light, Yarningale," was his opening remark. "What is your book?" he added, picking up the volume Yarningale had been reading. "Ah! 'Ivanhoe.' Wretchedly small type, of course. If you *will* read till the lights are turned out you should choose a book printed in good large type."

Hallam stroked his chin and hid a smile behind his hand. The idea of a boy carefully relinquishing a work in which he was absorbed for one whose print was more suited to the lighting arrangements of his bedroom had a Sandford and Merton smack about it that appealed to the young master's sense of the ridiculous. However, he knew that his colleague could never miss a chance of being fussy, and he awaited Mr. Skipjack's next remark with amused interest.

Mr. Skipjack had an eagle eye for the disposition of garments. He liked to see clothing properly hung up or folded up, and a sock or boot apparently endowed with roving instincts invariably aroused his ire. His next remark on this occasion proved to possess a groundwork of reasonableness.

"Where," he demanded, "are your trousers, Yarningale?"

Cox's eyes wandered round the room.

"My trousers, sir?" he said, by way of gaining time.

"Yes, your trousers," snapped Mr. Skipjack. "Come—where are they?"

For the life of him Cox could not think of a plausible reply which would explain the absence of the interesting articles referred to. The trousers should by right have been hanging over the back of a chair or on a peg.

However, at the last moment inspiration did not fail him.

"I've got them on, sir," he said.

"Got your trousers *on*—in *bed!*" cried Mr. Skipjack, with that fury which a small-minded schoolmaster can so readily display at the shortest notice. "What on earth do you mean by getting into bed with your trousers on?"

"I—I felt chilly, sir," explained Cox, coughing in an ostentatious way.

"Chilly? It would surely have been more reasonable to have kept your shirt on rather than your trousers if you felt chilly—though, of course, it would be ridiculous to keep either on. It is not cleanly or wholesome to sleep in one's day clothes. An extra blanket would have met the difficulty, and as Evans is in the infirmary——"

Mr. Skipjack paused, as if struck by a sudden idea. Only that afternoon Evans's throat trouble had been diagnosed as diphtheritic—Mr. Skipjack had had this from the matron. And now Yarningale—Evans's stable-companion, as it were—was evidently "feeling" his throat, else why this huskiness? The boy, no doubt, attributed this throat affection to a cold he imagined he had caught, whereas the truth was——

Mr. Skipjack surveyed the youthful countenance with apprehension. Evans had developed symptoms of diphtheria—what more natural than that the boy who shared a

room with Evans should fall a prey to the same fell complaint!

All thoughts of cross-examining the lad about his manner of spending the afternoon were driven from the senior master's mind by the contemplation of this dire possibility. Anybody who has had anything to do with a school will know how infectious disease—even of a mild nature, like chicken-pox—is dreaded. A threatened epidemic of diphtheria would close the school up and spoil the summer term. Mr. Skipjack felt thoroughly alarmed.

"Is your throat out of order, Yarningale?" he asked.

"It feels a bit scrapy, sir," said Cox, speaking in a particularly scrapy voice.

"Let me see it," said Mr. Skipjack.

Cox opened his mou h. As the gas-jet afforded such poor illumination, Mr. Skipjack struck a match and by its light pursued his investigations. He knew that a diphtheritic throat was distinguished by white spots. Although Cox's throat was as healthy a looking throat as any in England, Mr. Skipjack made sure that he could detect several white spots.

"Put on your clothes," he said to Cox, "and come down and see the matron. I will tell her to expect you."

"It's not very bad, sir," said Cox, who did not at all like the turn affairs were taking. "It—it's better than it was, sir."

"You must see the matron," said the senior master, firmly.

"Can't I wait till to-morrow, sir?" pleaded the suspect.

"You mustn't wait five minutes," was the stern answer. "I fancy you have caught something from Evans. You must see the matron at once."

So saying, Mr. Skipjack quitted the room, Mr. Hallam following him.

Cox waited till the masters were out of hearing, and then told Yarningale that he could come out. Yarningale promptly emerged from his hiding-place.

"You've got a bad throat and you've got to see the matron," proceeded Cox with a grin. "You heard what old Skippy said?"

"But, I say, hang it, Cox," remonstrated Yarningale, in his mild way, "this is a bit too thick. *My* throat's all right."

"You've got a dip—what-d'you-call-it throat," insisted Cox, in his most truculent manner. "Get on your coat and cut along to Mother Gracewood."

"It isn't fair," said Yarningale sullenly. "I don't see why you should shove me into things like this."

"Why don't you write home about me?" demanded Cox, roughly. "Write home and sneak about me. Your old grandpater would make a fine row about it if he knew, wouldn't he, and I should be whacked?"

He caught hold of Yarningale's arm and screwed it round.

"Now, then, are you going down to Mother Gracewood?"

"Shut up, you beast!" cried Yarningale, trying to free himself.

Choosing the spot with care, Cox smote Yarningale smartly on the biceps of the screwed round arm, causing his victim intense pain.

"Are you going?" he demanded again.

"No," exclaimed Yarningale, biting his lip to keep the tears back.

"Oh, you're not, aren't you?" exclaimed Cox, ferociously, as he gave his double's arm an extra twist. "We'll see about that."

"Now, Yarningale!" came a stentorian hail from the end of the corridor at that moment.

Releasing his grip of the tortured arm, Cox dived beneath the bed. Directly after, Mr. Hallam entered the room.

"Come, Yarningale," he said, "Miss Gracewood is waiting for you. Put on your coat and come with me."

There was no help for it, and so Yarningale, with no little reluctance, went off with the junior master. When the sound of their footsteps could no longer be heard, Cox crept from his cover and stealthily made his way back to his own dormitory. During his absence the gas had been turned out by the school porter, so his return was unnoticed by anybody.

Cox smiled grimly as he got into bed. He was picturing Yarningale in the matron's room with his jaws extended to their fullest capacity.

"What a sell for old Skippy when Mother Gracewood says he's all right!" thought Cox.

For he, like everybody else at Charlton Court, was aware of the fearlessness and independence of the matron's character. In matters belonging to her own sphere she would brook dictation from nobody—not even from the headmaster himself. To one person only did she own allegiance, and that was the doctor, whose visits to the school were, fortunately, thanks to Miss Gracewood's

care and sound government, of an infrequent nature.

X.

A GOOD many grown-up people who happily escaped bullying when at school do not realise the lengths to which the despotic sway of a boy like Cox can go, but men who, as boys, suffered from the tyranny of those stronger and bigger than themselves, and who honoured the unwritten law which prohibited "sneaking" in any form, will understand and possibly sympathise with the position of Robert, Earl of Yarningale, and heir to the vast Lapworth estates, when he trudged off humbly in Mr. Hallam's wake to be interviewed by the matron. For years Yarningale had suffered pain at the hand and foot of Cox, but no word had he uttered thereupon to any master or to the noble marquis, his grandfather. He bore his maltreatment in silence, and comforted himself with the reflection that he would escape from Cox when the time came for him to leave Charlton Court for a public school.

It is no exaggeration, however, to say that Cox's presence at Charlton Court caused what might have been a very happy period in Yarningale's life to be one which, though not precisely unhappy, was not likely to be recalled by the boy in after years with any great pleasure. It was not exactly the amount of bullying to which Yarningale was subjected which marred the even tenour of his preparatory school days, so much as the ever-present nature of it. Yarningale might go for days unnoticed by Cox, but he never knew when that hand or that foot might not be extended in his direction. Had Yarningale possessed a chum he would have fared better, for a chum would have helped him fight his battles. But he was a self-contained, timid sort of boy, who had no particular friend. He collected stamps and was fond of reading; he was diligent, and stood high in the opinion of the masters, but he played games indifferently, only excelling, indeed, in one pastime, and that a distinctly minor one in the scholastic category of sports—swimming, to wit. In no other form of athletic endeavour did he acquit himself even moderately well, though to be sure he showed a pretty turn of speed when, judging discretion the better part of valour, he fled from his vindictive tormentor. He could run faster than Cox—that must be admitted—but Cox was, firstly, on account of his solid build, and, secondly, because of his devotion to foodstuffs, by no manner of means a sprinter.

The boy character resolves itself into three distinct types. There is the sturdy, oak-like boy who stands firmly on his legs, whose strength enables him to resist temptation with comparative ease, and who turns life to good account, both at school and afterwards; then there is the pliant, willow-like fellow, who bends and gives way for a time, only to rebound and resume his normal course of average well-doing; and then there is the brittle boy, who snaps under pressure like a pea-stick. Of this last-named species was Yarningale, for had he been composed of tougher fibre he would never have submitted so tamely to the dictation of Cox. He was of the type that needs protection. He should have been sheltered by a staunch oak, who, while holding him in contempt, perhaps, should nevertheless have found it in his heart to pity and succour his weakling brother.

Owing, therefore, to his pea-stick nature, and to the fact that he had no oak-like friend from whom to draw courage wherewith to combat the tyranny of Cox, Yarningale found himself in the extraordinary position of having his throat searched for symptoms of a complaint which quite another boy was suspected of having contracted. Of course, Miss Gracewood found his throat as red and healthy as a puppy's, and showed some signs of indignation when Mr. Skipjack suggested that her examination was at fault.

"He is absolutely well," cried Miss Gracewood, whose long acquaintance of boykind and its maladies had rendered her almost infallible in 'spotting" harbingers of ill which many a doctor would not have noticed. "His throat is quite clear, and so is his voice."

"He was speaking very huskily just now," retorted Mr. Skipjack, who disliked Miss Gracewood, not because she was a dislikable person—indeed, a pleasanter lady for the post she held could hardly have been found—but because he disliked almost everybody holding an official position at Charlton Court, from the headmaster down to the boot-boy.

"I expect he had a crumb in his throat," said the matron, with a smile.

"Pray be serious, Miss Gracewood," cried Skipjack, testily. "This is no laughing matter. The boy himself admitted that he was 'feeling' his throat."

"Feeling the crumb, perhaps," rejoined Miss Gracewood, calmly.

Mr. Skipjack uttered a sort of bark. "I must speak to the headmaster about it," he snapped, striding out of the room.

"And meanwhile, Yarningale," said Miss Gracewood, in her unruffled way, "I think you had better go back to bed."

Yarningale retreated with a thankful heart. On regaining his dormitory he found it in darkness, and so, further reading of his book being impossible, he divested himself of his clothes, climbed into bed, and was soon fast asleep. But he had not been asleep half an hour before he was awakened by the sound of voices, and on opening his eyes he found himself to be an object of interest to three observers—a little man with whiskers, the headmaster, and the matron.

"JUST SIT UP AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH," SAID THE HEADMASTER.

"We are sorry to disturb you, my boy," said the headmaster, soothingly, "but we think it advisable that Dr. Winkfield should see your throat. Just sit up and open your mouth."

Yarningale sat up sleepily, wishing heartily that it wouldn't be sneaking to say that he was the wrong boy, and that Dr. Winkfield

would be only wasting his time. He was rather afraid of Dr. Winkfield, as were most Charltonians, for this little whiskered physician was a gifted exponent of the velvet glove and iron hand method. When, for instance, a boy was despatched to his surgery to have a tooth out, Dr. Winkfield would talk about cricket and prattle away as if his victim had come down for afternoon tea; then he would ask the boy to "just sit down here," as if he were inviting him to have some cake; then, still prattling about cricket in a way which, so far from putting his victim at his ease, made him feel ten times more frightened than if the worthy medico had discussed toothache and only toothache, would feel round the swollen gum with a fat, soft finger; and then, smiling with the utmost benevolence and saying something about leg-breaks, would—*ah!* what Charltonian was ever likely to forget that sudden, vice-like grip, that relentless forcing home of the forceps, that savage twist and that barbarous, blood-thirsty wrench!

As well might the victim try to escape as a mouse from the jaws of a cat, for the little soft-spoken doctor's professional frock-coat covered sinews of iron. So all Charltonians who had been favoured with his attentions regarded him with distrust and suspicion; they hated his bland smile and his warm hand; they knew, for all his geniality, what a steel rat-trap he really was, once he got going!

For this reason, although he was aware that having one's throat looked at was one of those things that "didn't hurt," Yarningale opened his mouth with certain misgivings. The doctor was purring in his most ingratiating manner—the old tiger!—and it was generally when he purred in this fear-dispelling (as it was meant to be) way that he proceeded to make his patient yell with agony.

The reader who has never given thought to such a matter may be interested to hear that there are two ways of holding a tongue down—a comfortable and an uncomfortable—and on this occasion Dr. Winkfield lived up to the reputation he had gained in the school by adopting the uncomfortable way. By the light of the candle which Miss Gracewood procured from Mr. Hallam's room, the physician, keeping the movements of Yarningale's tongue in check with his finger—and quite gently—proceeded to peer down the red lane lying beyond it; then, wishing to see a little more of the lane, and not having a spatula with him, he requisitioned Yarningale's tooth-brush, and with the handle of this implement forced the boy's tongue down with such vigour that Yarningale choked violently and endeavoured to wrench himself free. But that steel clutch was on his shoulder, and Yarningale experienced the sensation of utter helplessness which most of Dr. Winkfield's patients could speak to in feeling terms.

Having completed his examination, Dr. Winkfield released his victim and exchanged his scrutinising glare for a smile of lamb-like tenderness.

"I can find nothing wrong with the throat," he said, returning the tooth-brush to the washhandstand, "but I think it will be advisable, under the circumstances, to isolate our friend for a few days."

Yarningale gaped at the speaker. *Isolate!* That meant being kept apart—kept alone!

"I must watch it," added Dr. Winkfield, rubbing his hands in a nice, sociable way. "I daresay nothing will appear to confirm—er—Mr. Skipjack's apprehensions, but I must watch it."

"It will be best to be on the safe side, certainly," put in the headmaster.

The matron glanced sympathetically at the exile-to-be.

"How long must he be isolated, doctor?" she asked.

"A week—say a week. If no diphtheritic symptoms declare themselves by then, we'll let him go. Yes, we'll let him go then. Very hard lines," he added, beaming on Cox like a frock-coated Father Christmas, "but necessary. We *must* guard against infection. Not simply advisable—absolutely necessary. Ab-so-lute-ly necessary."

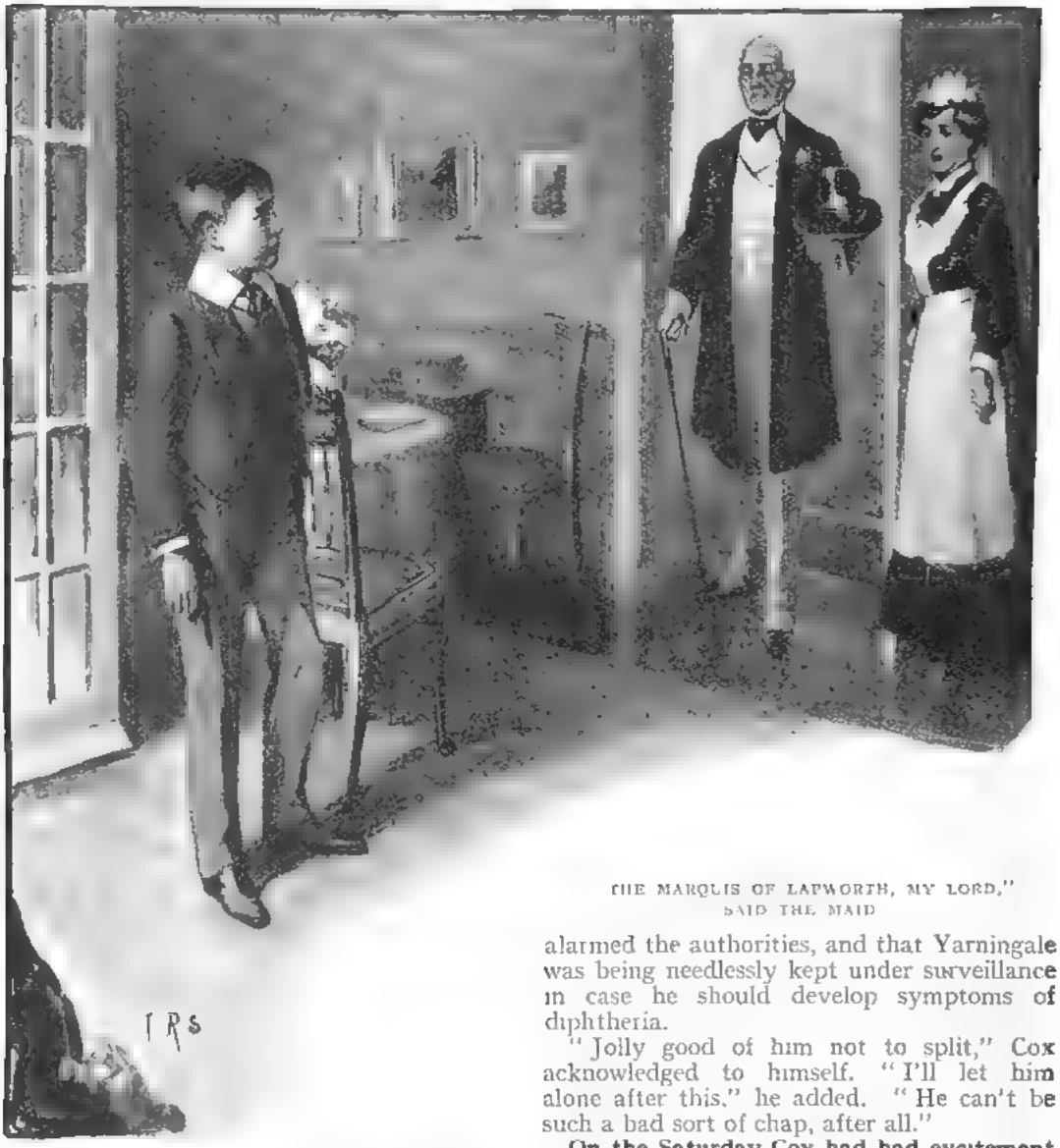
He chuckled and looked at Yarningale, and Yarningale felt that, after Cox, he detested Dr. Winkfield more than anybody else in the world.

"Of course, as he has not developed the complaint," continued the doctor, "we can't send him to the infirmary. He might catch it from Evans. He must stay here—in this room—for a week."

"Poor boy!" said Miss Gracewood.

Yarningale sat mute with misery. Although perfectly well, he was to be imprisoned for a week in glorious June weather. His heart overflowed with hatred of Cox.

"Yes, it *is* hard luck," said the headmaster, "but, as you say, doctor, necessary."



"THE MARQUIS OF LAPWORTH, MY LORD," SAID THE MAID

"Ab-so-lute-ly necessary," said Dr. Winkfield, nodding pleasantly to Yarningale as he turned towards the door.

Cox—let this be recorded in his favour—experienced a slight pang of compunction when he heard that Yarningale had been condemned to a week's imprisonment in his room. The other boys, who didn't bother their heads much about the matter, thought that Yarningale was really ill, but Cox was perfectly aware of what had happened. He knew that his sham throatiness had alarmed the authorities, and that Yarningale was being needlessly kept under surveillance in case he should develop symptoms of diphtheria.

"Jolly good of him not to split," Cox acknowledged to himself. "I'll let him alone after this," he added. "He can't be such a bad sort of chap, after all."

On the Saturday Cox had had excitement enough to last him for a week, so on the Sunday he was at pains to behave with extreme propriety. He felt that the eye of Mr. Skipjack was on him. At church he was careful to give no cause for complaint. He did, to be sure, steal one glance in Pattie Lomax's direction, but the expression on that young lady's face was so frigid that he did not repeat the attention.

"That's it," he said to himself, "she thinks I cut off from her place to go to the Vicarage. She hates Joan Henderson, and that makes it all the worse."

During the sermon Cox's thoughts wandered to Yarningale, penned up in his dormitory, and again it occurred to him that he had behaved very badly to his schoolfellow. Again, therefore, did he register a vow that, when Yarningale regained his freedom, he (Cox) would not only let him alone, but even endeavour to make amends for the wrong he had done him.

And, as chance had it, he was presented with an opportunity of putting this virtuous resolve into shape a good deal sooner than he expected. For the next week-end was half-term, celebrated by a grand garden-party to which the whole neighbourhood (the aristocratic portion of it, that is to say) was invited. Some of the fellows who lived near Charlton went home, but the bulk stayed at the school and entertained their parents.

Dressed in his Sunday best, and looking very clean and proper, Cox, about tea-time on Saturday afternoon, might have been observed lurking in the vicinity of the ancient cedar of painful memory. His father had hinted at the possibility of his running down from town for the afternoon, and Cox was hoping against hope that "the Gov.," as he irreverently termed the celebrated cough-drop merchant, would fail to carry out his threat. For Cox senior had once before visited the school on a similar occasion, at a time when Cox junior was less able to take care of himself, and the Cough-Drop King's genial vulgarity had not served to make the rest of the term an oversweet period for his son and heir.

The lawn was thronged with a fashionably attired company; tennis was in progress here, croquet there; a buzz of polite chatter filled the air; the headmaster and his wife were all smiles; even Mr. Skipjack looked entirely amiable. With something akin to a shudder, Cox conjured up a vision of his affectionate sire shouldering his way through this decorous, well-born mob. His blood ran cold as he heard himself (in imagination) hailed in loud accents as "Bert"; he fairly trembled as he drew a morbid mental picture of his father pouring his tea into his saucer and blowing on it!

"If he does come," said Cox, crushing a daisy under his heel, "he ought to be good for a quid."

This was his one consoling thought. He crushed another daisy and swiped at a butterfly with his hat.

"I'll wait here till I see him," added Cox, "and then I'll take him over the school. That'll use up a goodish amount of time."

He was about to swipe at the butterfly again—it had incautiously, as the way of such foolish things is, revisited his vicinity—when he heard his name called gently.

He turned. Standing by herself, some dozen yards away, was Joan Henderson.

"Oh!" thought Cox, "*her*, is it?" He raised his hat politely enough, however, as he approached her.

She smiled sweetly. One would never have thought that, but one short week ago, she had loudly published her hatred for him.

"How-do-you-do?" said Joan, putting out a daintily gloved hand. "I want to speak to you."

Cox wondered, somewhat uneasily, whether she was going to tackle him about the Father Rat again.

"I want you to do me a favour," Joan went on. "It's rather a big one. I—I want to speak to Yarningale."

"He's in his room—seedy."

She nodded.

"I know. Mr. Hallam told me. I want you to change places with him for half an hour. *Will you?*"

She looked very pretty and pleading. Cox remembered that he owed Yarningale a good turn. He forgot about his father—thought nothing of the risk.

"Yes," he said. "Shall I bring him here?"

Joan nodded.

"If you *will!*"

Cox walked off.

"All right. Wait here."

The half-hour was almost up, and Cox was getting fidgety. The exchange had been a simple matter. No one had seen him go to Yarningale's room. Arrived there, he gave the prisoner his hat, told him Joan wanted to see him by the cedar-tree, and unceremoniously pushed him into the passage.

And now the half-hour was almost up.

Ah! footsteps! His deliverance was at hand. He turned eagerly towards the door.

But—horror! instead of Yarningale there appeared in the doorway a tall, white-haired old gentleman, upright and stern, conducted by one of the maids.

"The Marquis of Lapworth, my lord," said the maid, as she ushered the visitor into the room.

(To be continued.)

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

Photo. by CARTING STONES FROM THE SEA. [E. S. Maples, Mirfield.

HINTS FOR FORMING A CAMERA CLUB.

THE Old Fag has passed on to me a very well-written and humorous little contribution to THE CAPTAIN Club over the signature "Suggester," which is happily chosen, since the suggestions made by the writer are many and sound. I should much like to quote the said contribution *in extenso*, but lack of space forbids this, and I must, therefore, ask "Suggester's" pardon for taking the burden of his screed as the title of my present article, and treating it in my own way.

When there are some dozens of amateur photographers working in a district it would be a pity if they did not combine forces, to form a camera club. The advantages of such a foregathering are: (1) increased keenness, resulting from the spirit of emulation; (2) more rapid advance towards perfection—since a useful tip discovered by any one member soon becomes common property; (3) saving of money, or, what is the same thing, the more profitable expenditure thereof, where the need for duplicating apparatus can be largely avoided. A single enlarging lantern, to take an instance, will suffice for the needs of quite a large number of "clubites."

How to Start.

Many camera clubs exist in an embryonic state without knowing it: *i.e.*, they consist of two or three friends who make pretty free of one another's houses and dark-rooms. Now, if this small band looked round among their acquaintances, they would probably soon find other kindred spirits; and as soon as half a score had been collected they could get to business. The pivot round which a juvenile camera club revolves must necessarily be the dark-room. Adult photographers, each blessed with a dark-room of his own, may meet in solemn conclave round the fire and debate knotty points of procedure; but your boy or girl thinks less of talk than of action: he or she wants a place to "mess" in, as unphotographic elders term it.

From a purely strategic point of view I think that a common dark-room should be on neutral ground. "Suggester" and his friends hired a room over a stable at 2*s.* a week, and fitted it up for themselves; the plumber being called in only to connect it with the water-supply, and presumably to instal a sink. If the dark-room be in a private house it is quite possible that objections may be raised—though parents are wonderfully good-natured nowadays—to the periodic invasion of the premises by a horde of enthusiastic but possibly muddy-booted photographers. Of course, if a private stable or outhouse were requisitioned, that would be a different matter, as not interfering with the domestic economy.

The Sinews of War.

Every member should, of course, subscribe regularly. The amount must depend largely on the ambitions of the club. It would be only fair, by-the-bye, that any member who puts apparatus at the disposal of his fellows should write off part of his initial subscription. Perhaps the best way to start would, therefore, be this. As soon as the list of members is fairly large, a meeting should be held, and apparatus, such as bottles, dishes, lamps, &c., be offered for the common use (with the proviso that, in the event of the club being dissolved, each item shall be returned to its original owner). If further apparatus be required, a levy should be

made all round, those who have given most in "kind" escaping most easily in the matter of cash. For general purposes, such as fitting up the dark-room, all should subscribe. Parents or friends who offer help should be encouraged. If approached tactfully after dinner they might be of solid service. I may here add that when once the members of the club have shown, by their continued keenness, that they really mean business, parents will become very kindly disposed towards their hobby. Wave this in their faces if they aren't.

Election of Officers.

No club is complete without its officials, which can be reduced to two, President and Treasurer. These should hold office for a sufficiently brief period to give every member a chance of serving in one or other capacity. Of course, you must start off with those evidently best suited for the office, who may set things in good running order. A few reasonable

Rules

should be made, and *enforced*. Among them I would include: the regular tidying-up of the dark-room at least once a week: the keeping of dishes and bottles in their proper places (jump on the untidy member): that everybody shall take his turn at the developing tray, and not expect more than his due share of anything.

Chemicals in Common.

Every member should supply his own plates and paper. That is obvious enough. But the question of chemicals is not so easily settled. If the members only play fair, there are decided advantages in the use of developers, toners, &c., in common. Waste is reduced to a minimum; and, if it be decided to work with one or two standard formulæ, I think that better results will be gained thus than from the practice of everybody being "on his own." The members should certainly learn to make up their own solutions. If anybody shows a particular bent towards chemistry, he might be deputed to manage this "department."

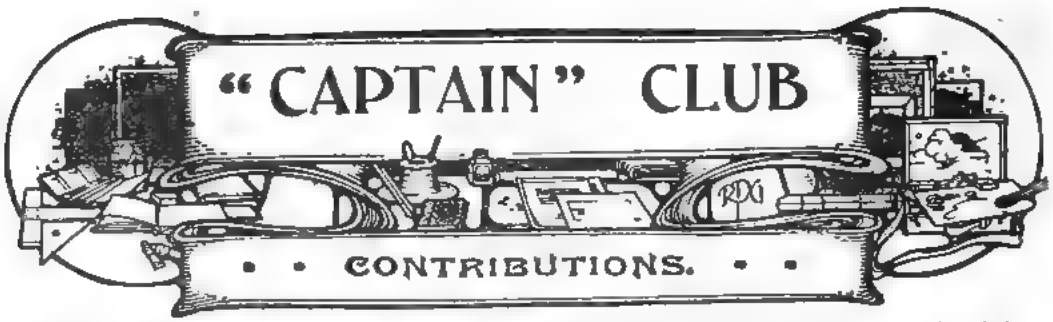
Field-Days

are of importance to keep a club alive. At intervals, say once a month, a day should be appointed for a club outing with cameras. During term-time this will not be within the reach of a good many of my readers: and they should, therefore, try to get as many field-days as possible during the holidays. In some schools, however, I fancy that a few determined spirits could form a camera club, under official auspices, which could manage to have a day in the country now and then. I ought, perhaps, to have laid stress before this on the fact that a club can be run inside the walls of a school as successfully as outside. Many masters are photographers, and are willing to help similarly minded pupils in matters widely dissociated from *Mensa* and $x+y$. Their advice should be sought on the more scientific side of photography—optics, and the action of chemicals used.

Exhibitions

of photos. are the winter counterparts of the field-days of more summery months. They give the members a fair chance of proving to themselves and their friends what advance they have made during the year. After a successful exhibition the parental money-bags will be tied with a rather looser string than usual. Every now and then a really good photograph might be forwarded to the larger public exhibitions or entered for the competitions inaugurated by the makers of photographic materials. (Of course, *all* members will remember The Captain competitions.) Any successes scored would redound to the honour of the club; and cash prizes might well be placed to the general account.

I may conclude with a word or two of warning. Do not go too fast at first. Do not enrol members merely on the chance of their proving useful. Lukewarm spirits will do more harm than good to a club. Better a dozen stalwarts than a score of dilettantes. Expenditure should be rigidly governed by funds in hand; do not buy things in the hope that some generous outsider may foot the bill. Get the promise first, and buy afterwards. I hardly need remind my readers that the helping of lame dogs over stiles is one of the functions of a club of this sort. Everybody should lay what skill and knowledge he has at the disposal of his fellows. The good feeling thus engendered will be one of the most valuable assets of the club.



THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Cave-dwellers of England.

THE average Englishman of to-day is probably unaware of the many strange and remarkable rock dwellings which are to be found in various parts of this country. Perhaps one of the most interesting examples of cave-dwellings to be found in England is that at Knaresborough, a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This cave is situated on the steep hill-side overlooking the River Nidd. The front of the cave is shaped like a fort, and ornamented by gardens leading down to the river. This dwelling is known as Fort Montague. Nottingham can also boast a cave-house. This is the queer old inn called "The Gate Hangs Well," situated at the foot of Castle Hill. The front of the house is built of masonry just like any other, but at the back, where the ground slopes sharply up, the cellars and rooms are carved out of the tough rock.

Just outside Birmingham is a small village formed entirely of cave-houses. Enville, as the place is called, is made up of six houses. Each house has a single window and door, while the interiors are bright with pictures and the like. A few miles from Enville is another cave-village, known as Drake's Rowe, and at other places in the same district, Kinver and Gibraltar, similar dwellings may be seen. Wolverley, near Stourbridge, is another place that can boast cave-dwellings. These dwellings are on a hill-top six hundred feet up. The rock here is a soft red sand-stone, and the houses scooped out of it are not only large and roomy, but very warm and comfortable.

A novel cave is that in the cliff over Whitesand Bay, Cornwall. It was scooped out by a

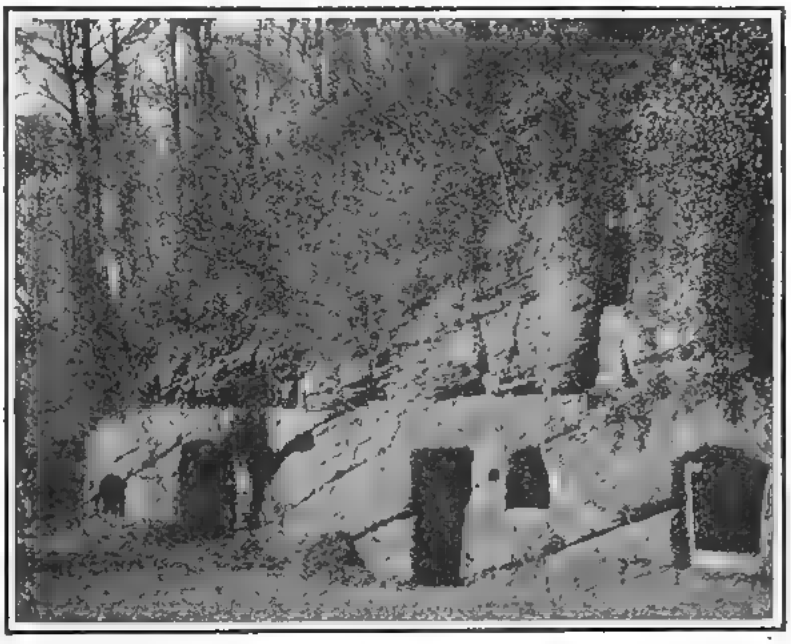
THE DWELLING OF A MODERN TROGLODYTE.
The front of a house scooped out of the solid rock at Kinver, Worcestershire.
Photo. Johnson.

man who lived there for some time for the purpose of curing himself of rheumatism.

ALBERT ALBROW.

Unwritten History.

THE history of our ancient forefathers, who inhabited this island long before the period of which written history tells, has been formed by deductions from numerous discoveries. It is a period of unwritten history. The materials have been gathered from the earth; the discovery of weapons, boats, tombs, &c., has greatly served to enlighten us in regard to the customs and beliefs of our ancestors. Naturally, they were very ignorant at first. This is shown by the extensive use which was made of stone, whereas a more enlightened race would have employed metals. During the stone period, very crude methods were used in industries, and in the manufacture of weapons and boats. The numerous discoveries in various parts of the country can testify to this.



ABANDONED CAVE HOUSES.

A row of rock-dwellings at Klaver, recently evacuated by order of the local authorities. Rooms, doors, windows, &c., have all been scraped out of the soft sandstone.

Some idea of the beliefs of our ancestors of the stone period has been afforded by the discovery of ancient tombs. In the stone coffin, containing the skeleton, have been found all the dead warrior's weapons placed ready to hand. From this fact the opinion has been formed, that the dead man was expected to renew his warfare in the happy hunting-grounds he was bound for.

As time passed, our ancestors became acquainted with metals, probably through intercourse with the traders who visited these shores. Bronze was the metal used, as the process of obtaining iron was not yet mastered. This period of existence is known as the bronze age. The discoveries of this era tell a story of rapid progress. One notable fact is gleaned from the tombs of the bronze age. Dead warriors were buried with their weapons broken, in the idea that all warfare was at an end, and in token of expected rest. Contrast this with the belief of the warriors of the stone period. Surely there are here shown better and higher ideas than the more ancient race had acquired.

SO NEAR AND YET—

A CAPTAIN reader's test for length of arm. Place a coin behind your heel, and try to lift it—with your arm twisted under your knee and round the leg.

Photo. by A. S. Jr.

Gold also was well known to the race of the bronze period. This is shown by the gold ornaments buried with the honoured dead. In ancient tombs, there have also been found fragments of woven stuff, showing that the art of weaving had then been learned.

It is in this manner that tombs and their relics give us some knowledge of what our forefathers were in those remote periods before the written history of our country begins.

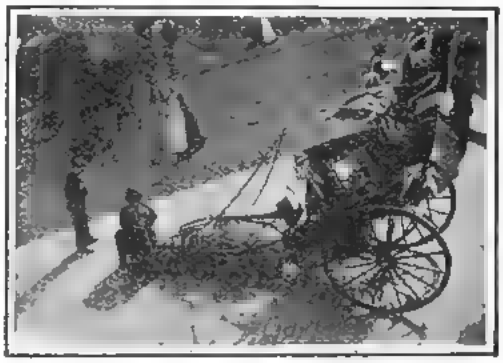
CLAUDIUS.

Welsh "Rugby."

NO doubt it is THE CAPTAIN'S aim to publish good athletic matter to suit the tastes of all lovers of sport, and to give some news of all classes of sport, yet it is surprising how very little is said of Rugby Football in its columns. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Warner's article on "Great Rugby Players," on his first appearance as Athletic Editor, is about the only one dealing with "Rugger" that has appeared in THE CAPTAIN since I've been a reader, and that covers a period of over four years. And even he does not mention Welsh Rugby footballers. This is not complimentary to Welsh Captainites, who believe, and rightly too, that the Welsh are the finest exponents of the game, as was proved on December 16 last.

Is it a feeling of pique which prevents any mention of the Welsh victory over New Zealand being made in the January CAPTAIN? Is it because "Gallant Little Wales" managed to do what Scotland, Ireland, and *England* failed to do, that THE CAPTAIN has no word of praise to bestow on us? What opinion Captainites hold of the Welsh footballers is shown by their popular selection of a British Isles XV. There were *five* Welshmen in the team. Not a bad proportion.

I am sure I was not the only Welsh reader that was rather annoyed by that football story ("Sold!") which appeared in the December CAPTAIN. I think it was a decided snub to Welsh football. The author appears to think that the code practised is a sham amateur one. He accuses both clubs in his story of "selling" the match for pecuniary gain. May I inform him that such a practice is never, under any circumstances, tolerated in Wales? Here they play football for the game's sake, and under the strictest amateur rules. The author's Welsh seemed crude in the extreme, too. Fancy such places as Pennybroath and Llangolly. The only particle of Welsh in either of them is the *Llan* in Llangolly. The rest is—what? It is also curious to note that the author's regard of the Welshmen is ably supported by the artist who illustrates his tale, the latter taking care to make the English visitor (Foster) appear a handsome, clean-limbed athlete, while the Welsh team he depicts as bullies, giving them the most ferocious visages. It is neither fair nor



A FAMILIAR SCENE OUTSIDE "THE CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

The upper end of Bucleigh Street, Strand, where the offices of THE CAPTAIN are situated, slopes steeply, and is a dangerous trap for cab-horses. The scene shown in the picture is of almost daily occurrence.

Photo. by Clifford Turner.

agreeable to Welsh readers to have their countrymen depicted in this manner.

And no one can snub *Welsh* football. Wales has shown her capabilities by defeating the erstwhile invincible New Zealanders, and lowering their proud colours—a feat the other three countries failed to accomplish.

No; football is played in Wales well, for the great Colonial team only managed to score thirty-two points to twenty-two in the five matches they played in Wales, while they could beat most English county teams by a greater score than thirty-two points in one match.

I write all this in defence of Wales and of Welsh football, and in the hope that more mention of "Rugger" will be made in future numbers.

"AP CADRAWD."

[I need hardly say that we of THE CAPTAIN have a very high opinion of Welsh football. My correspondent is talking through his hat when he suggests that we are jealous. As for "Sold!"—that was just a "yarn" that was not in the slightest degree intended to cast reflections on Welsh methods.—O. F.]

COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Last day for sending in, February 10. (*Foreign and Colonial Readers, April 18.*)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work. Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by February 10

The Results will be published in April.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"My Old Machine."***—Presuming that your present bicycle has seen its best days, we want you to write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing its chief performances and naming the qualities for which you have reason to regard it as a good old nag. The reader who sends us the best description of this kind will receive as prize a No. 26 Standard Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle, with Free Wheel and Two Speed Gear, value £9 10s. (See Prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—***"Proverbs of the Month."*** Compile a list of proverbs or well-known sayings which have the month of February for their subject. The prizes will be won not necessarily by the longest lists, but by the lists which contain the best and pithiest sentiments. Prizes: Class I., A No. 1 Cycle Speed Indicator, value 12s. 6d., supplied by Markt and Co.; Class II. A Paint Box, manufactured by Messrs. George Rowney and Co. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II . . Age limit. Twenty.

No. 3.—***"Action Photographs."***—Send a photo. of a horse jumping, a boy kicking a football, a man riding a bicycle, or some other subject of an active nature. We shall devote two pages of our April number to a selection of these photos. Prizes. Three Columbia Graphophones, value 17s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen

No. 4.—***"Birthday Card Verse."***—Send a two-, four-, or eight-line verse suitable for a birthday card. The verse may be humorous or serious Prizes: Three Handsome Post Card Albums. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—***"February Celebrities."***—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of February. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. Prizes: Class I., a No. O. Midge Camera, value £1 1s., manufactured by Messrs. W. Butcher and Sons, Classes II. and III., A Gradidge Football, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit. Sixteen
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve

No. 6.—***"The Best Kind of Pet."***—Describe, in an essay not exceeding 400 words, which animal you consider makes, on the whole, the best kind of pet—that is to say—having consideration for economy in cost of keeping, the amusement and companionship it affords, the cheapness with which it can be obtained, &c. &c. Prizes: Three John Piggott Hockey Sticks. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***April*** 18. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial February Competitions."

12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Old Fag's Dinner Fund.—By Friday before Christmas we had received in sixpences the handsome total of £27 15s. I decided to alter my original intention of sending the money to Mrs. Will Crooks, as a West Ham clergyman informed me that already four distinct Dinner Funds had been promoted in that district for the relief of the unemployed. I therefore had a consultation with the Editor of *The Sunday Strand*, who is in touch with a large number of charities, and decided to split the money up into separate donations of £5. Cheques were accordingly sent to:

The Rev. Stewart Smyth, St. Mark's Vicarage, Victoria Docks, E.

The Secretary, Field Lane Refuges, Vine Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

The Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

The Secretary, Tower Hamlets Mission, Great Assembly Hall, Mile End, E.

The Secretary, Church Army, Edgware Road, W.

The following letters acknowledging our donations show what a very great deal of good a Fund like this can do. Next Christmas we must reopen this Fund and invite even more young guests to dinner at our expense. Captainites who subscribed will experience a glow of satisfaction when they read what my correspondents have to say. Truly, it would seem that a huge amount of happiness can be bought for a five-pound note!

THE VICARAGE, ST. MARK'S,
VICTORIA DOCKS, LONDON, E.

DEAR SIR,—Your readers will be pleased to know that your esteemed donation of £5 helped to give a large number of poor boys and girls in this dock district a good Christmas meal, for which they were most grateful. We also supply over 300 poor boys and girls with good soup and bread daily, but we were very pleased to be enabled to provide the Christmas cheer as well.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) STEWART SMYTH,
Vicar.

FIELD LANE REFUGES, VINE STREET,
CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.
December 21.

DEAR SIR,—I am very grateful to the readers of THE CAPTAIN for their kind grant to our Christmas Dinner Fund. During this week cheer has been given to 1250 poor families all known to the Institution staff. On Boxing Day about 880 homeless men and women will be fed, and on January 10, some 700 poor little children are to have a New Year's Dinner, and about 150 little toddling infants a New Year's tea and a romp.

Yours truly,
(Signed) PEREGRINE PLATT,
Secretary.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION AND SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY,
32 JOHN STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD,
LONDON, W.C. *December* 21, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to get the generous contribution from the readers of THE CAPTAIN, and tender you most hearty and grateful thanks. I purpose spending the £5 in giving a Christmas Entertainment at the Ashley Mission, Peel Grove, Bethnal Green, on Boxing Day. We shall give three ringing cheers for our kind-hearted hosts, not forgetting "The Old Fag," himself.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) JOHN KIRK,
Secretary.

THE CHURCH ARMY,
55 BRYANSTON STREET,
MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.
December 21, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—We are deeply grateful to the readers of your magazine for their generous gift in providing poor boys and girls with food on Christmas Day. We are arranging for the Matron and Manager of our Home at 6 Banner Street, St. Luke's, E., to help these little ones in the way mentioned.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) COLIN F. CAMPBELL,
Hon. Social Secretary.

TOWER HAMLETS MISSION,
GREAT ASSEMBLY HALL,
MILE END, E.
December 22, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to acknowledge with many thanks your expression of your readers' sympathy and interest in the work we are carrying on among the masses of this densely populated district. This token of confidence in our efforts to assist and help the poor, by whom we are surrounded, is very encouraging and greatly appreciated.

Yours very gratefully,
(Signed) FREDK. N. CHARRINGTON,
Hon. Supt.

As we go to press the following further letter is to hand from the Church Army :

THE CHURCH ARMY,
55 BRYANSTON STREET,
MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.
January 1, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

DEAR SIR,—I am now in a position to give you some account of the Dinner which, by the kindness of your readers, we were able to give to a lot of poor boys and girls at our Labour Home in Banner Street.

The children were provided by clergymen of the neighbouring parishes, who, at our request, picked out the most forlorn and destitute they could find. We had 250 of them, and fed them all with roast beef, plum pudding, mince pies, oranges, and similar good things.

They appeared to have enjoyed themselves immensely, and heartily cheered the readers of THE CAPTAIN when the function was over.

You may be interested in knowing a few facts about some of them.

(1) The wife of the officer-in-charge noticed a poor little girl, very thinly clad, sitting at the table, and on further examination it appeared that she had absolutely nothing on but a threadbare petticoat. She not only had her dinner, but was given some clothes and boots in addition.

(2) There were three children present whose father had lately been sent to prison for six months under the following circumstances :

Being out of work their home had been broken up, and every day their condition became more desperate. At last, leaving the room where they lived, he went out into the street and deliberately smashed a large window on purpose to attract attention to the suffering of his family. The magistrate at Bow Street sent the woman and children to the Matron in charge of our Prisoners' Wives Relief work, and that was how the little ones got their Christmas Dinner.

(3) Another case sent by a clergyman was a mother and her child, barely a fortnight old. This hardly came within the category of the children you wanted to assist, but the circumstances were discovered just at the same time, and that family was relieved.

(4) Two children found their way from a wretched home where for days they had been starving. They enjoyed their dinner, and were given some boots, and, subsequent to the dinner, further assistance was given to the father and mother.

You will not be surprised to learn that some of our young guests were so overcome either by joy or hunger that they began to smash up some of the crockery, though it was purposely of an ample thickness. The wonder is, not that this should be so, but that half-starved little urchins should be able to control themselves at all when placed within sight and smell of a good meal.

Will you kindly tell the readers of THE CAPTAIN that we have greatly appreciated their confidence in the Church Army, and their kind thought of our work in making us the medium through which so many boys and girls were made happy, even though only for a short time.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) G. H. NORTHCROFT,
Press Representative.

By the end of Christmas week the total had reached £34 17*s.* 0*d.*, and a further cheque for £5 was handed to the Rector of Spitalfields for the relief of poor children in his district. The surplus I devoted to relieving several necessitous cases that had come under my personal notice.

The following is a list of subscriptions received for The Old Fag's Dinner Fund up to December 31, 1905 :

	£	*s.*	*d.*
The Old Fag	1	1	0
C. B. Fry, Esq.	1	1	0
Leonard C. Haycroft	2	15	6
Some Harrow Boys	2	10	6
G. E. Arrowsmith, and Pater	0	15	0
Harold D. Jones	0	12	6
V. H. Burton	0	10	0
Alec. Armour	0	10	0
M. A. Southern	0	7	0
"Captain" Advertisement Dept.	0	7	0
Collected by Ray. J. Evans	0	5	6
A. G. Hess	0	6	0
Frank Fox	0	6	0
The following sent Five Shillings each :			
Miriam B. Frazer, W. Edward White, "West Hill, Bournemouth," Winnie G. Dowler, Alan Cooper, Frank H. Swallow, H. Ackerley, J. Stanley Uren, Percy N. Young, M. P. Jones, Winifred D. Ercaut, Melville Brewer, W. D. N. Robotham, Gwendolyn Paterson	3	10	0
The following sent Four Shillings each :			
Harold Palmer, H. Thomas, F. E. Bawden, T. T. Townshend, C. Crossley, Claude Bonnett, Boarders at Larne Grammar School	1	8	0
The following sent Three-and-Sixpence each :			
Frank M. Morgan, Arthur Dutton	0	7	0
The following sent Three Shillings each :			
Allan McCurdy, L. Muir-Smith, G. S. Cather, H. Harradence, G. R. Hammerton, "Wisbech," R. D. Canadine, F. G. Nicholas, Cyril Cole, Dorris Stafford, Hedley V. Fielding, C. Stead	1	16	0

The following sent Half-a-Crown each :

Hubert C. Edmonds, Vernon Fincken, "Mark Lane," Evelyn Hewitt, "Nancy," "Wandsworth," W. L. Adams, W. Whelland "Forest Hill," A. B. Whitehill, C. P Tanner, William Aitken Oldfield, M. Child, C. K. Roe, C. Bellew, E. C. Payne, Amy Lambert, Albert Smith, "Mac.," J. Knowles, Madge Kirsopp, Dorothy Armstrong, Elinor M. Bomford, Marian Hewitt, H. Middleton Smith, L. O. B., Theo. Peebles, Irene Peebles, Gerald W. J. Cole, Cyril A. Moss, Frank Haslam, Gladys Gould, Dennis Chesney, Alice Mackie, W. Fish 4 7 6

The following sent Two Shillings each :

"Aunt Buttons," Norman Mallinson, Cyril H. Joynt, James Kellock, Jnr., George K. Poppy, Margaret Barlow, M. Turner, T. W. Spikin, A. U Ground, L. Harrington Fry, Fred. H. Ansell, W. B. Lambert, Irene Henderson, C. Rendell, Jim Aitken, Albert J. Lock, D. Gurney, Wilbye Saxton, "Four Sympathisers," W. K. Dobbin, P. Foot, E. H. Pointer, Nigel B. Young, Fred. Davis, W. O. R. Wynn, R. Brenard, "Robertson," W. J. Turl, "A Friend from Ireland" . . 2 18 0

The following sent One-and-Sixpence each .

Gladys A. W. von Stralendorff, Joan Sterling, Arthur F. Penn, H. Brand, H. T. Munday, Alfred C. Flewitt, R. H. Stanley, R. J. C. Dutton, Jack Crawford, "Manningtree," Luther Curtis, Spurgeon Parker, J. P. Fordham, Will Morton, D. Storer, Cadet B. W. Greathed, G. Hellon Drinkwater, C. Hatch 1 7 0

The following sent One Shilling each :

H. Kenward, A. W. Mallett, "Sympathiser," D. Weston, Alex. Scott, Jnr., J. W. Sergeant, W. A. Lief, A. Boulton, E. L. Keatings, Percival C. Bridge, "Kensington Reader," David Hopkins, Jessie L. Boys, Harry Holdsworth, J. B. Thompson, Edward D. Ede, F. H. Goodwin, Ruby M. Parish, H. O. Inkson, Tom Johnson, T. C. Wright, R. J. Hetherington, G. Nicholson, G. H. Weller, Gordon Downie, J. H. Barry, William G. Hay, Cyril J. Dampney, W. J. Lovegrove, CAPTAIN Outdoor Girl, E. D. Brodie, H. F. Dampney, C. A. Hillen, Harold J. Smith, E. Feltham-Woodrow, C. G Mitchell, G. W. Mitchell, C. C. M. Witney, Alf. W. Dobbin, Norman Perry, S. Wilson, Dorothy Vacher, Bertram E. Radford, R. H. Bowles, J. H. Hamilton, H. (Margate), Donald, H. Champion, Lucy Ehrmann, Edgar Ehrmann, May Gilbert, E. R. Taylor, Sidney B. Wood, E. Courtman, C. H. Burrell, E. L. Ricketts, W. Oldham, "Glasgow," "Captain Club" Member, Thomas Bones, Jnr., Forster Shaw, G. R. Barrett, E. K. Bales, P. G. Bales, E. G. Coomes, Stanley Gall, J. Hinton Robertson, J. H., A. L., S. B. Harris, W. Harrison, H. A., Nina W. Davis, Mary Gillott, Oswald G. Fisher, J. T. Pollard, John F. Harris, P. Russell, C. Fillan, A. S. M. Best, "Three CAPTAIN Readers," C. Cowdell, Hector M. Robertson, P. Dreister, "Bedford," B. H. Owen C. Ford, Jack Sayers, A. V. Porter, C. Keating-Paul, Sidney H. Radcliffe 4 10 0

The following sent Sixpence each :

A. Suggett, Rosa Gibson, Randolph L. Pawlby, J. King, Basil Anderson, "Boxhill," Helen C. Sinclair-Smith, Amy Taylor, H. F. Walton, B. A. and N. Heron, A. W. Robinson, Frances Stuart Brooke, Henry W. Burrows, Alfred B. Bell, D. Nelson, H. Mills-Whittle, George Cozens, H. Dunkley, Edgar J. Barrett, S. H. M., Thomas Wright, R. L. Whatmore, R. A. Inglis, Fred. C. Warburton, Amy L. Allen, G. Layton Bennett, R. Atkins, Chris. Crawford, Herbert H. Long, Wm. Barraclough, Jnr., Constance H. Greaves, "Club Member," Harry P. Hider, Edith M. Haskins, S. M., W. R. Cairns, Bernard E. Jull, Noel L. Brown, W. F. Curtis, S. B., G. E. B., Kenneth Badger, "A Lover of the CAPTAIN," Cadet E. D. Marston, Alfred Mattinson, "CAPTAIN Reader," A. N. Siddle, Molly Rickman, Marjorie Crick, Cedric C. Hogg, Charles Scott, E. L. Joseph, George H. Bird, Maurice B. Reckitt, "Tynesider," Nora ff. Blake, Mabel M. Hewitt, A. D. Gordon, T. Alfred Lowe, Hylton Cleaver, P. M., B. M. Peck, U. M. Peck, L. Tippen, Walter Eccles, F. J. Ward, John M. Faulconer, W. R. Gresty, F. Tucker, M. Tucker, Ella M Kirkpatrick, Lindsay Boyle, Miss Fairbrass, C. Maud Heddy, Albert Albrow, A. J. Pearce, R. W. Jepson, K. A. Jepson, J. T. S., Arthur E. Boucher, C. Howlett, G. Thomas, J. D. Barron, C. S. Crowther, P. Cottee, F. Harman, F. R. Whitehouse, R. G. Hodder, P. A. Maydevell, Wilfrid J. Collings, C. A. Gibson, W. L. Palmer, E. M. F., E. Jepson, P. Monckton, E. J. Patterson, A. C. Taylor, Charles Stiebels, G. A. Fleming, N. Hyne, Frank Langford, W. Gundry Jnr., Maisie Bridge, Rosalind Bridge, K. R. Tasman, E. R. Dutton, Frieda Kipping, C. MacAlpine, A. Lewis, J E. D., J. Douglas Hounam, Winifrede M. Paul 2 16 0

Sale of Autographs.—Ethel R. Pringle, 3s.; Alan Boulton, 5s.; Raymond Dobb, 2s. 6d. 0 10 6

Total . £34 17 0

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE NEW LIBERAL MINISTRY.
Photo. Haines.

Scholarship-Appointment Competition. — Mr. James Munford, Director of Kensington College, Bayswater, W., has forwarded me the result of this Competition, announced in our September, October, and November numbers. Competitors were set a general knowledge paper, consisting of twelve questions, the Prize being one year's training at Kensington College and a satisfactory appointment when qualified. Mr. Munford, in adjudicating the papers submitted, commented on the high standard attained by them all.

Eighty marks out of a possible hundred were obtained by

George H. Schofield (age 16), 20 Kilton Lane, Pitmoor, Sheffield, and

Clarissa Mary Herrick (age 18), Killarney House, Wooton-under-Edge, Gloucester.

Age being taken into consideration, the Scholarship was accordingly awarded to George H. Schofield, whom I heartily congratulate upon his success.

In addition to the Scholarship, Three Prizes of One Guinea each were offered by THE CAPTAIN for the best papers sent in by a candidate under eighteen, by a candidate under sixteen, and by a Colonial candidate. These have been awarded to:

George H. Schofield, 20 Kilton Lane, Pitmoor, Sheffield; Elsie Paterson (age 15), 3 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh; Digby Harris, Oak Cottage, Kumaon, India; who obtained eighty, fifty, and fifty-five marks respectively.

T. B. Sadler and Harold B. S. Yeoman each obtained sixty-five marks, and are highly commended.

The Youngest Member of the Ministry.—The following interesting particulars about Mr. Winston Churchill, which I found in the *Star*, suggested to me the publishing of Mr. Churchill's portrait in THE CAPTAIN. Says the *Star*: "The most 'picturesque' appointment which has been made is that of Mr. Winston Churchill to the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies.

He is only thirty-one years of age, but has already 'shoved behind him,' as Mr. Kipling would say, a whole lifetime of experiences. The son of Lord Randolph Churchill and of the clever American lady who is now Mrs. George Cornwallis West, he went from Harrow into the Hussars, served with the Spanish forces in Cuba, saw more 'life' with the Malakand Field Force, the Tirah Expedition, and the Nile Expedition, and was at the battle of Khartoum, attached to the 21st Lancers. Then the scene changed to South Africa, where, as a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, he witnessed some of the most thrilling scenes of the late war, was taken prisoner, and made a sensational escape. His adventures have been published in several volumes, but he has now settled down to serious politics, in which he displays all the audacity and independence which characterised his lamented father. He was elected for Oldham as a Conservative, but has shaken off the antiquated shackles of that party for good, and stands now for free trade and progress."

Wind *v.* Steam.—After accepting this story—one of the very best yarns, in my opin on, that we have ever published—it occurred to me to ask Captain Shaw whether it would be possible for the *Ajax* to steam to the Thames from Sydney without coaling on the way. Here is his reply to my letter. With regard to Captain Sleek's decision to go round the Horn instead of through the Magellan Straits, as would be the more likely course for a steamer undertaking this voyage, the author has also something interesting to say:

"When freights are low and cargoes small, it is no uncommon thing for a steamer to utilise a considerable portion of her cargo space for bunker-coal. The owners find it cheaper to fill up the vessel's coal-supply at a port like Sydney, where coal is cheap, than to allow the ship to call at Punta Arenas, where coal is at famine prices. I, myself, have steamed, on many occasions, a distance of 14,000 miles without rebunkering; and this is the experience of many seamen.

"With regard to your question about the passage through Magellan Straits, the choice of the two courses is usually left with the commander of the vessel. There are so many circumstances governing the navigation of that channel—the season of the year, the state of the weather, the condition of the tides—that

THE WINNING PICTURE POST-CARD DESIGN.
Drawn by Alfred Cooke.

no specific law can be drawn up for the captain's guidance. In many cases it is a distinct gaining in time to take the (apparently) longer route round Cape Horn. Especially would this be the case when the ship had no need to call at Punta Arenas—in the Straits—for coal.

"*Apropos* of the captain's discrimination being employed, I can tell you a story. I met the captain of a German steamer in Valparaiso some two or three years ago; and, on asking him which route he intended to follow on his homeward journey, received the reply that he would go round the Horn, as it was possible to come across many small icebergs, which would be admirably adapted to *cooling his somewhat large supply of beer!*"

THEIR ONE CHUM WAS THE RABBIT.

Sad Death of Pet Rabbit.—The back of my flat (I live in West London) looks upon a poor but respectable thoroughfare, the rental of the houses being about fourteen shillings a week, and the inhabitants thereof such folk as policemen, railway guards, and artisans. Directly opposite the back of my flat lives a stout, jolly-looking plumber with a thin, sour-faced wife and a couple of chubby children, apparently twins. Their garden is some twenty yards long, and the twins practically spent the summer in it. They were out in it at seven in the morning, and they only went indoors for meals, though, as often as not, they took their meals in the garden. The companion of many of their long summer-day frolics was (as depicted by our Tame Artist) a rabbit, which appeared to enjoy its spells out of the hutch in its own quiet way, traversing the garden with its peculiar little leaps and browsing on such degenerate vegetation as the poor London garden-soil afforded. The twins loved the rabbit dearly, and often embraced it with strenuous hugs. When they wrestled with one another the rabbit would squat near by and gravely act as umpire. So the summer passed. Never once did the twins go away; all the long summer they never saw a green field or a hedge. The back garden was their world, and their one chum—their one fellow—was the rabbit. At length came October, with wind and rain. The twins had to play within-doors now, and the rabbit was confined to its hutch. The autumn wore into winter, and I fear me the jolly-looking plumber must have lost his job, for he seemed to be a good deal at home. At length came a certain Sunday when the pinch of poverty must have been felt in the jolly plumber's house. About nine o'clock the plumber and his sour wife came out—the twins toddling after them—and held a long confabulation by the rabbit's hutch. The plumber seemed to be acting as counsel for the defence. Meanwhile the twins talked to the rabbit through the wire. The plumber and his wife went indoors, and probably continued the argument there. The woman must have won the day, for presently, about 10.30, she came out, opened the hutch, and dragged the rabbit out by its ears. She took it indoors, *and shut the children out.* The dreadful moments went by. . . . I knew instinctively what was happening. At length the back door opened and the woman appeared again *with the corpse of the rabbit in her hands.* This she hung on the clothes-line. When it had been suspended there for an hour, she took the body down and bore it indoors. At 1.30 the twins were called in, and at 2 they reappeared in the garden, visibly fatter, and each *gnawing a bone*

Last scene of all: on Monday a rag-and-bone man called, inspected the skin, and gave the woman twopence for it.

Nearly every poor neighbour of mine in this little street has a domestic pet. Should things go hard with that railway porter in No. 4, perchance his canary's note will be stopped with a murderous suddenness; should the policeman in No. 6 fall short with his rent, his frisky little terrier may go to swell the contents of his family stew-pot; and should that cadaverous umbrella-mender in No. 8 experience the pangs of

A TRIPLE CAPTAIN.
The Captain of Football, Cricket, and Swimming at Lancing College.

hunger, I have fears for the longevity of his *tortoiseshell cat*.

The fate of the Pet Rabbit conjures up many such grim thoughts in my mind. The plumber is at work again now, but the door of the hutch swings dismally in the wintry wind. The twins are always indoors now. The garden is quite empty.

The Real Sailor.—In a recent number one of our critics took Mr. Frank Bullen to task for insisting on the bluffness and breeziness of sailors. Our critic remarked that, so far from being bluff and breezy, sailors are really very quiet men, as "the sea subdues them." For the expression of this opinion we received the commendation of *The Syren and Shipping*, and "F. J. G.," a contributor to that influential journal, has since broken into verse on the subject, as follows:

"It's true, what captious critics say:
The sailorman is rather quiet.
He doesn't 'darn his eyes' all day,
Nor spend his nights in grog and riot.

"He is not always raucous-voiced,
Or lacking in the gentler graces.
His 'slacks' he does not always 'hoist';
He even now and then wears braces!

"Ashore, he does not always smack
Upon the shoulder, passing parties,
And hail them on the starb'd tack
With, 'Heave-aho, avast, my hearties!'

"In fact, his 'breeziness' is 'bluff,'
Though yarners try to prove him taller,
The sea subdues him quite enough,
And owners make him feel still smaller!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

School Sports.—A. M. Douglas sends me the results of the Geelong Grammar School sports, which I append:

One Mile.—L. Fairbairn, 4 min. 56½ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—G. McArthur, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—S. Dobson, 10½ sec.
Hurdles.—A. Bagot, 17½ sec.
High Jump.—A. Hearn, 5 ft. 5½ in.
Long Jump.—A. Bagot, 19 ft.
Vault with pole—A. Hearn, 9 ft. 1 in.
Cricket Ball.—W. Orchard, 100 yd. 5 in.
Weight.—P. Eardley-Wilmot, 29 ft. 2 in.

It will be noticed that capital performances were accomplished in the 100 Yards, the High Jump, and Throwing the Cricket Ball. The High Jump of 5 ft. 5½ in. is, indeed, a school record, and as the winner is only sixteen years of age I shall expect him to do great things in the near future.

A copy of the school magazine of the Upper Canada College, Toronto, containing results of the last sports there has also been sent to me. The open events resulted as follows:

Mile.—J. M. Baker, 5 min. 17 sec.
Half-Mile.—V. A. E. Goad, 2 min. 18 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—C. G. Wilson, 57½ sec.
220 Yards.—J. Gzowski, 25 sec.
100 Yards.—C. A. Wilson, 10⅘ sec.
High Jump.—J. Gzowski, 4 ft. 10½ in.

Belated school sports results, from the Queen's School, Taunton, which have also reached me, I include likewise:

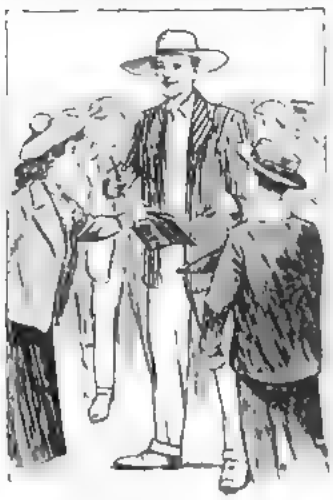
Mile.—H. S. Reed, 5 min. 13 sec.
Half-mile.—Pepper, 2 min. 12 sec.
220 Yards.—Smith, 24⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—Msimang, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—Lee and Hewitt, 19 sec.
High Jump.—Lee, 4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.—H. S. Reed, 17 ft. 11 in.
Cricket Ball.—J. P. Risdon, 83 yd. 2 ft.

The Age for Leaving off Etons.—"N. K." is greatly perturbed because, although he is nearly seventeen years of age—and a big fellow, too—his guardian insists upon his still wearing Etons. He says: "Don't you think I am too old? When I bought some high collars a short time ago, and wore them, my guardian was most awfully angry, and I was swished and put back in disgrace into Etons. When I went in for the London Matriculation I was the only fellow of the whole lot in Etons. On the birthday of my chum, who is six months younger than I, we went to a theatre. He wore a high collar and evening dress, and I, who was much bigger and stronger, was dressed in Etons. And I am certain that I should have been made Vice-Captain of our football club, only they thought me rather a kid because I wore Etons. My guardian says it is all stuff and twaddle when I point out this. I do not see when it will all stop, because I have only just had a new Eton suit and more collars, which have had to be specially made for me.

What can I do to make my guardian see that I am too old for Etons?" I certainly think that a boy of seventeen should have said good-bye to Etons. If "N. K." will tell his guardian that this is the opinion of a gentleman who has had a wide and varied experience of boys, it may have the desired effect, and I hope he will very soon blossom forth into a coat and collar more to his liking.

Cestus asks me for advice on the choice of a boxing-club in London. As a silver medallist at Aldershot, he is anxious to continue practice in his favourite sport. This is rather a difficult matter on which to give advice. There are many boxing-clubs in London, and a number of them turn out first-rate men and afford excellent opportunities for good sport. "Cestus" must bear in mind, however, that the membership is more mixed in a boxing-club than in almost any other kind of sporting community. He cannot do better, I think, than join the Belsize Boxing Club, which has its head-quarters in St. John's Wood, N.W. One might go so far as to say that the Belsize Boxing Club is the premier club in London. The prowess of its members is well known, and it is constantly receiving recruits from the public schools. "Cestus" will find many other Aldershot silver medallists amongst its members. The secretary tells me that at the present time the club includes old boys from the following schools: Aldenham, Bedford, Berkhamstead, Charterhouse, Cheltenham, Christ's Hospital, City of London, Clifton, Cranleigh, Dulwich, Epsom, Eton, Felsted, Haileybury, Harrow, Highgate, King's College, Leamington, Llandovery, Loretto, Malvern, Marlborough, Merchant Taylor's, Radley, Repton, Rugby, St. Paul's, Tonbridge, University College School, Uppingham, Westminster, Winchester.

Autograph Collecting.—Phyllis Harding is an autograph collector, and sends me an essay on this hobby for the "Captain Club" pages. The essay, however, is hardly substantial enough for publication in that department, but there are one or two items in it which are worth quoting. For instance, "I got Jessop's autograph in pencil on the Cheltenham ground, but I wanted it in ink, so I asked him again six weeks afterwards at the Oval, and he recognised me. Sammy Woods' autograph is quite a curiosity. It is illegible, as he was in a bad temper and scribbled. Often and often I have had a cluster of boys with me round some man, and he has refused to give his autograph to any of the boys, but gave it to me." It would certainly seem that Miss Phyllis gets a pull over the boys when it comes to bothering a famous cricketer who is making his way to the pavilion with his thoughts intent on cold beef and cherry-tart. My correspondent is not very kind to Mr. Woods, the great-hearted Somerset skipper, who, I hear with regret, contemplates resigning his captaincy at the end of the 1906 season. When the captain of a team is debating with himself some important matter of policy, he cannot always be expected to smile in an affable way on suddenly finding an autograph-book pushed under his nose and a pencil thrust into his hand.



"BUT GAVE IT TO ME."

Albert Smith wishes to attend a course at the School of Mines at Freiberg, in Saxony, and asks for information as to the cost of living in that part of Germany. His expenses in Freiberg should not be very heavy, and he ought to be able to live very comfortably on £120 a year. I cannot say that I know of any *pension* in Freiberg which I can recommend to him, but he will do well to put up at the Hotel de Saxe, say, for a day or two while looking round and making arrangements on the spot for board and residence. The best plan of travelling to Saxony is to take a single ticket to Dresden by the Queenboro'-Flushing route, and to rebook at Dresden for Freiberg, as there are no through tickets issued in London. The cost of a first-class ticket to Dresden will be £4 18*s.* 4*d.*, or second-class £3 10*s.* 8*d.*, while the cost of a ticket from Dresden to Freiberg will be under 10*s.* second-class. An excellent service would take him from London (Victoria) at 9.35 A.M., and land him in Dresden at 11.13 the next morning. He would then need to drive across the city to the Central Station, and departing thence at 12.25 P.M. he would arrive at Freiberg at 1.39 P.M. Readers who are in doubt with regard to arrangements for travelling abroad will find the Touring Association of the Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W., a wonderfully well-informed agency.

"Bolek."—When we tell competitors to look up the names of celebrities in almanacks, we mean such almanacks as "Whitaker's" and "Hazell's Annual." You will also find much useful information about celebrities in "Who's Who." As for the language of the Competition Editor being "vague," there I cannot agree with you, as I can conceive nothing simpler than the instructions for our "Celebrities" competitions. You are asked to write about a well-known man or woman, a dead one if you like, a live one if you like. Your choice of subject depends entirely on the extent of your reading or your knowledge of people who are before the public eye. The handling of the subject is what counts. A good essay on Henry I. would have just as good a chance of winning a prize as a paper on a gentleman who now figures prominently in the daily press—say, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; or a description of the virtues of the famous Queen Eleanor, who sucked the poison out of her husband's wound, would be marked impartially side by side with an essay on the talents and graces of Miss Ellen Terry. It is delightful to think of the illimitable field one can traverse in search of a subject for a celebrity essay. In fact, I almost wish I were a boy or girl again (I mean, a boy again) in order that I could go in for this competition.

THE OLD FAG.

Further Answers to Correspondents will be found on Advt. page xxiv.

Results of December Competitions.

No. I.—"Twelve Best Authors."

(No age limit.)

WINNER OF BILLIARD TABLE: P. Eustace Petter, "Elmcote," Ilfracombe.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alex Scott (Jun.), Burnside House, Tillicoultry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Fawcett, Tom Marston, Albert Bentley, Edwin Cawthron, J. A. Carter, D. L. Dow, Norman H. Sharp, H. G. Prosser, A. B. Harrower.

No. II.—"Picture Post Card Design."

(No age limit.)

WINNER OF ROBT. H. INGERSOLL AND BROS. "BONHEUR" WATCH: Alfred Cooke, Greystone Road, Penketh, nr. Warrington, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Joseph Taylor 40 Northgate, Baildon, nr. Shipley, Yorks; W. C. Perkins, 2 Grosvenor Villas, Grosvenor Road, Coventry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Leslie Collins, Muriel Cranfield, Randolph L. Pawlby, Winifred A. Morton, George F. Brodie, Frank P. Newbould, Nora Ffrench Blake, H. C. G. Ellis.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Mayne Reid, 1 Grange Road, Alloa, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harry W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. S. Maples, James E. T. S. Hilton, William Livermore, R. W. Copeman, Charles Pratt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: G. S. B. Cushnie, 182 Grove Street, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Reginald C. Philips, Wm. Cook, G. C. Heslop (Jun.), W. Gundry (Jun.), L. E. Bastable, A. S. Pentelow, Kathleen D. Murray.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Geoffrey Harrison, Ballincar, Sligo, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. R. Rubin, L. Ruming, W. Mackay, A. G. Gurney, Edwin C. Long, P. W. Owen.

No. IV.—"December Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: B. Overbury, Hale Road, Bowdon, Cheshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. H. B. Wills, Narrow Coombe, Islington, Newton Abbot.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. de M. Lainé, A. Tapply, Cyril Thomas, G. Okeden, Thomas Bones, G. A. Taylor, T. W. Spikin, L. C. Whetham, W. H. L. Gronow, F. Hill, E. B. Stanwell, G. C. Mortimer, Joseph Morgan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: George A. Birkett, 10 Ellerslie Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Jack Carter, St. Thomas's Manse, Coatbridge, N.B.; H. L. Williams, "Carberry," Albert Road, Caversham, Oxon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Mellor, G. H. Schofield, G. E. Lexon, A. G. Clutterbuck, E. J. Morris, J. M. Douglas, H. B. Usher, W. Atkinson, H. B. Champion.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" FOOTBALL: Douglas G. Colyer, 165, Culverley Road, Catford, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith A. Raistrick, Preston Fairman.

No. V.—"Map of Manchuria."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY PAINT BOX: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe Road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles George Wintle, C. H. Cruttenden, T. J. Gillott, G. Austen Taylor, W. G. Edmunds.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY PAINT BOX: Henry G. Macpherson, 208 High Street, Portobello, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Stanley W. Le Feaux, Douglas E. Hearn, A. J. F. Tracey, William M. Marshall, James Haddock (Jun.), W. Bass, Herbert Purslow.

No. VI.—"Idea for Story."

(No age limit.)

WINNERS OF 5s.: Basil M. Peck, 8a Randolph Road, Maida Hill, W., George Long, The Shrubbery, Whitchurch, Hants, Daisy Campbell, 19 Brookside, Cambridge; M. E. Thomson, 39 Atherton Road, Forest Gate.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nora Playne, W. B. Darvill, Shirley Wilson, Annie E. Johnson, B. Mitchell, G. Greenwood, Ed. Smerdon, J. Y. Morris, S. G. B. Wills, T. W. Cooper, Nora Giltman.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(October 1905.)

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Fitzherbert Howell, 62 Henry Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leslie H. Burket (Canada), John Allison (Cape Colony).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Ronald A. Birbeck, 39 Temple Lane, Kingston, Jamaica.

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Thomas F. Tolhurst, Scott Street, Parkside South, Adelaide, South Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joseph Boase (Australia).

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: W. J. Perrott, Clauscutum, Rosebank, Cape Town.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Benjamin Smellie (India), G. Caris (Jun.), Cape Colony.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the December Competitions.

No. I.—The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:

George Meredith	*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*
A. Conan Doyle	*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
Hall Caine	*The Eternal City*
J. M. Barrie	*The Little Minister*
Rudyard Kipling	*The Light that Failed*
Thomas Hardy	*Far from the Madding Crowd*
Rider Haggard	*King Solomon's Mines*
Stanley Weyman	*A Gentleman of France*
S. R. Crockett	*The Stickit Minister*
Anthony Hope	*The Prisoner of Zenda*
W. W. Jacobs	*Many Cargoes*
Marie Corelli	*The Sorrows of Satan*

We congratulate the winner of the Billiard Table (value £8 8s.) His list was the best in every way. There were a large number of entries for this Competition, but a great many readers failed to realise that a list of *living* authors was required.

No. II.—Well-thought-out evening scenes were successful in Classes I. and II., while in Class III. a capital portrait study won the prize.

No. IV.—Excellent essays were sent in by competitors in Classes I. and II., and selection was a matter of some difficulty. The favourite "Celebrities" chosen were Milton, Kipling, Gladstone, Beethoven, John Morley, and the Queen. Competitors in Class III. are certainly young, but they should bear in mind that the entries are not, as a rule, very large, and consequently a prize is not difficult to obtain.

No. V.—Some excellent maps of this somewhat difficult subject were submitted, the winning efforts being remarkable for completeness of detail.

No. VI.—Quite a number of interesting "plots" for short stories were sent in, and a good many others which were decidedly lacking in originality. The four selected should make quite good reading if they ever appear in short story form.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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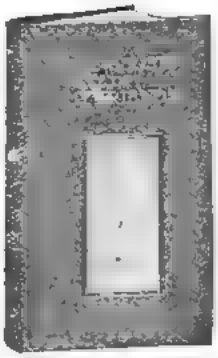

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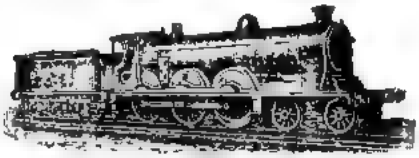

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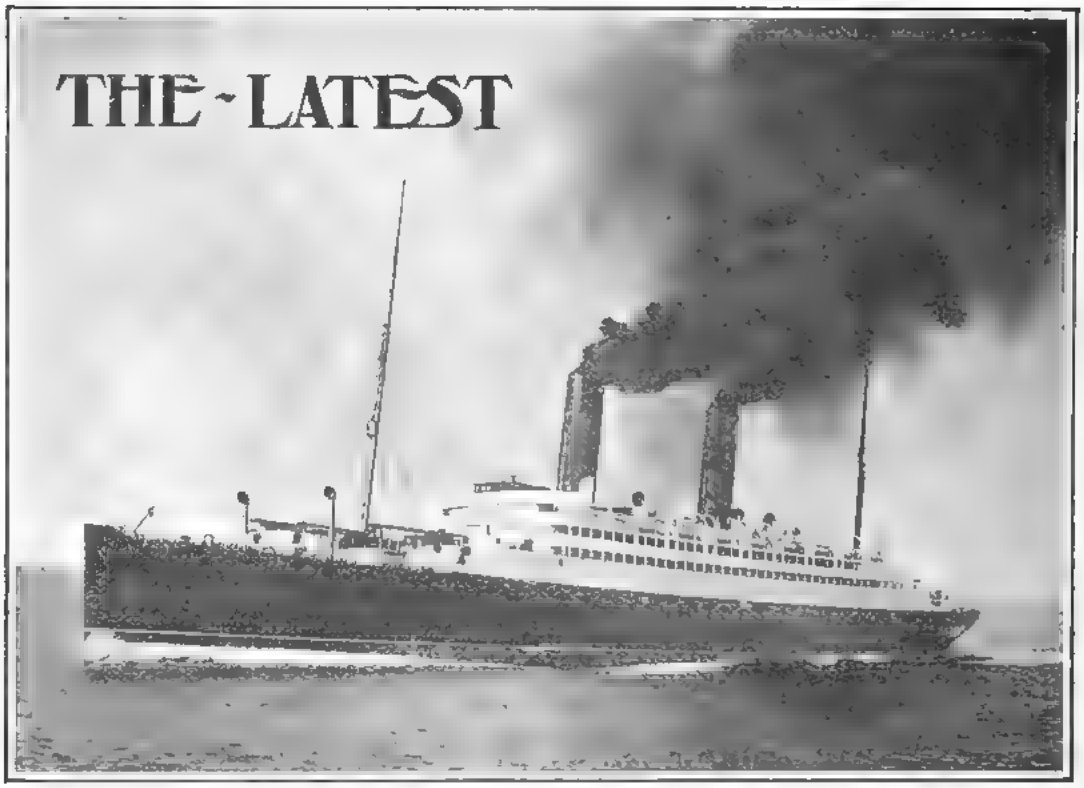


THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE CUNARD FLEET, R.M.S. "CARMANIA"
Photo. by permission of the Cunard Steamship Co.

The Triumph of the Turbine.

On this page is reproduced a photograph of the Cunard Company's great turbine steamship *Carmania*, which recently made her first voyage across the Atlantic, and arrived outside the bar of New York punctual almost to the second, despite heavy weather encountered during the passage. The *Carmania*, indeed, accomplished not only all that was expected of her, but more. The trial voyage in bad weather was necessarily slow—7 days, 9 hours, 31 minutes—but it is not the policy of the Cunard Line to push their steamships on a maiden passage. The highest day's continuous run was 457 miles, and the lowest 305.

The great advantage of the turbine engine would seem to be the immense increase of stability which it procures; and experts on the *Carmania* expressed the opinion that it had come to stay, and that from this time steamship builders would be forced to adopt it. Not the slightest vibration was felt by the passengers, the screws did not race, and although the seas were high and the gales strong the *Carmania* rode as smoothly and solidly as a ferry boat. Witness the fact that out of more than 1000 passengers, not a single case of seasickness was reported! An unique record!

Another remarkable illustration of the *Carmania's* steadiness is furnished by this statement of one of the passengers: "Before we left Liverpool, I filled a glass with water, and placed it on a shelf in my state-room. Not a drop of that water was spilled on the voyage, and we had very rough weather."

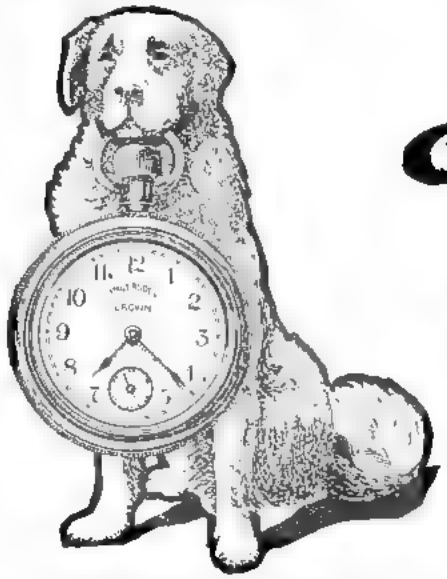
It is expected that the average speed of the *Carmania*, when her machinery is limbered up, will be 18 or 19 knots. With two more great turbine steamers of 25 knots now building, we may surely look to the Cunard Line to wrest from the Germans the coveted blue riband of trans-Atlantic supremacy.

The Latest Catastrophe.

SELDOM has a catastrophe of such appalling magnitude as that at Charing Cross Railway Terminus in December last been attended with such a fortunately small list of casualties. Those readers who did not witness the scene of ruin and devastation for themselves can

Continued on page xvi.

LOOK FOR INGERSOLL ON DIAL.



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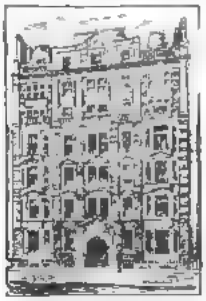

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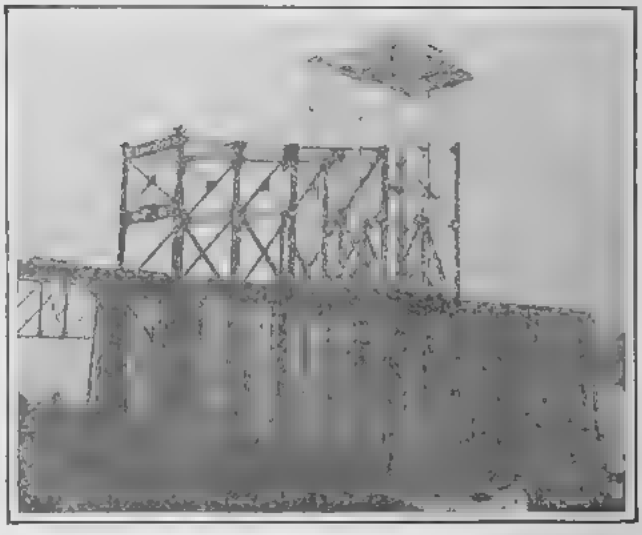
A STRIKING VIEW OF THE CHARING CROSS CATASTROPHE
Photo. by Pi s

glean some faint idea of the wreckage from the accompanying photograph. It appears that the falling of a large portion of the roof caused the snapping of an important tie, with the result that the walls on either side tottered and were dragged over, crushing beneath their terrific weight a train which lay below. It is lucky, indeed, that the accident should have occurred at the far end of the station. One shudders to think of the result had the collapse taken place over the departure platforms and circulating area.

A Gigantic Bridge Span.

THE accompanying photograph depicts the first stages of a new bridge now in course of construction across the St. Lawrence River, at Quebec, Canada. When completed, the bridge will be the longest single span in the world, exceeding the two middle spans of the Forth Bridge, each 1700 ft long, by nearly 90 ft



THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW BRIDGE AT QUEBEC.

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THE ART SHOP

A Novelty in Home Exercises.

WHAT may be termed a "self-contained" home exerciser has recently been devised by Mr. F. Meredith Clease, a late member of the Aldershot Gymnastic Staff, and, at one period (if we mistake not), director of physical exercise at Haileybury College. The peculiarity of the "Clease-Extensor" is that the simple apparatus does not require to be fixed to the wall or door (as is the case with other exercisers), but is "self-contained"—in the sense that the different parts of the body are made to offer the necessary resistance to each other for the purposes of exercise. Obviously, this system is capable of producing more harmonious results: for it is impossible that one set of muscles should be cultivated and developed at the expense, or to the exclusion, of others. The "Clease-Extensor" apparatus needs no verbal description, the accompanying photograph being self-explanatory. Ten minutes with it before the morning tub is heartily recommended to everybody.

MR. F. MEREDITH CLEASE OPERATING THE "CLEASE-EXTENSOR" HOME EXERCISER.

A Monster Christmas Cake.

GULLIVER in Brobdingnag, as he sat at his royal captor's table and watched the giant courtiers shovel huge chunks of food (as it seemed to him) down their rapacious maws, can hardly have witnessed any table delicacy to exceed in size the monster Christmas Cake, of which we give a picture. This was built by Mr. J. H. Buck, of Leytonstone, and takes the shape of a correct working model of the Barking Windmill. Some idea of its tremendous dimensions can be gained from the following list of ingredients:

	lb.		lb.
Butter	152	Almonds	40
Sugar	152	Almond Paste	120
Flour	325	Icing Sugar	100
Raisins	110	Lemon Juice	5
Sultanas	110	Spices	2
Currants	110	Nutmegs	1
Citron Peel	35	Essence of Lemon	1
Lemon Peel	35	15 [illegible] of Milk	
Orange Peel	35	3000 Eggs	

A MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE
Photo, by Park

Mirth and Magic.

MANY amusing and mysterious tricks are included in the catalogue issued by the City Magical Company, 12 Broad Street Station, London, E.C. Readers who desire quite the latest additions to the *répertoire* of the conjurer would do well to write for a copy.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(*Continued from page 495.*)

One Way of Helping the Dinner Fund.—"Another sixpence for West Ham" sends me the following idea for extracting sixpences from reluctant pockets. I should hardly have expected, myself, to find many folk entrapped by the simple "catch" he suggests, but as he assures me it "helped to bring in money in Liverpool for the Lifeboat Fund," perhaps it will prove useful to O. F. Dinner Fund collectors next Christmas.

SMITH (*to friend*): "I say, old chap, have you seen the latest conjuring trick?"

FRIEND: "No, what's that?"

SMITH (*producing four pennies and shuffling them about in his hand*): "How many pennies are there here?"

FRIEND: "Four, of course."

SMITH: "Well, I say there are five."

FRIEND: "Rubbish, there's only four."

SMITH: "Will you give me sixpence if I'm wrong?"

FRIEND: "Yes, certainly."

SMITH: "Well, then, I am wrong."

RESULT: Another sixpence for the O.F.'s Dinner Fund.

"Hugh of the Owl," who is much interested in lacrosse-playing schools, in referring to the statement of my Hulme Grammar School correspondent to the effect that his school won the North of England School Flags for several years in succession, points out that these flags could only be competed for by "under 15" teams. "Is this public school lacrosse?" he demands. Well, I must confess it hardly appears to be. "Hugh of the Owl" then goes on to explain the origin of his nom de plume. "Hugh of the Owl," it appears, was the sobriquet given to Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, who founded the Manchester Grammar School, in 1515. A poem setting forth the virtues of this very reverend gentleman contained the following lines:

Hugh of the Owl was a bishop bold
Born with the gift to rise;
A mitre sat well on his brows when old,
And his motto was "Dare to be wise."
And when he was dead he was laid to rest
With no painting or guilding gaudy,
But a rough-hewn owl on his tomb for crest,
And his motto "Sapere Aude."

"Pathfinder" wants to become a book illustrator, and would like to know the way such work is obtained. Well, before work of this kind can be procured, one must be a thoroughly competent black-and-white artist. No publisher would give "Pathfinder" a manuscript to illustrate unless she could show him specimens of her work that have appeared in reputable periodicals. The way to get work in periodicals is to call on the Art Editors of such magazines and papers as "Pathfinder" thinks her work would suit. She should take her best drawings, and make her visits as brief as possible. As a hint to visitors not to stop and chat, our Art Editor has in his office, in a position where it hits the caller in the eye, the legend "*Our conversazione is to-morrow.*" So when a young lady caller who "wants to draw for THE CAPTAIN, don't you know" is trying to inveigle the Art Editor into a discussion concerning the latest novel, her eye, following the direction of his glance, suddenly falls upon this notice. Whereupon, if she be a wise young lady, she will take up her pictures and—go. Of course, if "Pathfinder" does not live in London, she must post her drawings to Art-Editors, always taking care to enclose stamps for their return.

"Game for Anything" tells me he is tired of a sedentary life in the City, and wishes to start afresh in one of the Colonies. He mentions New Zealand in particular, and wants to know if I think it is a "good colony to go to, both to build up one's health and to get on in." As regards the first question, I may tell him that New Zealand is one of the healthiest quarters of the globe, but as to the opportunities this colony offers for getting on, that depends upon the abilities which "Game for Anything" possesses and the grit which backs them up. He had better apply to the Chief Clerk, Emigrants Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster, S.W., enclosing *3d.* for the Government "Professional Handbook."

Oxonian.—In several numbers we have published articles dealing with different phases of University life. At present I have no space for further articles. There are, however, plenty of books to be had about both Universities. Really the best way to pick up information about Oxford or Cambridge is to have a talk with an Oxford or Cambridge man, and you ought not to find that very difficult. Drop a line to Messrs. Alden and Co., Bocardo Press, Oxford, and Messrs. Clay and Sons, University Press, Cambridge, asking them to send you a list of their publications.

Christmas Cards.—Again it is my pleasant task to thank all those who sent me friendly pictorial tokens at Christmas time, among them being: Winifred D. Ereaut, Will Tonkin, "Spuddy," John F. Harris, Harold Scholfield, George C. Anne, M. W. Lowry, T. Bones Jnr., R. L. Pawlby, T. W. Spikin, P. Monckton, P. Dacre, F. Vincent Griffith, E. H. Manly, C. Fillan, "The Mastiff," H. D. Hemmel, A. L. Kennedy (South Australia), H. F. Collier (Montreal), Jack L. (Vancouver), Eric W. Moorhead (Melbourne), Elsie Rowe, Cecil J. Allen.

A Critical Competitor.—In a competition like "The Twelve Best Authors" one has to use one's common sense. If we ask for the "twelve best authors in this country," the list should not include those who are dead, because in that case they cannot possibly be in this country. As for Nathaniel Hawthorne being one of the twelve best English authors, that would be impossible in any case. He was born in America, lived in America, and died in America.

Photographic Club at Chatham.—R. A. Stigant, The Woodlands, Maidstone Road, Chatham, is about to start a photographic club and magazine for boys between the ages of twelve and twenty, and will be pleased to hear from any CAPTAIN readers in his district who would care to join.

Volunteer Corps.—A communication on this subject will be found in the "Captain Club" pages. Mr. O. T. Dawson, Sergeant of the 3rd City of London Imperial Yeomanry, writes in a similar strain. He will find Mr. Johnson's reply at the foot of the communication in question.

Army Nicknames.—"Nanny-Goat" informs me that the custom of leading a goat at the head of the drum is still observed by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

THE OLD FAG.

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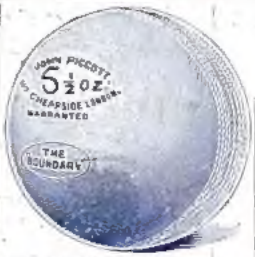

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